

THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

Homer



O. Parker
1822

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THE
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY THE LATE
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Τὰ δὲ δ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἑκάστω' ὅμοια, διὰ δὲ τῶν αὐτῶν αὖ.—Epicharmus.

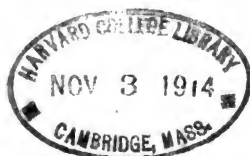
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ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who, losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thos, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus having armed himself in his tent, and, going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypenor. Idomeneus slays Alcaethous, son-in-law of Aeneias. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcaethous.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN Jove to Hector and his host had given
Such entrance to the fleet, both hosts he left
To suffer there the agonies and woes
Of ceaseless battle, and his glorious eyes
Averting, on the land look'd down remote
Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold
Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide
On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,
The Hippomolgi, peaceful, just and wise.¹

¹ They are said to have been the only people of Scythia who were not subdued by Alexander, having by a seasonable embassy made their peace with him. The Greek expression *δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων* does not mean—*justest of mankind* as I rendered it at first, for they allowed themselves in many things inconsistent with

No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd,
 For expectation none within his breast
 Surviv'd, that god or goddess would the Greeks
 Approach with succour, or the Trojans more.

Nor Neptune, sovereign of the boundless deep,
 Look'd forth in vain, but seated on the heights
 Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, survey'd
 With wonder thence the tumult of the field ;
 For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the towers
 Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.
 The ocean left, there sitting he deplor'd
 The vanquish'd Grecians, and resentment fierce
 Conceiv'd and wrath against all-ruling Jove.
 At once arising, down the rugged steep
 With rapid strides he came ; the mountains huge
 And forests under the immortal feet
 Of ocean's sovereign trembled as he strode.
 Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home
 To Ægæ.² At the bottom of th' abyss,

that character, having their wives and children and all, except their swords and their drink, in common. But the poet calls them just, and even juster than most other nations, either on account of their abstinence from flesh, or because, when the Amazons overran Asia, the Hippomolgi refused to join them.—V.

² Ægæ was the island which gave the Ægean sea its name. It has been asked, and not without some appearance of reason, why Neptune chose to go thither first, when he might have saved time by going directly to Troy. A question to which no better answer is given by the commentators than that *he went to fetch his sword*. —B. Perhaps the difficulty might be better solved by saying that Homer thus regulates his movements, merely for the sake of an opportunity to speak of his temple, to place him in his chariot, and

There stands magnificent his golden fane,
A dazzling incorruptible abode.
Arriv'd, he to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and man'd with wavy gold ;
Himself attiring next in gold, he seiz'd
His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime
Ascending, o'er the billows drove ; the whales
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
Around him, not unconscious of their king ;
The sea clave wide for joy ; he lightly flew,
And with unmoisten'd axle skimm'd the flood.
Rapt by his bounding coursers soon he reach'd
The Grecian fleet. There is a spacious cave
Deep in the bottom of the flood, between
Tenedos and the rock-bound Imbrian shore ;
There Neptune, shaker of the earth, his steeds
Station'd secure ; he loos'd them from the yoke,
Gave them ambrosial food, and bound their feet
With golden tethers not to be untied
Or broken, that unwandering they might wait
Their lord's return, then sought the Grecian host.³
The Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame,
Now, following Priameian Hector, all
Came furious on and shouting to the skies.

to send him in a sublimer and more poetical style to the place of his destination. No man of taste, however, reading the original, will judge the time lost which Neptune spends in this circuitous journey.

³ Imbrus and Tenedos were islands not far distant from Troy, lying between the Ægean sea and the Hellespont.—B. & V.

Their hope was to possess the fleet, and slay
Till the last Greek should, lifeless, press the shore.
But mighty Neptune, compasser of earth,
Approaching, in the form and with the voice
Loud-ton'd of Calchas, rous'd the Argive ranks
To battle—and his exhortation first
To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepar'd.

Ye valiant pair! remember but to fight,
And scorn to fly—so shall ye save us all.
In other parts the Greeks shall well suffice
To check these hostile throngs that have surpass'd
The barrier; here alone with dread extreme
I view them; for the maniac Hector, fierce
As all-devouring fire, and vaunting loud
His origin from Jove, here, leads them on.
Oh that with words like these some power divine
Would strengthen you, that ye might stand, yourselves,
And slay the people! Then should Hector's hope
To fire the fleet be vain, although himself
Olympian Jove incite him to the deed.*

So spake the mighty shaker of the shores,
And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts
Fill'd with fresh fortitude; their limbs the touch

* This vaunt of Hector is nowhere to be found. The commentator refers us to his wish that he were as surely the son of Jupiter and Juno, as the day on which he spoke should prove the last of the Grecians; see his speech at the end of this book.—V. But there is a difference between wishing for a privilege and boasting that we possess it. He must be supposed therefore to have expressed himself to the effect mentioned by the poet, though the expression itself be not related.

Made agile, wing'd their feet and nerv'd their arms.
Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point
Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase
A fowl of other wing along the meads,
So started Neptune thence and disappear'd.
Oileus' son discover'd first the god
As he withdrew, and, instant, thus his speech
To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd.

Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of heaven
Exhorts us, in the prophet's form, to fight,
(For prophet none or augur we have seen ;
This was not Calchas ; as he went I mark'd
His steps and knew him ; gods are known with ease.)
I feel my spirit in my bosom fir'd
Afresh for battle ; lightness in my limbs,
In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.

To whom the son of Telamon replied.
My fingers also with a firmer grasp
Embrace my spear, my buoyant courage mounts,
I tread in air, and feel a fierce desire
To cope with Hector's quenchless rage, alone.

Thus they, with martial transport to their souls
Imparted by the god, conferr'd elate.
Mean-time the king of ocean rous'd the Greeks,
Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks
Some respite sought. They, spent with arduous toil,
Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt
To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,
Seeing the numerous multitude of Troy

Within the mighty barrier ; sad they view'd
That sight, and bath'd their cheeks with many a tear,
Despairing of escape. But Neptune soon
The lines of every phalanx rous'd to fight.
First, Teucer and the brave Bæotian chiefs
Leitus and Peneleus ; Nestor's son
Antilochus ; Deïpyrus ; the brave
Meriones and Thoas, with a tone
Of stern yet kind reproof he thus address'd.

Oh blush, ye Grecians ! in *your* vigorous youth
I trusted mainly for our fleet's defence.
If *ye* renounce the labours of the field,
Then hath the day arisen of our defeat
And final ruin by the powers of Troy.
Oh ! I behold a prodigy, a sight
Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,
The Trojans at our ships ! the dastard race
Fled once like fleetest hinds the destin'd prey
Of lynxes, leopards, wolves ; by nature weak
And indispos'd to war, they trembling fly
They know not whither ; so the Trojans erst
Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dar'd
The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose.
But now, Troy left far distant, even here
They face us ; gathering courage from the fault
Of Agamemnon, and the people's sloth,
Who, sullen for Achilles' sake, prefer
Death at their ships, to war in their defence.
But if the scorn and haughty disrespect

By Agamemnon, sovereign of the Greeks,
 Shown to Achilles, were indeed a crime,
 Our duty bids us still protect the fleet.⁵
 Come—heal the breach at once ; the bravest minds
 Are readiest to forgive ; such minds are yours ;
 And your resentment has already given
 Your matchless might in arms too long a pause.
 I can excuse the timid if he shrink,
 But am incens'd at *you*. My friends, beware !
 Your tardiness will prove ere long the cause
 Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame
 Affect your hearts : oh tremble at the thought
 Of infamy ! Fierce conflict hath arisen,
 The dauntless Hector combats at the ships
 Nobly, hath forc'd the gates and burst the bar.

With such encouragement the mighty king
 Of ocean rous'd the Greeks. Then, circled soon
 By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,
 Whose order Mars himself arriving there
 Had prais'd, or Pallas, patroness of arms.
 For there the flower of all expected firm
 Bold Hector and his host ; spear crowded spear,
 Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man and shield ;⁶
 The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
 Kiss'd close at every nod, so wedg'd they stood ;

⁵ The poet intending that Neptune should animadvert with some severity on the conduct of Agamemnon, has therefore with great propriety given him the form of Calchas, on whom the monarch himself has bestowed the severest animadversions in the beginning.

⁶ For this admirable line the translator is indebted to Mr. Fuseli.

No spear was seen but in the manly grasp
It quiver'd, and their every wish was war.⁷
The powers of Ilium gave the first assault
Embattled close ; them Hector led himself
Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock
Destructive ; torn by torrent waters off
From its old lodgement on the mountain's brow,
It bounds, it shoots away ; the crashing wood
Falls under it ; impediment or check
None stays its fury, till, the level found
At last, there overcome, it rolls no more ;
So after many a threat that he would pass
With ease through all the Grecian camp and fleet
And slay to the sea brink, when Hector once
Had fallen on those firm ranks, he there stood fast
And press'd to break them ; but by many a spear
And faulchion urg'd, with staggering steps retir'd,
And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy.

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh stand ! not long the Greeks
Will me confront, although embodied close
In solid phalanx ; doubt me not ; my spear
Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,

⁷ The first rank stood presenting the points of their levelled spears against the faces of the enemy ; the second, close behind the first, thrust forward theirs, which were more than two ells in length, each at the right side of the man before him, and the spears of the third rank were protruded between them both ; so that three ranges of these weapons were held forth at once. The fourth and fifth ranks bore their spears erect, and stood prepared to advance into the place of any who were slain or disabled.—V.

High-thundering mate of Juno, bid me on,

So saying he rous'd the courage of them all,
Foremost of whom advanc'd, of Priam's race
Deïphobus, ambitious of renown.

Tripping he came with shorten'd steps,* his feet
Sheltering behind his buckler; but with aim
Exact Meriones his splendid lance
Dismissing reach'd him; his tough targe he struck
But ineffectual; where the hollow wood
Receives th' inserted brass, the quivering beam
Snapp'd; then, Deïphobus his shield afar
Advanc'd before him, trembling at a spear
Hurl'd by Meriones. He, mov'd alike
With indignation for the victory lost
And for his broken spear, retreated, first,
Into his ranks, but soon set forth again
In progress through th' Achaian camp, to seek
Its fellow-spear within his tent reserv'd.

The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose
On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,
Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich
In herds of sprightly steeds. - He, ere the Greeks
Arriv'd at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,
And Priam's spurious daughter had espous'd
Medesicasta. But the gallant barks
Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,
Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode

* A fitter occasion to remark on this singular mode of approach
in battle, will present itself hereafter.

With Priam, lov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd beneath his ear, and pluck'd
His weapon home ; he fell as falls an ash
Which on some mountain visible afar,
Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's axe
With all its tender foliage meets the ground.
So Imbrius fell ; loud rang his armour bright
With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew
To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil
Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd ;
He, marking opposite its rapid flight,
Declin'd it narrowly and it pierc'd the breast,
As he advanc'd to battle, of the son
Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,
Amphimachus ; he, sounding, smote the plain,
And all his batter'd armour rang aloud.
Then, Hector swift approaching, would have snatch'd
At once the well-forg'd helmet from the brows
Of brave Amphimachus ; but Ajax hurl'd
Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil
His radiant spear ; no wound the point impress'd,
For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass
Terrific ; but it pierc'd the solid boss
Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force
So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd
Both bodies, which the Grecians dragg'd away.^a
Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both
Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece

^a The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus.

Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms
 Th' Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear
 Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
 A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' dogs,
 Upholding high their prey above the ground,
 So either Ajax terrible in fight,
 Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms
 Tore off, and Oiljades his head
 From his smooth neck dissevering in revenge
 For slain Amphimachus, through all the host
 Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
 Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.¹

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's king,
 His grandson slain in battle ;² forth he pass'd
 Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks
 Rousing, and meditating woe to Troy.
 It chanc'd that brave Idomeneus return'd
 That moment from a Cretan at the knee
 Wounded, and newly borne into his tent.³
 His friends had borne him off, and when the chief
 Had given him into skilful hands, he sought
 The field again, still coveting renown.

¹ The superiority of the Grecian force and valour is every where insisted on and illustrated a thousand ways. Hector could not even despoil Amphimachus of his helmet, but the Grecian strips Imbrius of his armour, cuts off his head and casts it among the Trojans. It is observed too that the poet sends it to the feet of Hector as if to reproach him with his vain attempt on the helmet of Amphimachus.—V.

² Amphimachus.

³ Ἰγρύν properly signifies the hollow behind the knee.—B.

Him therefore, meeting him on his return,
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice
Of Thoas, offspring of Andraemon, king
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
And honour'd by th' Ætolians as a god.

Oh counsellor of Crete ! our threats denounc'd
Against the towers of Troy, where are they now ?

To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,
Idomeneus. For aught that I perceive,
Thoas ! no Grecian is this day in fault ;
For we are all well disciplin'd ; none yields
To heartless fear, or is by sloth detain'd ;
But, as it seems, Jove wills that we should fall
Inglorious, distant from our native shores.
But, Thoas ! brave thyself, and ever wont
To rouse the timid, stimulate, as erst,
The Grecian courage and exert thy own.

Him answer'd, then, the sovereign of the deep.
Return that Grecian never from the realm
Of Troy, Idomeneus ! but may the dogs
Feast on him, who shall this day intermit
Through wilful negligence his force in fight !
Haste—arm—and join me. Neither thou nor I
May tarry more. Some good may crown the toils
Of only two. The feeblest and the worst
Find strength in union ; and our force in arms
Has foil'd, ere now, the bravest and the best.

So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again
The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus,

Arriving in his spacious tent, put on
His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,
Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove
From bright Olympus shakes into the air,
Dazzling all eyes ; a sign to men below.
So beam'd the hero's armour as he ran.
But him, ere he had left his tent afar,
Returning from the field to seek a spear⁴
Meriones, his fellow-warrior, met,
When thus the brave Idomeneus began.

Swift son of Molus ! chosen companion dear !
Wherefore, Meriones ! hast thou the field
Abandon'd ? Art thou wounded ? Bring'st thou home
Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infixt ?
Or com'st thou sent to me, who of myself
The still tent covet not, but feats of arms ?

To whom Meriones discrete replied.
Chief leader of the mail-arm'd Cretan host
Idomeneus ! if yet there be a spear
Left in thy tent, I seek one ; for, in fight
With fierce Deïphobus, I strove in vain
To penetrate his shield, and snapp'd my own.

Then answer thus the Cretan chief return'd
Valiant Idomeneus. If spears thou need,
Within my tent, reclin'd against the wall,

⁴ An inquisitive reader perhaps may ask, why Meriones chose to go on this errand himself ? The answer is, that had he sent another, he must have remained inactive till his return, and that he could trust himself for despatch, but not a messenger.—V.

Not one alone, but twenty thou wilt find,
All Trojan spears, and taken in the field
From Trojans slain by me ; for distant fight
Me suits not ; therefore in my tent have I
Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques
And corslets bright that smile against the sun.⁵

Him answer'd, then, Meriones discrete.

I also, at my tent and in my ship
Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence
Far distant. I not less myself than thou
Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,
And when the din of glorious arms is heard,
Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds
Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.

To whom the leader of the host of Crete
Idomeneus. I know thy valour well,
Why speakest thus to me ? Since, chose we forth
This day an ambush of the bravest Greeks,
(For in the ambush is distinguish'd best
The courage ; there, the timorous and the bold
Plainly appear ; the dastard changes hue
And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits
Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,
And his teeth chatter ; but the valiant man
His posture shifts not ; no excessive fears

⁵ The walls intended are said to be the walls of the passage leading into the tent.—B. & V.

Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems
 Time tedious till the bloody fight begin)
 Even there, thy courage should no blame incur.
 For should'st thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
 Or faulchion bleed, the weapon should not pierce
 Thy neck behind, nor yet thy back annoy,
 But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest
 While thou didst rush into the clamorous van.
 Haste then—we may not longer loiter here
 As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke
 Reward us. Enter quick, and from within
 My tent provide thee with a noble spear.

Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produc'd
 A brazen spear of those within the tent,
 And instant kindling with heroic fire
 Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars
 By Terror follow'd, his own dauntless son
 Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves;
 From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,*
 Or hardy Phlegians, and by both invok'd,
 Hear and grant victory to which they please,

* Four different cities bore the name of Ephyre. One was in Thessaly, a second in Epirus, a third in Elis, and the fourth was Corinth. According to Apollodorus the Thessalian Ephyre is intended here, the inhabitants of which were called likewise the *Cranonii*.—B. & V.

The Phlegians were the people of Gortyna, a race of freebooters, terrible to their neighbours and to Thebes especially. Amphion, therefore, with the harp given him by the muses, charming the stones into his service, built the Theban wall as a defence against them.—B. & V.

Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such
Idomeneus advanc'd; when foremost thus
Meriones his warlike chief address'd.⁷

Son of Deucalion! where inclin'st thou most
To enter into battle? On the right
Of all the host? or through the central ranks?
Or on the left? for nowhere I account
Our aid so needful to the Greeks as there.

Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd,
Chief of the Cretans. Others stand to guard
The middle fleet; the Telamonian chief,
Ajax the swift, and Teucer, prime of all
Achaia's sons to wing the deadly shaft,
And brave in close encounter. These will task
Sufficiently the most impetuous force
Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage
How fierce soever, he shall find it hard,
With all his thirst of victory, to quell
Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,
Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from heaven
Himself a flaming brand into the ships.
High-towering Telamonian Ajax yields
To no mere mortal by the common gift
Of Ceres nourish'd, and whose flesh the spear

⁷ When they fought in pairs one of the heroes was always subordinate to the other and in some sort his servant. Meriones bore that relation to Idomeneus and is therefore called his *Θηράτωρ*. The same order is observable in the simile. Idomeneus is compared to Mars himself, and Meriones to Terroure the son of Mars, his father's attendant in the field of battle.

Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise ;
 Even before that breaker of the ranks
 Achilles, unappall'd would Ajax stand
 In single combat, though less swift than he.
 Turn, therefore, to the left, that we may learn
 At once, if glorious death, or life be ours.

He ceas'd, and, thither, with the speed of Mars
 Hasted Meriones, till both arriv'd.
 Seeing the Cretan, terrible as fire,
 Advance to battle, with his bold compeer,
 And both all bright in arms, the ranks of Troy
 Assail'd them with an universal shout,
 And at the left-ward ships the fight began.
 As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time
 Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts
 Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air,
 Such was the sudden conflict ; equal rage
 To stain with gore the lance rul'd every breast.
 Horrent with quivering spears the fatal field
 Frown'd on all sides ; the brazen flashes dread
 Of numerous helmets, corslets furbish'd bright,
 And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,
 And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed
 Where he to fear, who could that strife have view'd
 With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd.*

* With much confidence but not very happily the French critic Terrason observing on this passage says—

Quelque licence qu' Homère se soit donné dans sa Poësie, la necessité, ou du moins la commodité de son Vers l' a jetté dans des confusions bien plus grandes—*γὰρ ὁμοῖσι—ἰδ' ἀνέχουσιν*—Qui est ce

Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts
 Took in that contest, purposing alike
 To many a valiant warrior heavy woe.
 Jove, for the honour of Achilles, gave
 Success to Hector and the host of Troy,
 Not for complete destruction of the Greeks
 At Ilium, but that glory might redound
 To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son.
 On the other side mean-time, his hoary realm
 Left secretly, the king of ocean stirr'd
 The Greeks to battle, whom he griev'd to see
 O'erpower'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce
 Against the Thunderer burn'd on their behalf.
 Alike from one great origin divine
 Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd
 In various knowledge; therefore when he rous'd
 Their courage, Neptune, to elude his eye,
 Mix'd with the Greeks in semblance of a man.
 Thus, these immortal two, straining the cord
 Indissoluble of all-wasting war
 Between them, girded with it both the hosts,^o
 And loos'd the joints of many a warrior bold.
 Then, hailing loud his followers, though himself

qui pense à se réjouir en voyant un combat ? Et est-ce d'un autre
 côté un objet de Tristesse proprement dite ?

Dissert : sur l'Iliade, Part iv. c. 6.

He considered not that the negative often, with rhetoricians and
 poets, expresses more than the affirmative.—So Virgil—Æn. vi. 392.

Nec verò Alciden me sum latatus euntem

Accepisse.

C.

⁹ Tanquam circumjecto fune in arcum constringebant.

C.

Half gray with age, Idomeneus well nigh
 Repuls'd the Trojans at his first assault,
 Slaying Othryoneus. He, fir'd with hopes
 Of high renown in arms, had left of late
 Cabesus.¹ Priam's daughter fair he woo'd
 Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsaf'd
 To offer, save a sounding promise proud
 To chase, himself, however loath to go,
 The Grecian host, and to deliver Troy.²
 To him assenting, Priam, ancient king,
 Assur'd to him his wish, and in the faith
 Of that assurance confident, he fought.³
 Idomeneus the stalking braggart eyed,
 And through his corslet's ineffectual guard
 Transpierc'd his navel. On his sounding arms
 He fell, o'er whom the conqueror thus rejoic'd.

Now, brave Othryoneus ! I will confess
 That thou art more than mortal, if thou yield
 To ancient Priam all thy promis'd aid.
 He promis'd *thee* his daughter. From ourselves
 Accept like promise, and which no event

¹ Cabesus was a city on the banks of the Hellespont.—V.

² It was customary for the suitor to pay the dowry.—V.

³ His stipulation for the daughter of Priam as the price of his services in the field, is noticed by the commentators as evidence of his being a barbarian, no instance of a treaty so mercenary being ever found among the Grecians.—V. But the commentators, Grecians themselves, discover always a laudable partiality to their countrymen. A modern reader will rather judge that Othryoneus had in him a becoming portion of the spirit of chivalry, and was animated by a gallantry that did him honour.

Shall ever frustrate. Agamemnon makes
The loveliest of his lovely daughters thine,
And she shall haste from Argos at his call,
Make thou the spoils of splendid Ilium, ours.
Come—follow me. We give no scanty dower,
And at the ships shall settle best the terms.

So saying, the hero dragg'd him by his heel
Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge
Asius on foot before his steeds advanc'd,
Which, wheresoe'er he mov'd, his charioteer
Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.
With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd
To smite the Cretan, who beneath his chin
Him wounded first, and urg'd the weapon through.
He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,
Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn
With new-edg'd axes on the mountain's side.
So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust
Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds
Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer
(All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,
Nor dar'd for safety turn his steeds to flight.
Him bold Antilochus right through the waist
Transpierc'd; his mail suffic'd not, but the spear
Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.
From his resplendent chariot down he fell
Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds
Drove captive thence into the host of Greece.
Then came Deïphobus by sorrow urg'd

For Asius, and, small interval between,
 Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glittering lance ;
 But he, foreseeing its approach, the point
 Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield
 Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,
 And it flew over him, but on his targe
 Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.
 Yet left it not in vain his vigorous grasp,
 But pierc'd the liver of Hypsenor, son
 Of Hippasus ; so pierc'd, at once he died,
 And measureless exulting in his fall
 Deïphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd.

Not unaveng'd lies Asius ; though he seek
 Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice,
 For I have given him a conductor home.⁴
 So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard ;
 But of them all to anger most he rous'd
 Antilochus, who, though distress'd, his friend
 Neglected not, but, running, shielded him,
 And brave Alastor with Mecisteus, son
 Of Echius, bore him to the fleet of Greece
 With many a groan, for of their band was he.⁵
 Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage

⁴ The triumph of Deïphobus on this occasion, it is observed, is intended as a reproach to him by the poet. He has neither killed the man at whom he aimed, nor a person of any considerable note, and his success, such as it was, was merely casual ; yet he sets no bounds to his exultation.—V. They who make a loud boast of small matters have not been accustomed to achieve great ones.

⁵ Hypsenor.

Remitted aught, but persevering strove
 Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
 Or fall himself for the Achaians' sake.⁶
 Then slew he brave Alcatous the son
 Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law
 Of old Anchises, who to him had given
 The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,
 Hippodamia; dearly lov'd was she
 By both her parents in her virgin state,⁷
 For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works
 Ingenious, and in faculties of mind
 All her coevals; wherefore she was deem'd
 Well worthy of the noblest prince of Troy.
 But him that moment Ocean's king subdued
 Under Idomeneus, his radiant eyes
 Dimming, and fettering his proportion'd limbs.
 All power of flight or to elude the stroke
 Forsook him, and while motionless he stood
 As stands a pillar tall or towering oak,
 The hero of the Cretans with a spear
 Transfix'd his middle chest. He split the mail
 Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang
 The shiver'd brass; he sounding fell; the beam
 Implanted in his palpitating heart
 Shook to its top, nor rested till he died.

⁶ The commentator observes that he fought in the true spirit of a Grecian, desiring to die for his countrymen.—V.

⁷ This seems to be the meaning of *ἡ περὶ αὐτῆς*, an expression similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—*ὅτι ἰδὼν ἔβρι*.

See Schaefelburgerus.

Then loudly vaunting cried the king of Crete.

What thinks Deïphobus, vain boaster, now?
Seem not the Greeks, three warriors slain for one,
To yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself
Against me; learn the valour of a chief
The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat
Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang
Deucalion, and from fam'd Deucalion, I;
I, sovereign of the numerous race of Crete's
Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought
To these your shores at last, that I might prove
Thy curse, thy father's, and a curse to Troy.

He spake; Deïphobus uncertain stood
Whether, retreating, to engage the help
Of some heroic Trojan, or himself
To make the dread experiment alone.
At length, as his discreter course, he chose
To seek Æneas; him remotest far
And in the rear of all Troy's host he found;
For he resented evermore his worth
By Priam recompens'd with cold neglect.
Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said.

Æneas! If thy sister's husband share
Thy least regard, delay not, but, with me,
Fly to defend Alcathous. In his arms
He fondled once, and fed thee at his board,

* He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family.—V.

But thou hast lost him, and the spear that gave
The deadly wound Idomeneus employ'd.

So saying, he rous'd his spirit, and on fire
To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang.
But fear seiz'd not Idomeneus as fear
May seize a nursling boy ;⁹ resolv'd he stood
As in the mountains, conscious of his force,
The wild boar waits a coming multitude
Of boisterous hunters to his lone retreat ;
Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes
Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns
To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight ;
So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,
Expecting brave Æneas ; yet his friends
He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes
Fastening, on Aphareus, Deïpyrus,
Meriones and Antilochus, all bold
In battle, and in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

Help, O my friends ! Æneas comes ; dismay'd
I wait him here alone ; for well he knows
To strew the field with bodies of the slain,
And, in his bloom of youth, that 'vantage bears
For which I fear him most. Myself am old
And worn with battle ; else would I decide
This strife this moment, and to him bequeath

⁹ The original word *παιδάριος* properly signifies the boy born last of all his father's children ; such, the commentator remarks, being almost always puny, require a more tender treatment, and are therefore seldom, in maturer years, well qualified for great exploits.—V.

Immortal fame, or make the prize my own.

He said ; they all unanimous approach'd,
Sloping their shields, and stood. On the other side
His aids Æneas call'd, with eyes toward
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, turn'd,
His fellow-warriors bold ; them follow'd all
Their people as the pastur'd flock the ram
To water, by the shepherd seen with joy ;¹
Such joy Æneas felt, at sight of all
That numerous host so ready in his aid.
Then, for Alcathous, into contest close
Arm'd with long spears they rush'd ; on every breast
Dread rang the brazen corslet, each his foe
Assailing opposite ; but two, the rest
Surpassing far, and terrible as Mars,
Æneas and Idomeneus, alike
Panted to pierce each other. First, his spear
Æneas at the royal Cretan aim'd,
Who, warn'd of its approach, escap'd, and, hurl'd
With no effect though by a forceful arm,
Æneas' lance stood quivering in the soil.
Not so the Cretan ; at his waist he pierc'd
Oenomaüs, his hollow corslet clave,
And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear ;
Down fell the chief, and dying, clench'd the dust.

¹ Because, it is said, the sheep, when they drink most, fatten most, and grow fat the soonest ; it is also considered as a symptom that they are sound and in good health if they drink often.—V. But this remark must be limited to the sheep of hot countries and countries subject to long-continued drought.

His massy spear in haste the king of Crete
Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms
Despoil'd him not, by numerous weapons urg'd ;
For now, time-worn, he could no longer make
Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,
Or shun another, or by swift retreat
Vanish from battle, but the evil day
Warded in stationary fight alone.
At him retiring, therefore, step by step
Deiphobus, who had with bitterest hate
Long time pursued him, hurl'd his splendid lance,
But yet again erroneous ; for he pierc'd
Ascalaphus instead, the son of Mars ;
Right through his shoulder driven, the stormy spear
On earth outstretch'd him, and he clench'd the dust.
Nor any tidings reach'd as yet the ear
Of the hoarse-throated Mars, that his own son
In bloody fight had fallen ; for on the heights
Olympian over-arch'd with clouds of gold
He sat, where sat the other powers divine,
Prisoners together of the will of Jove.*
Mean-time, for slain Ascalaphus arose
Conflict severe ; Deiphobus had snatch'd
His splendid casque, but swift as fiery Mars
Meriones transpierc'd his upper arm,

* It may seem strange to us who are indebted to revelation for more adequate notions of Deity, that Mars, being a god, should be represented as having need of information from another that his son was slain. But Homer's gods, immortality excepted, differ little from the race of man.

And from his hand down fell the sounding spoil.
Then, like a vulture, darted he again
Toward him, pluck'd his weapon from the wound,
And mingled with his band. The conqueror gone,
Polites casting his fraternal arms
Around Deiphobus, conducted far
From that tumultuous scene the drooping chief,
Till where his charioteer his coursers held
Behind the hindmost battle, he arriv'd.
Thence, groaning, fainting, bleeding as he went,
From his fresh wound, *they* whirl'd him back to Troy.
Still rag'd the war, and infinite arose
The clamour. Aphareus, Caletor's son,
Turning to face Æneas, deep within
His throat the hero's pointed lance receiv'd.
With head reclin'd, and bearing to the ground
Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades
Of soul-divorcing death involv'd, he fell.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd to flight,
With quick preventive spear plough'd forth the vein
Which from the chine ascends into the neck,
Through all its length; with arms outstretch'd in vain
To his own host, supine he fell and died.³
Forth sprang Antilochus to strip his arms,
But watch'd, mean-time, the Trojans, who in crowds
Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad

³ This vein originates in the liver, ascends on the right side of the spine, traverses to the membrane which separates the heart and lungs, and thence reaches to the neck.—V.

Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd
 Even to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,
 Whom ocean's god and governour, amid
 Innumerable darts kept still secure.
 Yet never from his foes he shrank, but fac'd
 From side to side ; nor idle slept his spear,
 Which, shifting oft his aim, he turn'd and turn'd
 From side to side, now, menacing to pierce
 The more remote, and now, the nearer foe.
 Nor pass'd his dauntless purpose unperceiv'd
 By Asius son of Adamas, who pierc'd,
 In close assault, the centre of his shield.
 But Neptune azure-hair'd so dear a life
 Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain
 The weapon ; part within his buckler stood
 Like a seer'd truncheon, and the remnant fell.⁴
 Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,
 Retir'd ; but as he went, Meriones
 Him reaching with his lance, between the shame
 And navel pierc'd him, where the stroke of Mars
 Proves painful most to miserable man.⁵
 There enter'd deep the weapon ; down he fell,
 And in the dust lay panting as an ox

⁴ In the original like a *seer'd stake* ; for the peasants instead of spears used stakes of thorn-wood, which they chose for the hardness of it, and hardened still more by seering it.—V.

⁵ It is observed by the Scholiast that they who tap for the dropsy never make the wound below the navel, on account of the spasmodic effect that would immediately follow ; the abdomen abounding with nerves, and being, for that reason, exquisitely sensible of pain. B. & V.

Among the mountains pants by peasants held
In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along ;
So panted Adamas ; but soon he ceas'd ;
For brave Meriones, approaching, pluck'd
The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Helenus, with his huge broad Thracian blade⁶
Struck down Deïpyrus. The ponderous steel
Fell on his temple. Driven from its hold
His helmet flew, and roll'd, till at his feet
Some Grecian found and kept it ; but involv'd
In death's dim shades its hapless owner lay.
Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd
Of valiant Menelaus ; high he shook
His radiant spear, and threatening him, advanc'd
On royal Helenus, who ready stood
With his bow bent. They met ; impatient, one,
To give his pointed lance its rapid course,
And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.
The arrow of the son of Priam struck
Atrides' hollow corslet, but the reed
Glanc'd wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor
By sharp winds driven, and by the winnow's force,
So from the corslet of the glorious Greek
Wide-wandering flew the bitter shaft away.
But Menelaus the left-hand transpierc'd

⁶ The Thracians were famous for the use of swords uncommonly ponderous, and such a sword might easily come into possession of Helenus, either borrowed or purchased from an ally of that country.—V.

Of Helenus, and with the lance's point
Fast fix'd it to his bow; he, shunning death,
Into the centre of his phalanx'd friends
Retir'd, his arm dependent at his side,
And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam;
There bold Agenor from the spear releas'd
And folded thick his hand with softest wool,
By his attendant's quilted sling supplied.⁷
Then sprang Pisander on the glorious prince
The son of Atreus, but his evil fate
Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,
Oh Menelaus, mighty chief! with thee.
And now they met, small interval between.
Atreides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd.
Pisander with his spear struck full the shield
Of glorious Menelaus, but his force
Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad
Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell
Snapp'd at the neck. Yet leap'd Pisander's heart
Within him, for he deem'd the victory won.
But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,
Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind
His buckler drew a brazen battle-axe
By its long haft of polish'd olive-wood,
And both chiefs struck together. He the crest
That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son

⁷ The centre of their slings was wadded with the finest wool, which yielding to the pressure of the stone, afforded it a secure lodgement till the moment of dismissal.—V.

Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him
In his swift onset on the forehead smote
Where nose and forehead join ; loud crash'd the bone
And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.
Convolv'd with pain he lay, and on his breast
Atides setting fast his heel, tore off
His armour, and exulting thus began.

So shall ye leave at length the Grecian fleet,
Traitors, and never satisfied with war !
Nor want ye other guilt, dogs and profane !
But me have injur'd also, and defied
Th' avenging wrath of hospitable Jove,
Who shall in time bring down your lofty towers.
I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away
My youthful bride who welcom'd you, and stole
My treasures also, and your wish is now
To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire
And slay her heroes ; but your furious bent
To battle shall be check'd. Oh father Jove !
Thee wisest we account in earth or heaven,
Yet this is all thy work ; for ah, how kind
Art thou to this flagitious people, strong
In wickedness alone, and whose delight
In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.
All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,
Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful dance,
Though sought with keener appetite by most
Than bloody war ; but Troy still covets blood.

So spake the royal chief, and to his friends

Pisander's gory spoils consigning, flew
 To mingle in the foremost fight again.
 Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the king
 Pylæmenes assail'd, who came to Troy
 Following his sire, but never thence return'd.^a
 He, from small distance, smote the central boss
 Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance,
 But wanting power to pierce it, with an eye
 Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance
 Some spear should reach him, to his band retir'd.
 But him retiring with a brazen shaft
 Meriones pursued; swift flew the dart
 To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,
 His bladder graz'd and started through before.^b
 There ended his retreat; at once he sank
 And like a worm lay on the ground, his life
 Exhaling in his fellow-warriors' arms,

^a Another Pylæmenes is mentioned in the fifth book, and Homer's persons are frequently synonymous. Two charioteers are named Eurymedon, Agamemnon's one, the other Nestor's. Two heralds, Eurybates; that of Ulysses one, Agamemnon's the other. Three Adrasti; one slain by Diomedes, one by Menelaus, and the third by Patroclus. Two are called Acamas, one the son of Eusorus, one of Antenor. Two, Astynous; one slain by Diomedes, the other, charioteer to Polydamas. Three, Thoön; one slain by Diomedes; one by Ulysses, the third by Antilochus. Three, Melanippus; one exhorted by Hector to attack the ships, one slain by Teucer, a third by Patroclus. Two, Ophelestes; one slain by Eurypylus, one by Ajax, &c. &c. &c.—V.

^b It is not the only wound of the kind given by Meriones. The part mentioned seems to have been his favourite mark. The Scholiast even observes that almost all his wounds are given there.

And soaking with his sable blood the plain.
Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,
And in his chariot placing drove him back
To Ilium, among whom his father went
Weeping, but never saw his death aveng'd.

Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,
For he, with numerous Paphlagonians more
His guest had been ; he, therefore, in the thirst
Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.
There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son
Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich
And of great worth, and who in Corinth dwelt.
He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy.
For Polyides oft, his reverend sire,
Had prophesied that he should either die
By some dire malady at home, or, slain
By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece.¹
He, therefore, vigilant alike to guard
His honour, and to shun that dire disease,
Had join'd the Grecian host ; him Paris pierc'd
The ear and jaw beneath ; at once he fell,
And instant darkness overspread his eyes.

So rag'd the battle like devouring fire.

¹ Both the father and the son, it is observed, gave proof of a resolute virtue ; the son, who came to the siege foreknowing his doom, and the father who permitted him.—V.

There was, nevertheless, a difference between his case and that of Achilles. Achilles knew that long life awaited him if he continued at home, but Euchenor, that his life would be short at any rate.

But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd,
 Nor aught surmis'd the havock of his host
 Made on the left, where victory crown'd well nigh
 The Grecians, animated to the fight
 By Neptune seconding himself their arms.
 He, where he first had started through the gate
 After dispersion of the shielded Greeks
 Had fought, nor left the spot. The galleys there
 Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood
 Updrawn above the hoary deep; the wall
 Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds
 And warriors there conflicted furious most.
 Th' Epean there and Iäonian band²
 Long-rob'd, the Phthians,³ Locrians, and the bold
 Bæotians check'd the terrible assault
 Of Hector all activity and fire,
 Yet not repuls'd him. Chosen Athenians form'd
 The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus led,
 Whose high command undaunted Bias shar'd,
 Phidas and Stichius. The Epean host
 Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.
 Podarces brave in arms the Phthians rul'd,
 And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth
 Brother of Ajax Oiliades,
 And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,

² The Iäonians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and according to the Scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.—B. & V.

³ The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ; whereas the Phthians belonged to Protesilaüs and Philoctetes.—C.

The brother of Oileus' wife, abode
In Phylace ; but from Iphiclus sprang
Podarces ;) these, all station'd in the front
Of Phthia's hardy sons, together strove
With the Bæotians for the fleet's defence.
Ajax the swift swerv'd never from the side
Of Ajax son of Telamon a step ;
But as in some deep fallow two black steers
Together toil, dragging the ponderous plough,
The briny sweat around their rooted horns
Oozes profuse ; they, parted as they drudge
Along the furrow, by the yoke alone,
Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,
So, side by side, they, persevering fought.
The son of Telamon a people led
Numerous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs
Fail'd over-labour'd, eas'd him of his shield.
Not so attended by his Locrians fought
Oileus' valiant son ; they were not arm'd
For standing fight, since neither crested casques
Of brass had they, nor ashen spears, nor shields
Of ample orb ; but, trusting in the bow
And twisted sling alone, had come to Troy,
And broke with shafts and vollied stones the ranks.
Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,
The van, these two with Hector and his host
Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind
Vex'd them with shafts, secure ; nor could the men
Of Ilium stand, by such a shower confus'd.

Then, driven with dreadful havock thence, the foe
To wind-swept Ilium had again retir'd,
Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side
Standing, the dauntless hero thus address'd.

Thou, Hector ! ever art too wise to learn.
Would'st thou, by Jove advanc'd to foremost praise⁴
In battle, claim it in the council too ?
Vain hope ! assert not to thyself alone
His numerous gifts—Thou can'st not grasp them all.
To one, superior force in arms is given,
Skill, to another, in the graceful dance,
Sweet song and powers of music to a third,
And wisdom, at his hands, a fourth receives,
By whose support full many a city stands
Which else had fallen. The multitude with joy
Confess its power, but none exults as he.
My best advice is this ; for thou art hemm'd,
As with a fiery circle, all around,
By numerous foes ; the Trojans, since they pass'd
The bulwark, either stand aloof, or wage
Unequal war, dispers'd among the ships.
Retiring, therefore, summon all our chiefs
To consultation on the sum of all,
Whether (should heaven so prosper us) t' assail

⁴ Polydamas generally addresses Hector like a man conscious that he is no favourite with the person to whom he speaks, and that his advice therefore, however salutary, is in danger of being contemptuously rejected. On this account he sweetens it with compliments, and by such means obtains, if not always, yet when reason is altogether on his side, a patient hearing.

The fleet at once, or leave it while we may.
 For much I dread due payment by the Greeks
 Of yesterday's arrear, since yonder chief,
 Inactive now, will, likeliest, feel again
 His thirst for battle, and rejoin the fight.⁵

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
 Pleas'd Hector ; from his chariot down he leap'd
 All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.⁶

Polydamas ! stay thou the leaders here.
 I haste into the fight, and my commands
 Once issued there, incontinent return.

He ended, and conspicuous as the height
 Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting rang'd
 The Trojans and confederates of Troy.
 They swift around Polydamas, brave son
 Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.
 Himself with hasty strides the front, mean-time,

⁵ This advice is artfully given, for Hector could not go to summon the chiefs to council, without discovering how many had fallen in battle or were disabled, nor consequently without seeing good reason to retreat according to the opinion of Polydamas.—V.

⁶ It is not easy to say how Hector could at this time have the use of his chariot which he had left on the other side of the foss. See B. xii. L. 100. And in Book xiv. his steeds and chariot are said to be attending in the rear. See L. 510. Pope supposes that though the chariots of the other chiefs were left at the foss, Hector's might yet follow him near enough to be at his command, and yet at such a distance as might well enough consist with the account of its being in the rear. But though it might enter the gate when Hector had once broken it, it is not so easy to understand how it could pass the ditch defended as it was by piles. Clarke, however, approves the solution, though it is certainly rather gratuitous, and finds nothing to warrant it in the narrative.

Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank
 Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son
 Adamas, and Deïphobus, and the might
 Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.

Them neither altogether free from hurt
 He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns
 Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay
 By Grecian hands ; some wounded from afar,
 Some by the sword, within the rampart sat.
 But leftward of the woful field he found,
 Ere long, bright Helen's paramour his band
 Exhorting to the fight. Him Hector next
 Approaching, in displeasure thus began.

Ill-fated, fair deceiver ! Woman-mad !
 Where is Deïphobus, and where the might⁷
 Of royal Helenus ? Where Adamas
 Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son
 Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus ?
 Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height
 Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure.

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied.
 Hector ! thy blame far more I have deserv'd
 Than I deserve it now ; this day, at least,
 My deeds some proof afford that I was born
 Not altogether such a slave to fear ;
 For since commanded by thyself to wage

⁷ In our language *His majesty* signifies the *king*, and the *Divinity* is often used to signify *God himself*. Thus in Homer we have
 βῆν 'Ελάττω—βῆν 'Ηρακλῆϊα—βῆν 'Αλκιβόωιο—with many others.

This conflict at the ships, we have obey'd
(Myself and mine) with not a moment's pause.
But those our friends of whom thou hast inquir'd
Are slain, Deïphobus alone except
And royal Helenus, who in the hand
Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear,
And have retir'd ; but sav'd by Jove they live.
Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart
Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all
And swift to follow ; what we can, we will,
The best and most determin'd can no more.

So saying, the hero sooth'd his brother's mind.
Then mov'd they both toward the hottest war
Together, where Polydamas the brave,
Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,
Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike chief,
And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons
Both of Hippotion. They to Troy had come
From fair Ascania the preceding morn,
In recompense for aid by Priam lent
Erewhile to Phrygia,^a and, by Jove impell'd,
Now wag'd the furious battle side by side.
The march of these at once, was as the sound
Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds
Descending ; clamorous the blast and wild
With ocean mingles ; many a billow, then,
Upridg'd rides turbulent the sounding flood,

^a This, according to Eustathius, is the import of *'απειρεσίη*. See Iliad 3—in which Priam relates an expedition of his into that country.—C.

Foam-crested, billow after billow driven,
So mov'd the host of Troy, rank after rank
Behind their chiefs, all dazzling-bright in arms.
Before them Priameian Hector strode
Like crimson Mars, advancing, as he came,
His broad shield ponderous with hides, and thick
O'erlaid with brass; his helmet on his brows
Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried
The force of every phalanx, if perchance
Behind his broad shield pacing⁹ he might shake
Their steadfast order; but he bore not down
The spirit of the firm Achaian host.
Then Ajax striding forth, him, first, defied.

Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?
No babes are we in aught that appertains
To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.
Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn
Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts
Prepar'd to guard it, and your stately towers
Shall sooner far with ruin strew the ground.
The hour, I tell thee, comes, when thou shalt ask
In prayer to Jove and all the gods of heaven,
That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight
May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense
The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy.¹

⁹ Tripping lightly—according to the manner of assault which we have already seen practised by Deïphobus.

¹ This is no prophecy but a menace.—V. Hector was now within the rampart, and Ajax had not forgotten the words of Achilles

While thus he spake, sublime on his right-hand
An eagle soar'd ; confiding in the sign
The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim
Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied.

Brainless and loud, what means this tumid boast,
Earth-cumberer Ajax ? Would I were the son
As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove
And Juno, and such honour might receive
Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,
As comes this day with ruin charg'd and woe
For all the Grecians, among whom thyself
Shalt also perish if thou dare abide
My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece
Falling, thou shalt with thy enormous bulk
The vultures satiate, and the dogs of Troy.

He spake, and led his host ; with clamour loud
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear
Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks
Reechoed shout for shout, all undismay'd,
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes.
Up went the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

in the nocturnal conference, with which he concluded the answer
given to himself,

————— at my own ship,
And at my own pavilion it may chance
That even Hector's violence shall pause.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon and the other wounded chiefs taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno having borrowed the cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians.

BOOK XIV.

NOR heard not Nestor even at his wine
Those clamours, but in accents of surprise
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd.¹

Divine Machaon! think what this may bode.
The cry of our young warriors at the ships
Grows louder; but, possessing still thy seat,
Drink thou (for thou hast need) the sable wine,

¹ The poet, according to the most prevailing opinion, means not to insinuate that Nestor was an intemperate drinker, and had by this time drunk so largely as to make it matter of wonder that the sound should engage his attention, but, on the contrary, that he was more heedful of the common danger than of the pleasures of the table.—V. Neither, as Porphyrius observes, has he been so long employed in regaling himself as the length of the digression may lead the reader to suppose; since the intermediate incidents must have passed in much less time than it has cost the poet to relate them. It is a subject however on which the commentators differ, and there is certainly room for it.

Till Hecamede shall have warm'd a bath
To cleanse thy clotted wound. I will, myself,
From yonder eminence soon learn the cause.

He said, and finding in his tent the shield
Of Thrasymedes, who had borne to fight
His father's shield, he slung the glittering orb,
And, grasping, next, a keen and sturdy spear,
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon he saw
Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confus'd,
Their broken ranks escaping from the host
Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.
As when, though silent yet, the wide sea shows
A darker hue, foreboding winds to blow,
The doubtful waters roll to neither side,
Till swept at length by a decisive gale,
So stood the senior motionless awhile
Through indecision whether first to seek
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self
The sovereign, and at length that course preferr'd.
Mean-time with mutual carnage they the field
Spread far and wide, and smitten by the sword
And spear of double edge their corslets rang.

The royal chiefs ascending from the fleet,
Ulysses, Diomedes, and Atreus' son
Imperial Agamemnon, who had each
Bled in the battle, met him on his way.
For, distant from the dangerous field, the Greeks
Had rang'd their barks beside the hoary deep,
The foremost next the plain, and at the sterns

Of that exterior line had built the wall;
Since, spacious though it were, the shore alone
That fleet suffic'd not, incommoding much
The people; wherefore they had rang'd the ships
Line above line ascending, and the bay
Between both promontories, all was fill'd.²
They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,
Came forth together, leaning on the spear,
When Nestor met them; heavy were their hearts,
And at the sight of him still more alarm'd,
Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake.³

Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
 What mov'd thee to forsake yon bloody field,
 And urg'd thee hither? Cause I see of fear,
 Lest Hector even now his threat perform
 Denounc'd long since among the chiefs of Troy,
 That he would never enter Ilium more
 Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.
 So threaten'd Hector, and shall now perform.
 Alas! alas! Achaia's gallant host
 All, like Achilles, have deserted me
 Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.
 To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.

² The promontories of Rhytium and Sigæum.—B. & V.

³ Concerning the word *αἰθρῶς* it is observed by the commentators that the number *three*, the whole amount of the persons here mentioned, is the number at which multitude begins.—V. The observation may perhaps remind some of my readers of a common rustic saying—*One's none—two's some—three's a good many, and four's a little hundred.*

Those threats are verified ; nor Jove himself
The Thunderer can disappoint them now ;
For our chief strength in which we trusted most
That it should guard impregably secure
Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fallen.
Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd
Among the ships ; nor could thy keenest sight
Inform thee where in the Achaian camp
Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt
Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to heaven.
But come—consult we on the sum of all,
If counsel yet may profit. As for you,
Ye shall have exhortation none from me
To seek the fight ; the wounded have excuse.*

Whom Agamemnon answer'd, king of men.
Ah Nestor ! if beneath our very sterns
The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall
Constructed with such labour, and suppos'd
Of strength to guard impregably secure
Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,
It is because almighty Jove hath will'd
That the Achaian host should perish here
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
When he vouchsaf'd assistance to the Greeks,
I knew it well ; and now not less I know

* Nestor replies not to the question, why he had left the field :
In the distress and perplexity of the moment that circumstance is
naturally forgotten, and he passes immediately to a representation
of the danger.

That high as the immortal gods he lifts
 Our foes to glory, and depresses us.
 Delay not then, but act as I advise.
 Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the deep,
 Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor
 With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night
 (If night itself may save us) shall arrive.
 Then may we launch the rest; for I no shame
 Account it, even by 'vantage of the night
 To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem
 Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe inthrals.^a

But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reprov'd.
 What words, Atrides, have escap'd thy lips?
 Cold-hearted chief—far worthier to command
 Unwarlike women, than a race like ours,
 Whom Jove ordains to weave the thread of war
 Till battle and old age consume us all.
 Can'st thou resolve thus tamely to renounce
 All hopes of Ilium, and to render vain
 Our numerous woes? Thy friends have heard, but, hush,
 Lest others also witness, to thy shame,

^a Some have wondered that Agamemnon, in a style so unbecoming his rank and office, should recommend flight. But he is excused by others, who allege, that, secure of their dissent, and knowing them too brave to fly, knowing too the impracticability of such a measure in their circumstances, with a victorious enemy in the camp, he makes them an offer of escape, merely that he may not seem to retain them by an act of power and from selfish motives only, but on the contrary, may show a readiness to sacrifice even his own glory, if that be necessary to their preservation.

Words too unseemly for the sober speech
Of sceptred sovereignty, and that disgrace
Thee in peculiar, whom the valiant tribes
Of all Achaia reverence and obey.

I deem thy wisdom madness, which commands
The Greeks to launch amid the ceaseless din
And stress of battle ; to fulfil the wish
Of Ilium's host, well-nigh victorious now,
And plunge the Greeks at once. For while they draw
Their galleys seaward, thither will they look,
Nor check the foe, nor heed the battle more.
Then shalt thou rue thy counsel, king of men !

To whom th' imperial leader of the Greeks.
Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul
Pierc'd deeply. Yet my counsel to depart
Coercion none implies ! ye still are free.
Now, therefore, whether he be green in years
Or gray with age, some other man propose
A wiser course, and he shall please me well.

Then thus the gallant Diomede replied.
That man shall soon be found. Myself am he.
True, I am young ; none here is young as I ;
Yet view me not with looks of angry scorn,
For I am offspring of a valiant sire
And sprung from Tydeus, whose funereal hill
At Thebes is seen. Three sons, illustrious all,
Were born to Portheus. They in Pleuro dwelt,
And on the heights of Calydon ; the first
Agrius ; the second Melas ; and the third

Brave Oeneus, father of my father, fam'd
For virtuous qualities above the rest.
Oeneus still dwelt at home ; but wandering thence,
My father dwelt in Argos ; so the will
Of Jove appointed, and of all the gods.⁶
There he espous'd a daughter of the king
Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich
In all abundance ; many a field possess'd
Of wheat, well-planted gardens, numerous flocks,
And was accounted dexterous at the spear
Past all the Grecians. Such is my descent,
As ye have, doubtless, heard, for it is true.
Ye will not, therefore, reprobate, as base
And by a base man spoken, the discrete
And wholesome words of one so nobly born.
We must, though wounded, to the field again.
Not there to fight ; but distant from the range
Of spear and arrow, lest we suffer worse,
Those to excite, who, sullenly retir'd,
Abstain from battle for Achilles' sake.

So saying, he pleas'd them all, and forth they went,
Imperial Agamemnon at their head.

Nor watch'd the sovereign of the billowy deep
In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,
And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,

⁶ Diomede observes a decent silence concerning the occasion of his father's flight, which was this. Tydeus, while he was yet young, seeing Oeneus dethroned in his old age by the sons of Agrius, slew them and escaped immediately to Argos.—V.

In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd,

Atrides ! now exults the vengeful heart
Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease
The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host ;
For he is mad, and let him perish such,
And may his portion from the gods be shame !
But as for thee, they still have in reserve
Some clemency for thee ; the chiefs of Troy
Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth
Of all the plain, and backward from the camp
To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driven.

He ceas'd, and shouting travers'd swift the field,
Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout
In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent
His voice abroad, force irresistible
Infusing into every Grecian heart,
And thirst of battle not to be assuag'd.⁷

But Juno of the golden throne stood forth
On the Olympian summit, viewing thence
The field, where clearly noticing the god
Of ocean, her own brother, sole engag'd
Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.
Seeing Jove also on the topmost point
Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceiv'd

⁷ That he might discover himself not to be the ancient man he seemed, but a divinity.—V. One of the commentators however inquires—If Neptune *stole* his opportunity to assist the Grecians, and wished to render them that service unperceived by Jupiter, why did he shout so loud?—V. A question which neither he who asks it answers, nor any other.

Hatred against him, and thenceforth began
 Deliberate, how best she might deceive
 The Thunderer, and thus at last resolv'd;
 Attir'd with skill celestial to descend
 On Ida, with the hope to allure him first
 Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,
 Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound
 His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.*
 She sought her chamber by her own son built,
 The king of fire. He fram'd the solid doors,
 And to the posts fast-clos'd them with a key
 Mysterious, which, herself except, in heaven
 None understood. There entering, she secur'd
 The splendid portal. First, she lav'd all o'er
 Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,
 Then, polish'd it with richest oil divine
 Of boundless fragrance; oil that in the courts
 Eternal only shaken, through the skies
 Breath'd odours, and through all the distant earth,
 Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,
 She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,
 And braided her bright locks profusely pour'd
 From her immortal brows; with golden studs
 She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,
 Ethereal texture, labour of the hands
 Of Pallas, beautified with various art,

* The Grecian critic observes, that, unable to prevail over Jupiter by force, and despairing to do it by persuasion, she has recourse to artifice;—V. in difficult cases a lady's constant remedy.

And braz'd it with a zone fring'd all around
An hundred fold ; her pendants triple-gemm'd,
Of liquid lustre in her ears she hung,
And covering all her glories with a veil
Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet
Her small and shapely sandals. Thus attir'd
In all her ornaments, she issued forth,
And beckoning Venus from the other powers
Of heaven apart, the goddess thus bespake.*

Daughter belov'd ! Shall I obtain my suit,
Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid
The Grecians, while thine aid is given to Troy ?
To whom Jove's daughter Venus thus replied.
What would majestic Juno, daughter dread
Of Saturn, sire of Jove ? I feel a mind
Dispos'd to gratify thee, if thou ask
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then veiling thus with wiles her deep design
Imperial Juno. Give me those desires,
That love-enkindling power by which thou sway'st
Immortal hearts, and mortal, all alike.
For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,
To visit there the parent of the gods,

* Plato is displeased with Homer that he thus attires his Juno, but seems to forget that the poet is an anthropomorphite on all occasions, transferring constantly the human character to his deities, and the manners and customs of earth to heaven.—V. It is excellently said by Cicero on this subject,—I would that Homer, instead of ascribing our manners to the gods, had derived theirs to us !—C.

Oceanus, and Tethys his espous'd,
 Mother of all. At Rhea's gentle hands
 They erst receiv'd and with parental care
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heaven
 The Thunderer hurl'd down Saturn, and beneath
 The earth fast bound him and the barren deep.
 Them go I now to visit, and their feuds
 Innumerable to compose ; for long
 They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd
 Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech
 Might I restore into each others' arms,
 They would for ever love me and revere.¹

Her, then, the smiling daughter of the waves
 Thus answer'd. Thy request, who in the arms
 Reposest of the mighty sire of all,
 Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.

So saying, the cincture from her breast she loos'd
 Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.
 It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
 With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
 And music of resistless whisper'd sounds,
 Which from the wisest steal their best resolves ;
 She plac'd it in her hands and thus she said.

Take this—this girdle fraught with every charm.

¹ Oceanus is so called, because by some philosophers of antiquity water was supposed the first principle of all things, on which account we find it praised as it is by Pindar—'Αἰὼν μὲν ἰδμρ. To the earth the ancients gave the name of Tethys, because it is the *Τῆτις* or nurse of all natural productions.—B. & V.

Hide this within thy bosom, and return,
Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.²

She spake; imperial Juno smil'd and still
Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone.
'Then Venus to her father's courts return'd,
And Juno, starting from th' Olympian height;
O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains
Of broad Emathia; soaring thence she swept
The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills
Sublime, nor printed, as she pass'd, the soil.
From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne
She came to Lemnos, city and abode
Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,
Brother of Death, she press'd his hand, and said.³

² Diverse curious expositions of Homer's supposed occult meaning in this passage are given by the commentators. Some say that he ascribes these virtues to a girdle, because the passion in question has the effect of *bands* or *snares* on the mind of him who indulges it; others, because lovers commit follies for which they deserve a *scourge*.—V. That the English reader may duly estimate the merit of these solutions he is to be told that the Greek word which in this passage signifies a girdle, signifies also a *whip* or a *manacle*. It is probable that Homer was perfectly unconscious of any such abstruse and enigmatical intention. The girdle braced the bosom, the bosom is the seat of amorous desires, and nothing but the ambition of making discoveries could have tempted the critics to overlook so obvious and natural an interpretation.

³ Why is Lemnos represented as the abode of Sleep? Because Vulcan, who dwelt in Lemnos, was the husband of Charis, one of the Graces, and sister of Pasithea, the goddess of whom Sleep was enamoured. The sisters dwelt together, and it was natural that Sleep should choose his residence where the object of his love re-

Sleep, over all, both gods and men, supreme!
 If ever thou hast heard, hear also now
 My suit; I will be grateful evermore.
 Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove
 In th' instant of his gratified desire.
 Thy recompense shall be a throne of gold,
 Bright, incorruptible; my limping son,
 Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art
 Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool
 For thy fair feet, at the convivial board.

Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep return'd.
 Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring queen!
 There is no deity but whom with ease
 I could make slumber, even the restless streams
 Of Ocean source of all; but Jove himself
 I dare not lull, unless himself command,
 Or even approach him, taught as I have been
 Already in the school of thy commands
 That wisdom. I forget not yet the day
 When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son of his^a
 Sail'd homeward: then my influence I diffus'd
 Soft o'er the sovereign intellect of Jove;
 While thou, against the hero plotting harm,
 Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts,
 And separating him from all his friends

sided. Others say, because Lemnos abounded with wine; where wine abounds hard drinkers abound also; and they who drink hard are apt to be drowsy.—B. & V.

^a Hercules.

Brought'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,
And, hurling in his wrath the gods about,
Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken
He had from heaven cast down into the deep,
But Night, resistless vanquisher of all,
Both gods and men, preserv'd me; for to her
I fled for refuge. So the Thunderer cool'd
Though sore displeas'd, and spar'd me through a fear
To violate the peaceful sway of Night.
And thou would'st now embroil me yet again!⁵

To whom majestic Juno thus replied.
Ah, wherefore, Sleep! should'st thou indulge a fear
So groundless? Chase it from thy mind afar.
Think'st thou the Thunderer as intent to serve
The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause
As erst for his own offspring, Hercules?
Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride;
One of the younger graces shall be thine,
Pasithea, day by day thy soul's desire.

She spake; Sleep heard delighted, and replied.
By the inviolable Stygian flood
Swear to me; lay thy right hand on the earth's
All-teeming bosom, while thy left is laid

⁵ Hercules, returning home after the destruction of Troy, by the machination of Juno encountered a violent storm in the Ægean sea, which drove him to Cos. There he would have landed, but was hindered by Eurypylus son of Neptune and king of the island. But at length effecting his purpose, he slew Eurypylus with all his sons, but not his daughter Chalciopc, whom he made the mother of Thessalus.—B. & V.

On the flat sea, that all the immortal powers
 Who compass Saturn in the nether realms
 May witness, that thou giv'st me for a bride
 The younger grace whom thou hast nam'd, divine
 Pasithea, day by day my soul's desire.⁶

He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,
 But sware, by name invoking all the powers
 Titanian call'd, who in the lowest gulf
 Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.
 Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,
 Together forth they went, and (Lemnos left
 And Thracian Imbrus far) in dusky clouds
 Involv'd, with gliding ease swam through the air
 To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,
 Parent of savage beasts; at Lectos first
 They quitted Ocean, overpassing high
 The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods
 Their spiry summits wav'd.⁷ There, unperceiv'd

⁶ They swore by Styx, because it was the water of hatred, a power being ascribed to it of making those who swore by it falsely, universally odious and hopeless of either prosperity or peace for ever.—V.

To swear by *wet and dry* was a customary oath among the Grecians, and founded on the philosophical principle that all things consist of *earth and water*.—V.

The gods who compass Saturn are the Titans, sons of Ouranus, and are called Cronus, Creius, Hyperion, Japetus, and Cocus.—B. & V.

⁷ One of the heads of Ida, which in all were three. Lectos, Gargarus, and Phalarce. Lectos was so called because it was the part of the mountain which on this occasion afforded a bed or couch to Jupiter and Juno,—B. & V. and the name is formed by

By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine
Of growth that pierc'd the sky, and hidden sat
Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird
Shrill-voic'd resembling in the mountains seen,
Chalcis in heaven, on earth Cymindis nam'd.*

Then swift to Gargarus on Ida's top
The goddess soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.
—Saw her—and felt his heart all wrapt around
With love as vehement as had at first
Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceiv'd,
They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.
At once accosting her, he thus inquir'd.†

Juno! what region seeking hast thou left
Th' Olympian summit, and hast here arriv'd
With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied
Dissembling. To the green earth's end I go,
To visit there the parent of the gods
Oceanus, and Tethys his espous'd,

the omission of *r* from the original word *Lectros*, which signifies a *bed*.

* The Cymindis, according to Aristotle, dwells in the mountains; its feathers are black, but seen obliquely reflect the colour of brass; it has the size of a hawk, and, like the hawk, preys on pigeons. It is a bird particularly fond of concealment, and always perches where its head may be hidden by leaves or branches.—B. & V.

† The original word *ἀμφικάλυψιν* is a strong metaphor, and implies a comparison of the manner in which Jupiter was affected, to the fowler's manner of covering his prey with a large net whelmed completely over them.—V.

Mother of all. At Rhea's gentle hands
 They erst receiv'd and with parental care
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me ; to them I haste,
 Their feuds innumerable to compose,
 Who, disunited by intestine strife
 Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain.¹
 My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry
 Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left
 Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake
 From the Olympian summit I arrive,
 Lest journeying remote to the abode
 Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine
 Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.

To whom the sovereign of the boundless air,
 Juno ! thy journey thither may be made
 Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.
 For never goddess pour'd, nor woman yet
 So full a tide of love into my breast ;
 I never lov'd Ixion's consort thus
 Who bore Pirithous, wise as we in heaven ;

¹ Why did she not render them this charitable service in the first book, where we are informed that a banquet being given to the gods by the Æthiopians, they all repaired to the banks of the Oceanus to partake of it ? The answer is easy.—V. First, she neither had then, nor has now, any such intention, but her whole story is a mere pretext to conceal the true purpose of her journey ; and if this fail to satisfy the reader, he is to be reminded secondly, that Juno went not to Æthiopia on that occasion, as is evident from her sending down Minerva to pacify Achilles in the moment when he was unsheathing his sword to slay Agamemnon.

Nor sweet Acrisian Danaë, from whom
 Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man ;
 Nor Phœnix' daughter fair,² of whom were born
 Minos unmatch'd but by the powers above,
 And Rhadamanthus ; nor yet Semele,
 Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produc'd
 The valiant Hercules ; and though my son
 By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man ;
 Nor Ceres, nor Latona, nor—thyself,
 As now I love thee, and my soul perceive
 O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire.³

Then thus majestic Juno her reply
 Fram'd artful. Oh unreasonable haste !

² Europa.

³ Such an enumeration of his amours made by Jupiter on this occasion was deemed by some ancient critics so unseasonable, that they rejected the whole passage. But it was surely a violent measure and not warranted by the objection ; which, though at first view it seems a weighty one, loses all its importance the moment we advert to the flattering compliment here paid to Juno. Her husband reminds her indeed of her many formidable rivals in his affections, by whom he had been seduced in times past, but gives her at present a clear preference to them all, seeming only to mention them for the sake of illustrating her triumph over them.

The wife of Ixion was his daughter too, and her name was Dia. Jupiter having enjoyed her first, her father married her.—B. & V. The story of Danaë is too well known to need recital. The daughter of Phœnix was Europa, whose story has been related in a note already. Alcmena was the wife of Amphitryon, and embraced by Jupiter disguised like her husband on the very night of their nuptials.—B. & V. Semele was the daughter of Cadmus ; Latona the daughter of Cæus, and mother of Apollo and Diana — B.

What speaks the Thunderer? If on Ida's heights
Where all is open and to view expos'd
Thou wilt that we embrace, what next ensues
Should any of the everlasting gods
Observe us, and declare it to the rest?
Never could I, arising, seek again
Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.
But if thy inclinations that way tend,
Thou hast a chamber; it is Vulcan's work
Our son's; he fram'd and fitted to its posts
The solid portal; thither let us hie,
And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.

To whom the king of ether, Jove supreme.
Juno, dismiss all fear lest either man
Or god discern us; for at my command
A golden cloud shall fold us so around,
That not the sun himself shall through that veil
Discover aught, though keenest-eyed of all.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth
With sudden herbage teem'd; at once upsprang
The crocus soft, the lotus bath'd in dew,
And the crisp hyacinth with clustering bells;
Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
Upbore them. On that flowery couch they lay,
Invested with a golden cloud that shed
Bright dew-drops all around. His heart at ease,
There lay the sire of all by sleep and love
Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse

Constraining still with amorous embrace.
Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp
Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear
Of Neptune, and, approaching to his side,
In accents wing'd the sovereign thus address'd.*

Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid,
And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,
Make victory theirs; for him in slumbers soft
I have involv'd, while Juno by deceit
Prevailing, lur'd him with the bait of love.

So saying, he departed to his task
Among the nations; but his tidings urg'd
Neptune with still more ardour to assist
The Danaï; he leap'd into the van
Afar; and thus exhorted them aloud.

Oh Argives! yield we yet again the day
To Priameïan Hector? Shall he seize
Our ships, and make the glory all his own?
Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,
For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,
Resentful; but of him small need, I judge,
Should here be felt, could once the rest be rous'd
To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise.
The best and broadest bucklers of the host,
And brightest helmets put we on, and, arm'd
With longest spears, advance; come—follow me,
And trust me, furious as he is, the son

* This seems a voluntary service performed by Sleep, determined to deserve his promised bride Pasithea.—V.

Of Priam flies. Ye then who feel your hearts
Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,
Them give to those who fear, and in exchange,
Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves.

So he, whom, reluctant, all obey'd.

Then, wounded as they were, themselves the king
Tydidēs, Agamemnon and Ulysses

Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank
Making exchange of arms, transferr'd the best
To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.

And now in brazen armour all array'd

Refulgent, on they mov'd, by Neptune led

With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword
Keen as Jove's bolt ; with him may none contend
In dreadful fight, but fear chains every arm.

Opposite, Priameian Hector rang'd

His Trojans ; then was stretch'd the bloody cord

Of conflict, both by Neptune azure-hair'd

And Hector, pride of Ilium ; one, the Greeks

Encouraging, and one, the powers of Troy ;

A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts

Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar

The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast

Sweeps landward from the main the swelling surge ;

Not so, devouring fire among the trees

That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames

Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze ;

Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks

Uprgrown aloft (though loudest there they rave)

With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks
And Trojans shouting when the clash began.

At Ajax first (for Ajax with his face
Turn'd right toward him stood) brave Hector threw,
But smote him where the belts that bore his shield
And faulchion cross'd each other on his breast.
The double guard preserv'd him unannoy'd.
Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,
Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan chief
Toward the phalanx of his friends retir'd.
But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone
Of those which propp'd the ships (for numerous such
Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought)
Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd
The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast
Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust.⁵
As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak

⁵ It may amuse the reader to see an epigram cited by Barnes in his note on this passage, and taken from the Anthologia. L. 1. 5.

Μὴ με τον Αἰάντιον ἀνοχμάσσουσας, Ὀδῖτα,
Πίτρον ἀκοντιστὴν στήθιος Ἑκτορίῳ.
Ἐμεῖ μίλας τρηχὺς τοῦ σὺ δ' εἶριο θυῖον Ὀμηρον,
Πῶς τον Πριάμῃδην ἐκκύλισσα πίδα.
Νῦν δὲ μόλις βαιὸν με παροχλίζουσιν ἀρένης
Ἀθροῦποι, γυνῆς αἵσχυρα λιυγαλῆς.
Ἀλλὰ με τίς κρύψειν ὑπὸ χθονός· αἰδῆμαι γὰρ
Παίγνιοι ἐτιδανοῖς ἀνδράσι γυγνόμενος.
Rear me not, traveller !—The weapon I,
That Ajax once at Hector taught to fly !
Rude as I am, let Homer's verse unfold
How Priam's son along the plain I roll'd !

Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume
Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,
And if, perchance, some traveller nigh at hand
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,
And with his helmet and his shield himself
Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.
Swift flew the Grecians, shouting to the skies
And showering darts, to drag his body thence,
But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm
The fallen leader, with such instant aid
His princely friends encircled him around,
Sarpedon, valiant Glaucus, Lycian chiefs,
Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd
Agenor; nor were others more remiss,
But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fallen.
Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends
From battle bore, till, where his charioteer
Behind the tumult of the fight detain'd
His splendid chariot and swift steeds, he came,
Which drew him groaning back toward the town.
Arriving at the fords of Xanthus' stream
Vortiginous, from mighty Jove deriv'd,
They stretch'd him on the bank, and on his face

Now mortals scarce can raise my massive length
With levers;—shame on their degenerate strength!
But hide me, earth! for 'tis indeed disgrace
To be the jest of such a puny race.

Pour'd water ; he, reviving, upward gaz'd,
And seated on his hams black blood disgorg'd
Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell
Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,
And all his powers still torpid by the blow.

Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks
Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,
And Oilean Ajax, foremost far,
Assailing Satnius, pierc'd him. Him a nymph
A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd
Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd.
But Oiliades his shorten'd spear
Thrust deep into his flank ; supine he fell,
And fiery contest for the dead arose.
First came Polydamas, the mighty son
Of Panthoüs, and with a vengeful spear
Through his right shoulder Prothoënor pierc'd
Offspring of Areilochus. He fell ;
Expiring clench'd the dust ; and, as he died,
The conqueror with a boundless joy exclaim'd.

Yon spear, methinks, by Panthus' noble son
Dismiss'd so forcibly, flew not in vain,
But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,
To lean on it in his descent to hell.

So vaunted he. The Greeks indignant heard,
But Telamonian Ajax most ; for he,
As it befell, stood nearest to the slain.
Swift flew his spear to reach, as he retir'd,
Polydamas ; but with a sideward leap

He shunn'd the deadly stroke, which in his stead
Archilochus, Antenor's son, receiv'd;
Such was the will of heaven. Just where the neck
And spine unite, both ligaments he cut,
And in the dust his nostrils and his mouth
Lay buried, long or e'er his body fell.

Then Ajax vaunted in his turn aloud.
Think now, Polydamas, and answer true.
Makes not the Trojan's life whom I have slain
Just recompense for Prothoënor's life?
To me, nor base, nor basely born he seems,
But brother of Antenor, or his son
Perchance, for he resembles none so much.

So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seiz'd
Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas around
His brother stalking, wounded with his spear
Bæotian Promachus, who by the feet
Dragg'd off the slain, and, at his fall, aloud
The conqueror vaunted with a boundless joy.

Vain-glorious Argives, dastards arrow-doom'd!
War's toil and trouble are not ours alone,
But ye shall perish also; mark the man—
How deeply slumbers vanquish'd by this arm
Your hero Promachus! My brother's death
Demanded swift amends. Who would not wish
A brother left t' avenge his death so well?

He ended, whom the Greeks indignant heard,
But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd
On Acamas; but from before the force

Of king Peneleus Acamas retir'd,
And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierc'd,
Offspring of Phorbas rich in flocks, and blest
By Mercury with such abundant wealth
As other Trojan none ; for other child
To Phorbus had his consort never borne.⁶
Him deep into the socket of his eye
Peneleus piercing, push'd the pupil forth,
And through his poll enforc'd the deadly steel.
He sank, and sat, and spread his hands abroad ;
When, drawing his keen sword, Peneleus lopp'd,
At once, his helmetted and crested head,
Which, like a poppy, on his lance's point
Inherent still, to Ilium's host he show'd,
And in triumphant accents, thus exclaim'd.

Go, Trojans ! be my messengers ! Inform
The parents of Ilioneus the brave
That they may mourn their son through all their house,
For so the wife of Alegenor's son
Bæotian Promachus must him bewail,
Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles
Of gratulation, when, the shores of Troy
Abandon'd, we of Greece shall reach our own.

He said ; fear whiten'd every Trojan cheek,
And every Trojan eye with earnest look
Explor'd a refuge from impending fate.

⁶ Prosperity and wealth were supposed to be the gifts of Mercury, who was therefore held in especial honour by the rich and happy.—V.

Say now, celestial choir ! what Grecian first
Fill'd his victorious hand with gory spoils
From Trojans torn, when once, (the battle's course
By Neptune chang'd) the Greeks prevail'd again ?

First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,
Undaunted leader of the Mysian band.
Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd
To young Antilochus ; Hyppotion fell
And Morys by Meriones ; with shafts
Unerring Teucer to the shades dismiss'd
Prothoüs and Periphetes, and the prince
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank
Pierc'd Hyperenor ; on his entrails prey'd
The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound
Expell'd, his spirit flew ; night veil'd his eyes.
But Ajax Oiliades the swift
Slew most ; for him none equall'd in pursuit
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the ægis, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

BOOK XV.

BUT when the flying Trojans had repass'd
The rugged gulf, with loss of many slain
In furious battle, pale with panic fear
Beside their chariots halting, there they stood.¹
Just then, on Ida's top, from Juno's side
Upstart'd Jove. The Trojans he beheld
All fugitive, the Grecians in pursuit,
And Neptune at their head. Elsewhere he saw
Stretch'd on the plain amidst his seated friends
The vanquish'd Hector. Panting forth with pain
A crimson stream he lay, nor conscious where,
For not the feeblest Grecian gave the blow.
Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the sire

¹ The chariots, as the reader may remember, had been left, at the commencement of this attack on the fleet, at the side of the foss next to Troy.

Of gods and men with frowns terrific fix'd
His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake.

No place for doubt remains. Oh vers'd in wiles,
Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse
Hath plotted this; thou hast contriv'd the hurt
Of Hector, and hast driven his host to flight.²
I know not but thyself may'st chance to reap
The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourg'd by me.
Hast thou forgotten how I hung thee once
On high, with two huge anvils at thy feet,
And bound with force-defying cord of gold
Thy wrists together? In the heights of heaven
Did I suspend thee. With compassion mov'd
The assembled gods thy painful sufferings saw,
But help could yield thee none; for whom I seiz'd
Hurl'd through the portal of the skies he reach'd
The distant earth, and scarce surviv'd the fall.
Nor this suffic'd, but I resented still
The woes of Hercules, whom thou by storms
Call'd with malicious purpose from the north,
Had'st driven devious o'er the ³barren deep
To wealthy Cos; for I releas'd him thence,

² The hurt received by Hector could not be less than extremely mortifying to Jupiter, because it was expressly on his encouragement that Hector had exposed himself to the danger of it. Such was that hero's confidence in the promise, that he resented the advice of Polydamas not only as contrary to his own opinion and inclination, but as an affront offered to the veracity of Jove.—
V. See Book XII. L. 285.

³ ἐπ' ἀτρέστερον πέτρων.—Euripides in like manner calls the sea—
ἐκέρκιστα πιδία.

And, after numerous toils, at last he reach'd
 The shores of fruitful Argos, sav'd by me.
 I thus remind thee now, that thou may'st cease
 Henceforth from artifice, and may'st be taught
 How little all the dalliance and the love
 Which, stealing down from heaven, thou hast by fraud
 Obtain'd from me, shall favour thy designs.*

He ended, whom imperial Juno heard
 Shuddering, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Be witness earth, the boundless heaven above,
 And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed gods
 Even tremble to adjure ; be witness too
 Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,

* The translator seizes the opportunity afforded to him by this remarkable passage, to assure his readers, who are not readers of the original, that the discipline which Juno is here said to have suffered from the hands of Jove, is not of his own invention. He found it in the original, and considering fidelity as his indispensable duty, has not attempted to soften or to refine away the matter. He begs that this observation may be adverted to as often as any passage shall occur, in which ancient practices or customs, not consonant to our own, either in point of delicacy or humanity, may be either expressed or alluded to.

He makes this request the rather, because on these occasions Mr. Pope has observed a different conduct, suppressing all such images as he had reason to suppose might be offensive.

The scourge of Jupiter, it should be remembered, is his lightning, according to that in the second book—*ὅτι τ' ἀμφὶ Τυφῶϊ γαῖαν ἱκέσσει*—an observation which I make merely to secure to the passage, coarse as it must otherwise seem to us, the dignity which properly belongs to it. The story is no figment of Homer's, but derived from the fabulous inventions with which it was customary with the philosophers of antiquity to disguise what they knew of the operations of nature.

Which by a false oath I will never wrong,
That Neptune, under influence none of mine,
These harms inflicts on Hector and his host,
But self-impell'd, and for compassion-sake
Of the Achajans, all whose efforts vain
To save their fleet from Trojan force, he saw.
But even him, dread ruler of the skies !
I am prepar'd to admonish that he quit
The battle, and retire where thou command'st.*

So she ; then smil'd the sire of gods and men,
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.†

Juno ! would'st thou on thy celestial throne
Assist my counsels, howsoe'er in heart
He differ now, the ruler of the deep
Should soon conform to thy desires and mine.
But if sincerity be in thy words
And truth, repairing to the blest abodes
Send Iris hither, with the shaft-arm'd god
Apollo ; that she, visiting the host
Of Greece, may bid the sovereign of the waves
Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.
Apollo's part shall be to rouse again

* The oath of Juno is no better than an equivocation. She had not indeed expressly desired Neptune to engage in battle, but by laying Jove asleep she had cooperated with him, and furnished him with a fair opportunity to assist the Grecians. The terrors of Styx, therefore, seem not to have been directed against perjury in the qualified form of a quibble.

† The cestus had not entirely lost its influence, or Jupiter would hardly have overlooked such palpable prevarication.—V.

Hector to battle, to inspire his soul
Afresh with courage, and to banish thence
All memory of the pangs he now sustains.
Apollo also shall again repulse
Achaia's host, which with base panic fill'd,
Shall even to Achilles' ships be driven.
Achilles shall exhort his valiant friend
Patroclus forth; him under Ilium's walls
Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth
Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,
My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,
Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay
Hector, and I will, unrelenting, drive
Thenceforth Troy's routed legions from the fleet,
Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take
Ilium's proud city; till that day arrive
My wrath shall burn, nor shall one power divine
From me have license to assist the Greeks,
For I will grant Achilles' whole desire.
Such was my promise to him at the first,
And by a nod confirm'd that self-same day
When Thetis, suppliant at my knees, implor'd
Vindictive honours for her glorious son.

He ended; nor his lovely spouse refus'd
Obedience, but from the Idæan heights
Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.
Swift as the traveller's thought, who, far from home,
Deliberates wisely, shall I thither, next,
Or thither? and forecasts his whole return,

So swift up-darted Juno to the skies.⁷
 Arriv'd on the Olympian heights, she found
 The gods assembled ; they, at once, their seats
 At her approach forsaking, with full cups
 Her coming hail'd ; heedless of all beside,
 She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,
 For she first flew to welcome her, and thus
 In accents wing'd of her return inquir'd.

Say, Juno, why this sudden reascent ?
 Thou seem'st dismay'd ; return'st thou by command
 Of Jove, thy terrible though wedded lord ?

To whom the beauteous goddess thus replied.
 Themis divine, inquire not. Him thou know'st
 Proud and severe. But, as thy function bids,
 Go. Govern thou the banquet. Thou shalt hear,
 Nor thou alone, but all, what dreadful ills
 He threatens ; such as neither all on earth,
 Nor yet in heaven, shall unrepining learn,
 However tranquil some and joyous now.

So Juno spake and sat. The powers of heaven
 Offended heard ; and she with brows that spoke
 Sincere disgust, and lips that feign'd a smile,

⁷ Some commentators interpret the simile thus—As a man having travelled far, when he takes a retrospect of his journey, passes rapidly in his thought from stage to stage, so rapidly, &c. But the sense here given seems adapted to the most natural construction of the original. The Scholiast too expounding the word *μνηστήν* says—*Μνηστήνους δηλοῦσι ὁ ἀνὴρ πολλὰ μέρη τῆς γῆς, καὶ νοστήν ἐν οἷς ἵσταται καὶ πορεύεται*,—V. making his contemplation respect not the *past* but the *future*.

Her speech to all, indignant, thus began.

What senseless frenzy prompts us when, incens'd
Against him, we essay by word or deed
To thwart Jove's purpose ! He, enthron'd apart,
Nor fears nor heeds us, for himself he deems,
Past all compare, superiour to us all.
Endure ye, therefore, meekly at his hands
What ills soever. Mars, or I mistake,
Already suffers ; for the noble youth
Whom he acknowledges his son, and loves
Of all men most, Ascalaphus is slain.*

She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs
Smiting, thus, sorrowful, the god exclaim'd.

Inhabitants of the Olympian heights !
Oh bear with me, if to avenge my son
I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom
Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead
Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.

He spake, and bidding Horror and Dismay
Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on
His all-refulgent armour. Then had wrath
More dreadful, some strange punishment befallen
The gods from Jove, had not Minerva, touch'd
With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung
From where she sat, right through the vestibule.
She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield

* Ascalaphus is said by some to have been intombed in Samaria, which name they suppose compounded of the two Greek words *ασκα* and *ἄφης*.—V.

From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear
Fore'd from his grasp into its place restor'd.
Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began.

Frantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!
Is it in vain that thou hast ears to hear,
And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?
Have Juno's words, who from Olympian Jove
This moment hath arriv'd, no sound for thee?
Or would'st thou, countless evils first endur'd,
Regain Olympus shamefully constrain'd,
And here beget like evils to us all?
For, Greeks and Trojans left, he will return
To raise a storm in heaven, and neither guilt
Shall 'scape his rage, nor innocence appease.
Indulge not, therefore, this intemperate wrath
For such a cause; thy son was brave indeed,
But braver still than he now press the plain,
Or quickly shall; for gods themselves must yield
Their human offspring to the stroke of Fate.

She said; and on his throne by force replac'd
The stormy Mars. Then, summoning abroad
Apollo from within the hall of Jove,
With Iris, swift ambadress of heaven,
Imperial Juno gave them thus in charge.

Jove bids you seek him with your utmost speed
On Ida's top. Go, therefore, and, arriv'd,
Swerve not in aught from all that he commands.

She spake, and, to her throne returning, sat.
They soon with sudden flight descending reach'd

The mountain moist with river-feeding rills,
 Parent of savage kinds. High on the point
 Of Gargarus repos'd, and wrapt around
 With fragrant clouds they found Saturnian Jove.
 The Thunderer, and in his presence stood.
 He, nought displeas'd that they his high command
 Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech.
 To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd.

Haste, Iris! hence, and, faithful to thy charge,
 Thus greet for me, the sovereign of the waves.
 All interference in the fight renounc'd,
 Command him either to the realms above,
 Or to his own, the deep. If he refuse,
 And scorn my mandate, tell him he hath need
 Consider well, with what sufficient power
 He will resist my fury once provok'd.
 For I am elder-born, and boast an arm,
 Which, little as he fears it, strikes with awe
 And with astonishment all hearts beside.*

He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,
 But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd
 To sacred Ilium. As when snow or hail
 Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling north,
 So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will,

* The original word *εὐγύναι* signifies both to hate and to fear. The latter in this place, and the former, where, speaking of the realms of Pluto, the poet calls them

Σμυδαλί, ὑγύναια, τὰ τι εὐγύναι διότι φοβέται.

The double sense is natural; for whom we fear much we are never far from hating.

She shot the gulf between, and standing soon
At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd.

Earth-circling Neptune ! I report the words
Of dread Olympian Jove, and thus he speaks.
All interference in the fight renounc'd,
He bids thee either to the realms above,
Or to thy own, the deep. If thou refuse,
And scorn his mandate, thou hast need, he says,
Consider well, with what sufficient power
Thou wilt resist his fury once provok'd.
For he is elder-born, and boasts an arm
Which, little as thou fear'st it, strikes with awe
And with astonishment all hearts beside.

Her then the mighty shaker of the shores
Answer'd indignant. Great as is his power,
Yet hath he spoken proudly, threatening me
With force, high-born and glorious as himself.
We are three brothers ; Saturn is our sire,
And Rhea brought us forth ; first, Jove she bore ;
Me next ; then, Pluto, sovereign of the shades.
By distribution tripart we receiv'd
Each his peculiar honours ; me the lots
Made ruler of the hoary floods, and there
I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,
Receiv'd the realms of darkness ; and the heavens
The clouds, and boundless ether, fell to Jove.
The earth and the Olympian heights alike
Are common to the three. My life and being
I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best

And safest course, with all his boasted power,
Were to possess in peace his proper third.

Let him not seek to terrify with force
Me like a dastard ! let him rather chide
His own-begotten ; with big-sounding words
His sons and daughters govern, who perforce
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands.¹

To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied.
Harsh is thine answer, sovereign of the deep !
Shall I rehearse it in the ear of Jove,
Or wilt thou soften it ? The just and wise
Are flexible, and on the elder-born
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.²

¹ Saturn having learned from an oracle that a son of his should dethrone him, devoured his sons as fast as they were produced ; but when Rhea brought forth Jupiter, she swaddled a stone, and having given it to Saturn to swallow, conveyed her infant to Crete, where she consigned him to the care of Themis and Amalthea, which Amalthea was a she-goat. The she-goat suckled the child, and the child, being grown, superseded his father in the kingdom. The Titans on this occasion waging war with Jupiter, Themis advised him to use as a shield the skin of the goat that had suckled him, which, it seems, had the property of terrifying all who beheld her. The skin retaining this property, and Jupiter shielding himself with it, overcame the Titans accordingly. Hence he is called *Αἰγίοχος*, or Ægis-bearing Jove.—V.

² So Ovid—

Quo quisque est major, magis est placabilis iræ :
Et faciles motûs mens generosa capit.

The noblest minds oppose entreaty least,
And wrath dies soonest in the generous breast.

The Furies were supposed the appointed avengers of all injury and irreverence by which the younger might offend the elder.

To whom the monarch of the sounding shores.
Celestial Iris ! messengers who give
Good counsel, well deserve especial praise,
And such is thine. But thus my bosom swells
With anguish ever, when I see him bent
To vex and irritate with bitterest taunts
Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate
Illustrious as himself ; yet, though inflam'd
With just resentment, I will now retire.
But hear—for it is treasur'd in my heart
The threat that my lips utter. If he still
Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despite
Of me, of Pallas, goddess of the spoils,
Of Juno, Mercury, and the king of fire,
And will not overturn her lofty towers,
Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,
Then tell him thus—Hostility shall burn
And wrath between us never to be quench'd.

He ceas'd, and, turning, plung'd into the deep,
Miss'd by the chiefs of all Achaia's host.
Then thus to Phœbus spake the sire of all.

Now seek the valiant Hector, since, through fear
Of my impending vengeance, Neptune quits
The warring hosts, and to his deeps retires.
Else, all the powers beneath, where Saturn dwells,
Had heard us loudly. But that he repents
Though furious at the first, and disappears,

This was one of the fences by which the ancients, always scrupulously attentive to the claims of seniority, guarded it from insult.

Is happiest for us both ; since grief to me
And misery to himself had else ensued.
But, shaking thou my tassell'd ægis, strike
With terrour, first, the heroes of the Greeks ;
Then, making Hector thy peculiar care,
Him clothe with power to chase them to the ships
And to the shores of Hellespont. Thenceforth,
To yield them worn with battle some relief
And needful leisure, shall be my concern.³

He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd
His father's voice ; from the Idæan heights,
Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air,
The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew.
No longer stretch'd, but seated on the plain
He found the noble Hector, newly risen,
Self-recollected, conscious of his friends,
Nor panting, nor in sickly sweats dissolv'd,
But freshen'd into life, the gift of Jove.
Apollo reach'd him, stood, and thus inquir'd.
What troubles Hector, that he leaves his host,
Seems scarce to live, and sits sequester'd here ?

To whom with difficulty thus replied
The warlike chief.—But tell me, who art thou,
Divine inquirer ! best of powers above !
Hast thou not learn'd, that Ajax, while I thinn'd

³ For the cause mentioned in the last note Jupiter would not send Apollo on this errand till Neptune had first withdrawn himself from the battle. For Neptune was the uncle of Apollo, and the interference of the nephew, though by command of Jove himself, would have been an indecorum.—V.

The Grecian ranks, assail'd me with a stone
That smote my breast, and quell'd my power in arms ?
Nought less I fear'd than this day to have join'd
The ghosts beneath, so fast my spirit ebb'd.

But thus the Archer of the skies replied.
Arise, take courage ; for from Ida's height
Jove sends thee Phœbus of the golden sword
To combat at thy side, whose constant care
Hath ever watch'd for Ilium's good and thine.*
Lead, therefore, forth, this moment to the ships
Troy's numerous charioteers ; for they shall pass
The trench with ease made level first by me,
Nor shall one Grecian hero dare the fight.

He said, and with new strength the chief inspir'd.
As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short
His cord, beats under-foot the sounding soil,
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting ; high he bears his head, his mane
Wantons around his shoulders ; pleas'd, he eyes
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees

* Others say Phœbus of the golden *belt*, for the original word may signify either, and the following story is told in confirmation of this construction.

Mercury, the inventor of the lyre, stole the oxen of Apollo, who, by his skill in divination, having detected the thief, threatened to punish him. Mercury at that moment stole the bow also from his shoulder. Apollo, pleased at his dexterity, smiled and gave him his divining rod, whence he became entitled Mercury *of the golden rod*. Apollo having received from Mercury the lyre in return, was thenceforth denominated as above, from the golden belt by which he suspended it.—B. & V.

Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze,
 So swift, once quicken'd by that voice divine,
 From side to side encouraging aloud
 His charioteers, the nimble Hector flew.^s
 But as when hounds and hunters through the woods
 Rush in pursuit of antler'd stag or goat,
 He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung,
 Lies safe conceal'd, no destin'd prey of theirs,
 Till by their clamours rous'd, a lion grim
 Starts forth to meet them ; then, the boldest fly ;
 Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords
 And spears of double edge long time maintain'd,
 But seeing Hector through his ranks again
 Proceeding, felt at once their courage fallen.

Then, Thoas them, Andræmon's son, address'd,
 Ætolia's pride ; well-taught to wield the spear,
 In stationary combat firm and bold,
 And when the sons of Greece contending sought
 The prize of eloquence, surpass'd by few.
 Prudent advising them, he thus began.

Gods ! I behold a prodigy ; the slain
 From death deliver'd ; for that Hector died
 Vanquish'd by Telamon's unconquer'd son

^s Some ancient critics admitted no more than the two first lines of this simile, from which they proceeded at once to the application—*So swift, once quicken'd.* They alleged that however it may suit Paris, to whom we have seen it given, and who might fitly be compared to the horse for beauty and elegance of form, for wantonness and self-admiration, it accommodates itself in none of these respects to Hector ; and the remark seems not unreasonable.—B. C. & V.

Seem'd manifest to all. But he revives
 By some assistant Deity restor'd,
 That still more numerous victims of his force
 May this day perish; such too plain appears
 The Thunderer's pleasure, or he ne'er had stood
 Thus fiercely forth, and flam'd in front again.
 But let my voice prevail. Command ye back
 The useless multitude into the fleet,
 That we alone of courage well-approv'd,
 Stand ready to receive his first assault
 With lifted spears. To penetrate an host
 Of Greeks, all heroes, were a deed, I judge,
 Too rash for even Hector's self to dare.

He ceas'd, with whose advice all, glad, complied.
 Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
 Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce
 As Mars in battle, summoning aloud
 The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm
 To Hector and his host their bands prepar'd,
 While others all into the fleet retir'd.
 Troy's crowded host struck first.⁶ With awful strides
 Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,
 His shoulders wrapt in clouds, and on his arm
 Bearing the tassell'd ægis of his sire,
 Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift
 To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd t' appal,

⁶ Τρώες δὲ πρῶτον φαν ἀλλήλους. The translation is literal, and affords one of many instances in which the Greek and English idiom correspond exactly.

And drive to flight the armies of the earth.
 Bearing that shield Apollo led them on.
 Firm stood th' embodied Greeks; from either host
 Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve
 Leap'd, and, by vigorous arms dismiss'd; the spears
 Flew frequent; in the flesh some stood infixt
 Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd
 The mark they coveted, unsated fell
 Between the hosts, and rested in the soil.
 While Phœbus held the ægis unemploy'd,
 Thick flew the darts and mutual deaths they dealt;
 But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers
 Full in the face and shook it, raising high
 Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd
 Their spirits, then he struck from every mind
 At once all memory of their might in arms.
 As when two lions in the still dark night
 An herd of beeves disperse or numerous flock
 Suddenly, in the absence of the guard,
 So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
 Terroures among them, but renown conferr'd
 And triumph proud on Hector and his host.⁶
 Then, in that foul disorder of the field,
 Man singled man. Arcesilaüs died

⁶ Two lions are introduced to correspond with the two conquerors Apollo and Hector.—B. C. & V. The season is night, and the night is dark to increase the terrour of the occasion. The attack is sudden, because the reappearance of Hector was sudden and unexpected, and the herd is assaulted in the absence of the guard, because Neptune was no longer present to assist the Grecians.—V.

By Hector's arm, and Stichus; one, a chief⁷
 Of the Bæotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
 Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.
 Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.
 Medon was spurious offspring of divine
 Oïleus Ajax' father, and abode
 In Phylace; for he had slain a chief
 Brother of Eriopis the espous'd
 Of brave Oïleus; but Iäsus led
 A phalanx of Athenians, and the son
 Of Sphelus son of Bucolus was deem'd.
 Pierc'd by Polydamas Mecisteus fell.
 Polites, in the van of battle, slew
 Echion, and Agenor Clonius;
 But Paris, while Deïochus to flight
 Turn'd with the routed rear, him pierc'd beneath
 His shoulder blade, and urg'd the weapon through.

While them the Trojans spoil'd, mean-time the
 Greeks,
 Entangled in the foss, among the piles,
 Fled every way, and through necessity
 Repass'd the wall.⁸ Then Hector with a voice
 Of loud command bade every Trojan cease
 From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet.
 And whom I find far lingering from the ships,⁹

⁷ Arcesilaus.

⁸ Necessity occasioned by the active and personal interference of a god. The Grecians never fly but for such a reason.—V.

⁹ This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first, follows the original. It is a mode of expression, says Quintilian,

Wherever, there he dies ; no funeral fires
 Brother on him, or sister shall bestow,
 But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.

So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,
 And, through the ranks vociferating, call'd
 His Trojans on ; they, clamorous as he,
 All lash'd their steeds, and, menacing, advanc'd.¹
 Before them with his feet Apollo push'd
 The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf
 With pass commodious, both in length and breadth
 A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd.
 There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host
 Pour'd dense along, while Phæbus in the van
 Display'd the awful ægis, and the wall
 Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore,
 Some idle boy with sand builds plaything walls,
 Then, sportive, spreads them with his feet abroad,
 So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo ! that huge work
 Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease
 To ruin, and constrain their host to fly.
 They, thus enforc'd into the fleet, again
 Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each

contrived on purpose to arrest the attention of the hearer, who feels himself startled by it, as if the speaker appeared before him.
 C.

¹ The author representing Hector as lashing the *shoulders* of his steeds, gives us at one dash of his poetical pencil a figure worthy to employ that of Apelles. Bearing forward, through the eagerness and impetuosity of his spirit, the hero overhangs his horses, and is scarcely to be contained in his chariot.

His friend encouraging, and all the gods
With lifted hands soliciting aloud.
But, more than all Achaia's ancient guard
Nestor, devoutly pray'd, and with his arms
Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd.

Jove, sire of all ! if ever Grecian yet
In corn-clad Argos, burning at thy shrine
Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee
A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard,
Olympian king ! and promis'd what he sought,
Now, in remembrance of it, give us help
In this disastrous day, nor thus permit
Their Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down !

So Nestor pray'd, and Jove's loud thunders roll'd
Responsive to the old Neleian's prayer.
But when that voice of ægis-bearing Jove
The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks
They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when
A turgid billow of some spacious sea,
While the wind blows that heaves it highest, borne
Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,
With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall.
In rush'd the steeds, and at the galley-sterns
They wag'd close battle ; from their chariots these
With spears, and from the decks of many a bark
With naval poles of length enormous, those,
Vast weapons shod with steel ; for every ship
Had such, for conflict maritime prepar'd.

Long as the battle only rag'd without

The wall, and from the ships apart, so long
 Patroclus sat contentedly beside
 Eurypylus, with many a pleasant theme
 Soothing the generous warrior, and his wound
 Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains.²
 But when he saw the Trojans rushing through
 The broken rampart, and the clamour heard
 And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice
 Of loud lament he utter'd, with both palms
 Smote on his thighs, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd.

Eurypylus ! although thy need be great,
 No longer may I now beside thee sit,
 Such contest hath arisen ; thy servant's voice
 Must sooth thee now, for I will hence in haste
 To seek Achilles, and exhort him forth ;
 Who knows ? if such the pleasure of the gods,
 I may prevail ; friends rarely plead in vain.

So saying, he went. Mean-time the Greeks endur'd
 The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships
 Repuls'd them not, though fewer than themselves ;
 Nor could the Trojans through their dense array
 Once force a passage to the camp or fleet.

² Much stress, it is plain, was laid in those days on the amusing discourse of an agreeable friend, as well as on the skill of the physician, and with good reason. Since nothing more retards a cure, in any case, than dejection of spirits, which counteracts the efficacy of the prescription by indisposing the patient to receive the benefit of it. Thus Menander observes

Ὡς ἰατρος εἶσι ὁ λόγος ἀνθρώποις νοσούν.—V.

There is a healing virtue in discourse.

But as the line divides the plank aright,
Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand
Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art,
So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.
Others at other ships the conflict wag'd,
But Hector flew right on toward the ship
Of glorious Ajax ; for one ship they strove ;
Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire
The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse
Hector, conducted thither by the gods.
Then, noble Ajax wounded in the breast
Caletor, son of Clytius, bringing fire
With which to burn his bark ; he sounding fell,
And from his loosen'd grasp down dropp'd the brand.
But Hector seeing his own kinsman fallen
Beneath the galley's side, with mighty voice
Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass
Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son
Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms
Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.

So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast.
Him pierc'd he not, but Lycophron the son
Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left
Cytheræ, fugitive for blood, and dwelt
With Ajax. Him at Ajax' side he pierc'd
Above his ear ; so wounded, from the stern
Supine he fell, and in the dust expir'd.

Then, shuddering, Ajax to his brother spake
 Alas, my Teucer ! we have lost our friend ;
 Mastorides is slain, whom we receiv'd
 An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love
 And reverence even filial, entertain'd ;
 By Hector pierc'd, he dies. Where slumber now
 Thy bow and deadly shafts, Apollo's gift ?³

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran
 With bow and well-stor'd quiver to his side,
 Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.
 Clytus, Pisenor's son, he struck, the friend
 And charioteer of Panthus' noble son
 Polydamas, essaying with both hands
 To rule his fiery steeds ; for more to please
 The Trojans and their chief, where stormy most
 He saw the battle, thither he had driven.
 But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,
 Found him, and such as none could waft aside ;
 For in his neck behind the arrow plung'd,
 And down he fell ; his startled coursers shook
 Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang.⁴

³ The bow here signifies, as elsewhere in the case of Pandarus, not the instrument of battle itself, but skill in the use of it.—V.

⁴ The Scholiast accounts for his being wounded *behind*, by a supposition that, as soon as the chariots had entered, the drivers turned them short about that they might face the Grecians fighting from the galleys. But Clarke is more pleased with the interpretation of Dacier, who sees nothing difficult in the case. A rash and head-strong youth, urging on his fiery steeds in various directions and with no purpose but to be noticed, might receive an arrow any where.—C.

That sound alarm'd Polydamas ; he turn'd,
And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er
To Protiaön's son, Astynöus,
Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view,
Then, turning, mingled with the van again.
But Teucer still another shaft produc'd
Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits
(Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece
Had ceas'd for ever. But the eye of Jove
Who guarded Hector's life, slept not ; he took
From Telamonian Teucer that renown,
And while he stood straining the twisted nerve
Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Devious flew
The steel-charg'd arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.
Then, shuddering, to his brother thus he spake.

Ah ! it is evident. Some power divine
Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck
My bow out of my grasp, and snap't the cord
With which I strung it new at dawn of day,
That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.

To whom the towering son of Telamon.
Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,
Which, envious of the Greeks, some god confounds,
That thou may'st fight with spear and buckler arm'd,
And animate the rest. Be such our deeds
That, should they conquer us, our foes may find
Our ships, at least, a prize not lightly won.

So Ajax spake ; then, Teucer, in his tent
The bow replacing, slung his fourfold shield,

Adjusted to his gallant brows his casque
 With hair high crested, waving, as he mov'd,
 Tremendous from above, took forth a spear
 Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with brass,
 And stood, incontinent, at Ajax' side.
 Hector perceiv'd the change, and of the cause
 Conscious, with echoing voice hail'd all his host.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, oh now, my friends, be men!
 Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispers'd,
 Call into mind the fury of your might!
 For I have seen, myself, Jove rendering vain
 The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know
 With ease the hand of interposing Jove,
 And with what purpose; whether to exalt
 Or to depress, give strength or take away—
 So, all his aid is, now, not theirs, but ours.
 Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd
 By arrow or by spear, dies—Let him die;
 Death for his country shall not slur his fame,
 But his dear wife, his children after him,
 His house and heritage shall be secure,
 Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy.^a

^a To inflame their zeal the more, he not only exhorts them to fight for their country, but analyzes that complex idea and enumerates all the blessings and comforts comprised in it. In like manner, when after others had in vain essayed to move him, Cleopatra exhorts her husband Meleager to repel the besiegers of his city, she not only mentions the probable desolation of it if he refuses, but specifies and sets before him in distinct enumeration all the hor-

So saying, he animated each. Mean-time,
Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd.

Shame on you all! Now Grecians either die,
Or save at once your galleys and yourselves.
Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize
Of Hector, ye shall reach your home on foot?
Or hear ye not his voice, how loud he calls
His warriors on, and raves to fire the fleet?
Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight
He calls them; therefore wiser course for us
Is none, than mingled battle, hand to hand.
Die then at once, or live; far better so,
Than to be wasted fighting for the ships
All day in vain, with an inferior foe.

He said, and by his words into all hearts
Fresh confidence infus'd. Then Hector smote
Schedius, a chief of the Phocensian powers
And son of Perimedes; Ajax slew,
Mean-time, a chief of Trojan infantry,
Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,
While by Polydamas, a leader bold
Of the Epeans, and Phylides⁶ friend,

rors of the occasion. Demosthenes also, though on a different subject, yet in a style very similar, that he might give his auditory more adequate idea of the odious character of Midius, thus enlarges on it. *The man was an universal terrour, and to such a degree were the people overawed by him, by his hardness and audacity, by the lewd companions who surrounded him, by his immense riches, and, in short, by all that belonged to him, that they even fled from his appearance.—V.*

⁶ Meges.

Cyllenian Otus died. His fall the son
Of Phyleus seeing, on the conqueror sprang
But, starting wide, Polydamas escap'd,
Sav'd by Apollo, and his spear transpierc'd
The breast of Cræsmas; on his sounding shield
He prostrate fell, and Meges stripp'd his arms.
But Dolops him assail'd the while, brave son
Of Lampus best of men and bold in fight,
Offspring of king Laomedon; he stood
Full near, and through his middle buckler struck
The son of Phyleus; but his corslet thick
With plates of scaly brass his life secur'd.
That corslet Phyleus on a time brought home
From Ephyre, where smooth Selleïs winds,
And it was given him for his life's defence
In furious battle by the king of men,
Euphetes. Many a time had it preserv'd
Unharm'd the sire, and now it sav'd the son.
Then Meges, rising, with his pointed lance
The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove
Sheer from its base; new ting'd with purple bright
Entire it fell and mingled with the dust.
While Dolops thus persisted, in the hope
Of victory, Menelaus to the aid
Of Meges hasted; spear in hand unseen
He stood by Dolops; through his back and breast
And far beyond impell'd the stormy spear,
And prone and lifeless in the dust he fell.
At once both flew to strip his radiant arms.

Then Hector, summoning his kindred, call'd
Each to his aid, and Melanippus first,
Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reprov'd.
Ere yet the enemies of Troy arriv'd
He in Percote fed his wandering beeves,
But when the Danaï with all their fleet
Came thither, then, returning, he outshone
The noblest Trojans, dwelt at Priam's side,
And was regarded by him as a son.

Him Hector reprimanding, stern began.

Sleeps Melanippus? Feels not even he
For Dolops? Mark how busily the Greeks
Despoil thy breathless kinsman of his arms!
Haste—follow me—close fight must now be wag'd,
Or Ilium's lofty towers this moment sink,
And we, with all her citizens, are slain.
So saying he went, whose steps the godlike chief
Attended, and the Telamonian, next,
Huge Ajax, animated thus the Greeks.

Oh friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts
An honest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear
Each to incur the censure of the rest.
Of men so minded more survive than die,
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

So mov'd he them, themselves already bent
To chase the Trojans; yet his word they bore
In faithful mind, and with a wall of brass
Secur'd the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe.
Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd

Antilochus, and thus his courage rous'd.

Antilochus ! than whom no Grecian here
Is younger, stronger, more alert in arms,
Could'st thou not now, to please me, sally forth
Into the field, and lay some Trojan low.⁷

He ended and retir'd ; but him his words
Fill'd with fresh courage ; through his foremost rank
He sprang to battle, with a wistful eye
Survey'd the field, and hurl'd his glittering spear.
Back fell the Trojans daunted by the force
Of such an arm ; nor vain the weapon flew,
But Melanippus, Hicetaon's son,
Hasting to battle, in his breast receiv'd
The fatal steel. Precipitate he fell,
And with his sounding armour smote the plain.
Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound
Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair
The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead,
So thee, O Melanippus ! to despoil
Of thy bright arms the son of Nestor flew,
But not unnotic'd by the watchful eye
Of noble Hector, who through all the war

⁷ Some degree of friendship seems to have subsisted between Menelaus and Antilochus, and it may be accounted for perhaps from the vicinity of their respective countries.—V. The liberty taken with the Spartan prince by Antilochus in the chariot-race, seems to warrant this supposition, and not less the readiness with which the former pardons it, and the kindness of his manner too on that occasion. He even tells Antilochus that he is the only one of all the Greeks who should have affronted him in that degree with impunity.

Ran to encounter him ; his dread approach
Antilochus, although expert in arms,
Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,
Conscious of injury that he hath done
Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,
Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise,
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom
With hideous clamours Hector and his host
Pour'd many a doleful dart ; but he arriv'd
With his own band, and, turning, fac'd them all.
Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd
The Trojans on the fleet ; fulfilment fierce
Of Jove's command ! who ceas'd not to excite
In them their utmost powers, or to infuse
Unmanly dread into the host of Greece.
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give
Success to Priameian Hector's arms,
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail
Of Thetis' ruthless prayer ; that sight alone
He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,
Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight
To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.
Such was the cause for which, at first, he mov'd
Hector to that assault, not slow himself
But ardent for the task ; nor less he rag'd
Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize
Some forest on the mountain-tops ; the foam
Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front

His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd
The agitation wild with which he fought.
For Jove omnipotent, himself, from heaven
Assisted Hector, and, although alone
He strove with numbers, gave him to attain
The heights of glory, for that now his life
Wan'd fast, and, urg'd by Pallas on, his hour
To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.
He then, wherever richest arms he saw
And thickest throng, the warrior-ranks assay'd,
But, though resolv'd to break them, broke them not,
In even square compact so firm they stood.
As some vast rock beside the hoary deep
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,
And the huge billows tumbling at his base,
So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd.
But he, all fiery-bright in arms, the host
Assail'd on every side, and on the van
Fell, as a wave by wintry blasts upheav'd
Falls ponderous on the ship; white clings the foam
Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm,
And every seaman trembles at the view
Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes;
Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.*

* We are referred by the Scholiast for the origin of the Greek expression in this place, to a saying of Anacharsis the Scythian, who having asked a seaman what thickness of plank was interposed between the ship's crew and the water, and being answered—four fingers, replied, such is the interval then between them and death.—V.

'But he, as leaps a famish'd lion fell
 On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth
 A countless herd, the care of one unskill'd
 To cope with savage beasts in their defence,
 Beside the foremost kine or with the last
 He paces heedless, but the lion, borne
 Impetuous on the midmost, one devours
 And scatters all the rest,⁹ so fled the Greeks
 Dispers'd on every side before the arm
 Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.
 All fled, but of them all alone he slew
 The Mycenæan Periphetes, son
 Of Copreus custom'd messenger of king
 Eurystheus to the might of Hercules.¹
 From such a sire inglorious had arisen
 A son far worthier, with all virtue grac'd,
 Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd

⁹ This termination of the period, so little consonant to the beginning of it, follows the original, where it is esteemed by commentators a great beauty.—V. In the first of these two similes the poet begins with a comparison of Hector to a boisterous wave breaking over a ship, and finishes with comparing the terrour of the Greeks to that of the mariners. In the second, he again adapts his simile at first to Hector, whom he compares to a lion assailing a herd, but closes it with a comparison of the Greeks to the flying cattle. Two striking instances, not of the magnificence only, but of the rapidity and versatility too of Homer's genius, who thus makes both similes serve a double purpose.

¹ Copreus was the herald of Eurystheus king of Argos, and bore the commands of his master to Hercules without the city, which, apprehensive of treachery or violence, he refused to enter.—B. & V.

In wisdom of the Mycenæan name ;
Yet all but serv'd to ennoble Hector more.
For Periphetes, with a backward step
Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,
Which swept his heels ; so check'd, he fell supine,
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.
Then was not Hector slow ; he saw, he ran,
He reach'd him, thrust a spear into his breast,
And slew him in the presence of his friends.
They mourn'd his fate, but help had none for him,
Half-dead themselves through fear of Hector's arm.
And now behind the barks which landing first
Were station'd highest on the shelving shore
The Greeks retir'd ; in rush'd a flood of foes ;
Then, through necessity, those foremost barks
Abandoning, amid the tents they stood
Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear
Held them, and each exhorted all, aloud.
But more than all, the guardian of them all
Gerenian Nestor, in their parents' name
Implor'd them, falling at the knees of each.

Oh friends ! be men. Now dearly prize your place
Each in the estimation of the rest.

Now call to memory your children, wives,
Possessions, parents ; ye whose parents live,
And ye whose parents are not, all alike !
By them as if here present, I entreat
That ye stand fast—Oh be not turn'd to flight !

So saying he rous'd the courage of the Greeks ;

Then, Pallas chas'd the mist from heaven diffus'd
O'er every eye ; great light the plain illum'd
On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where
The indiscriminating battle rag'd.

Then Hector might be seen and Hector's host
Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight
Shar'd not, as those who wag'd it at the ships.
Nor, even now, could Ajax be content
To mingle with the rest who in retreat
Sought safety, but from deck to deck with strides
Enormous marching, to and fro he swung
With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole
Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long.²

As one expert to spring from horse to horse,
From many steeds selecting four, toward
Some noble city drives them from the plain
Along the populous road ; him many a youth
And many a maiden eyes, while still secure
From steed to steed he vaults ; they rapid fly ;
So Ajax o'er the decks of numerous ships
Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to heaven.³
Thus, ever clamouring, he bade the Greeks

² Ajax, it appears, was the only Greek who kept his station, for all others abandoning, as we have already seen, the foremost line of galleys, had retired behind them.

³ Four of equal height and well-matched in their paces ; a precaution necessary in an enterprise of so much danger.—V. Some modern proficient in the art would have valued themselves much less on their performance, and perhaps would have profited much less by it, had the antiquity of the practice been known universally.

Stand both for camp and fleet. Nor Hector, now,
Inclos'd and hidden in his ranks remain'd,
But as the tawny eagle on full wing
Assails the feather'd nations, geese or cranes
Or cygnets grazing on the river's verge,
So right toward a sable galley sprang
The Trojan chief; whom, ceaseless, from behind,
With all his host, the Thunderer urg'd along.
And now again the battle at the ships
Grew furious; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind
By toil untameable, so fierce they strove,
And, striving, thus they thought. The Grecians judg'd
Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure;
But nought expected every Trojan less
Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave
Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field.
With such persuasion occupied, they fought.

Then Hector seiz'd the stern of a brave bark
Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,
Which had to Troy Protesilaüs brought,
But bore him never thence. For that same ship
Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand
Dealt mutual slaughter. Javelins now no more
Might serve, or arrows started from the bow,
But, one mind ruling all, in closest fight,
With axes, battle-axes, ponderous swords
And shorten'd spears, they wag'd the desperate war.
Many a huge-hilted faulchion strew'd the plain,
Some smitten from the grasp, some, still insheath'd

In brightest steel, and from the shoulder hewn,
And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe.

Hector that ship once grappled by the stern
Left not, but griping fast her upper edge
With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud.*

Fire ! Bring me fire ! Stand close and urge the foe !
Jove gives us now a day worth all the past ;
The ships are ours, which, in the gods' despite
Steer'd hither, have such sorrow caus'd to Troy,
For which our tardy seniors most I blame,
Who me withheld from battle at the fleet
And check'd the people ; but if then the hand
Of thunder-rolling Jove our judgement marr'd,
Himself now urges and commands us—On.

He ceas'd ; they still more violent assail'd
The Grecians. Even Ajax could endure,
Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm
No longer, but, resolv'd on death, retir'd
Down from the decks to an inferior stand,
Where, planted on a seven-foot bench, he watch'd,
And if a foe approach'd the ship with fire
To burn it, he repuls'd him with his spear,
Roaring continual to the host of Greece.

Friends ! Grecian heroes ! ministers of Mars !
Be men, my friends ! now summon all your might !

* The poet's art in conducting Hector to this ship in particular is observable, as well as his motive for doing it. It was a ship deprived of its commander, and might therefore be fired with security to the honour of the other chiefs, who were employed each in the defence of his own.—B. & V.

Think we that we have thousands at our backs
To succour us, or yet some stronger wall
To guard from hostile rage our wearied host ?
Not so. No tower'd city is at hand,
To which we may retreat, while others fill
Our station here, but far from Argos' shore
Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete
Swarm on the plain, and ocean shuts us in.
Stand therefore. Fight, not flight, must save us now.

He said, and furious with his spear again
Assail'd them ; and if any Trojan came,
Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point
Ajax receiving wounded him, until
Twelve died in conflict with himself alone.

I L I A D.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armour, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armour and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

BOOK XVI.

SUCH contest for that gallant bark they wag'd.
Mean-time Patroclus, standing at the side
Of the illustrious chief Achilles, wept
Fast as a crystal fountain from the height
Of some rude rock pours down its rapid stream.
Divine Achilles with compassion mov'd
Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Why weeps Patroclus like an infant girl
That begs her mother, at whose side she runs,
To lift her ; pulls her mantle, checks her haste,
And, weeping, pleads till she at last prevail ?
Such childish tears, my friend, thy cheeks bedew.
Say—bring'st thou tidings ? and concern they most
My people or myself ? Hast thou, alone,
Heard aught from Phthia ? Still, as they affirm,

Menœtius, son of Actor lives, and still
 Peleus Æacides ; whom, were they dead,
 With cause sufficient we should both deplore.
 Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships
 Thus slaughter'd for their outrage done to me ?
 Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause.

To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,
 Patroclus ! Oh Achilles, Peleus' son !
 Bear with my grief, thou noblest of the host !
 Since such distress hath on the Grecians fallen.
 Our bravest chiefs lie wounded in the fleet,
 Some in close conflict, others from afar.
 Bold Diomede, the son of Tydeus, bleeds,
 Gall'd by a shaft ; Ulysses, glorious chief,
 And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,
 And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point
 Bears in his thigh. These all are now the care
 Of healing hands.¹ Oh thou art pity-proof,

¹ It seems an omission not easily accounted for, that Patroclus, despatched by Achilles to the tent of Nestor expressly for the purpose of inquiring after Machaon, in the report that he makes of the wounded heroes at his return, is silent concerning him, and him only. His design in this recital being to excite the compassion of Achilles, it was certainly much to his purpose to take some notice of the hurt received by a person of so much importance to the others, who, in consequence of his wound, were likely to suffer longer by their own. Various reasons are assigned by the commentators, but all idle and unsatisfactory, one excepted ; namely, that it is a stroke of poetical art, and that the design of it is to suggest an idea of the extreme distress of the messenger, which was such as to confuse his recollection and cause him entirely to forget his errand.—B. & V.

Achilles ; be my bosom ever free
 From anger such as harbour finds in thine,
 Scorning all limits ! whom, of men unborn,
 Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert
 Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now ?
 Ah ruthless ! neither Peleus thee begat,
 Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,
 And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,
 Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent.²
 But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears,
 If from thy goddess-mother thou have aught
 Receiv'd, and with authority of Jove,
 Me send at least, me quickly, and with me
 The Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope
 Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.
 Grant me thine armour also, that the foe
 Thyself supposing present, may abstain
 From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy
 Short respite ; it is all that war allows.
 We, fresh and vigorous, by our shouts alone
 May easily repulse an army spent
 With labour, from the camp and from the fleet.

The attentive reader will doubtless observe that Patroclus neither begins with Agamemnon nor ends with him, but huddles him into the midst of the catalogue and barely mentions him, lest the sound of a name so odious to Achilles should prove unpropitious to his solicitation.—C. & V.

² Irascible as was the temper of Achilles, the poet yet represents him as patient of reproach and of reproach not of the gentlest kind, when he received it from the lips of one whom he loved as he loved Patroclus.

Such suit he made, and ask'd (ah rash and blind
To future ill !) his own disastrous end.

Then thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied.

Patroclus, noble friend ! what words are these ?
Me neither prophecy that I have heard
Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd
From Thetis, with authority of Jove ;
No—they are other griefs that torture me ;
If one, in nought superior to myself
Save in his office only, should by force
Amerce me of my merited reward—
How then ? There lies the grief that stings my soul.
The virgin chosen for me by the sons
Of Greece, my just requital, whom I won
By my own spear when I dismantled Thebes,
Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host
From my possession wrung, as I had been
Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown.
But let it pass ; anger is not a flame
To feed forever ; I affirm'd, indeed,
Mine inextinguishable till the war
Should thunder here, and reach me in my camp.
But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth
My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,
So dark, of dire hostility surrounds
The fleet, and the Achaïans, by the waves
Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.
Because the Trojans meet not in the field
My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown

All Ilium comes abroad ; but had I found
 Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,
 Soon had they fled from whom ourselves endure
 Siege now, and with their bodies choak'd the streams.
 For in the hands of Diomede his spear
 No longer rages rescuing from death
 Th' afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more
 The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh
 From his detested throat, but all around
 A shatter'd peal of savage Hector's cries
 Calling his Trojans on ; they loud insult
 The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.³
 Go therefore, my Patroclus ! furious fall
 On these assailants ; even now preserve
 From fire the only hope of our return.
 But hear the sum of all ; mark well my word ;
 So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes
 Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield
 Briseïs mine, with many a gift beside.
 The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.
 Should Juno's awful spouse such victory once
 Afford thee, be content ; no farther press

³ Homer's never-failing consistency deserves to be noticed. In his answer to the remonstrances of Ajax at the close of the ninth book Achilles says

But at the very mention of the name
 Of Atreus' son. — — — —
 My bosom boils. — — — —

Here he mentions it himself ; but accompanies it with such terms of hatred and abhorrence, that we may well suppose he could not hear it patiently from the lips of another.

The Trojans without me ; for thou shalt add
Still more to the disgrace already mine.
Much less, by martial ardour urg'd, conduct
Thy slaughtering legions to the walls of Troy,
Lest some immortal power on her behalf
Descend, for much the archer of the skies
Loves Ilium. No—the fleet once sav'd, lead back
Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.
For oh, by all the powers of heaven I would
That not one Trojan might escape of all,
Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone.*

Thus they conferr'd. But Ajax overwhelm'd
Mean-time with darts, no longer could endure,
Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears
Of many a noble Trojan ; hideous rang
His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke

* Eustathius informs us that some of the ancients rejected this wish with which Achilles concludes his answer, on account of its impossibility and the extravagant ambition that it discovers. But their reasons were not good. For, in respect of *manners*, the poet constantly represents his hero, not such as he ought to have been, but such as he was reported ; and as to the extravagance of it, it is not greater than Diomede uses when he declares that if all renounce the siege, himself and Sthenelus alone will continue it till Troy be taken.—Neither is Achilles represented, as some allege, so absurd as to wish that when all the Trojans as well as all the Greeks had perished, he and his friend might then acquire the victory alone ; but he wishes the universal slaughter of both people, that himself and Patroclus only might survive to destroy the city.—C.

Sustaining on all sides, and, weary grown
Of griping fast and shaking long his shield,
His hand and shoulder fail'd ; yet could not all
Displace him with united force, or move.
Quick pantings heav'd his bosom, sweat distill'd
Profuse from all his limbs, nor found he time,
However short, to breathe again, so close
Evil beset him round on evil heap'd.

Olympian Muses ! now declare, how first
The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet ?

With his huge faulchion Hector drawing nigh
To Ajax, of its brazen point disarm'd
His ashen beam ; for close behind the neck
He lopp'd it, and the Telamonian chief
Brandish'd his mutilated spear in vain,
Whose bright point tinkling struck the ground remote.
Then Ajax in his noble mind perceiv'd,
Shuddering with awe, the interposing power
Of heaven, and that, propitious to the arms
Of Troy, the Thunderer purpos'd to rescind
And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks.
He left his stand ; they fir'd the gallant bark ;
Swift ran the flames ; all soon was in a blaze
From end to end. And thus that bark was fir'd.
Achilles saw it, smote his thighs, and said,

Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise !
I see the rapid run of hostile fires
Already in the fleet—lest all be lost,
And our return impossible. Arm, arm

This moment, I will call, myself, the band.

Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.

Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,

With argent studs secur'd; the hauberk rich

Star-spangled of Æacides the swift

Brac'd to his bosom; slung his brazen sword

With silver haft adorn'd and his broad shield;

Adjusted to his gallant brows his casque

Hair-crested, waving terribly aloft,

And with two spears well chosen fill'd his grasp.

Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone

He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length

Enormous, none, Æacides except,

In all Achaia's host had power to wield.⁵

It was that Pelian ash which from the top

Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death

Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus given.

He bade Automedon his steeds in haste

Bind to the chariot; for him most he lov'd

Next to Achilles' self, as worthiest found

Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd.⁶

⁵ The commentators assign as the true reason why Patroclus took not with him the spear of Achilles, that, being a wooden weapon, had that also been lost together with his armour, it could not have been replaced by Vulcan, the materials of whose art were all of the metallic kind, who was a smith and not a turner.—B. & V. But Homer himself has given us a better reason, and one which makes all others impertinent.

⁶ While Patroclus lived, Automedon was not the charioteer of Achilles; but he serves in that office now, because Patroclus himself is going forth to battle.—V.

Automedon led forth the fiery steeds
 Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,
 Xanthus and Balios. Them the harpy bore
 Podarge, while in meadows green she fed
 On Ocean's verge, to Zephyrus the wind.
 To these he added, at their side, a third
 The noble Pedasus; him Peleus' son,
 Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,
 Though mortal, not ill-match'd with steeds divine.⁷
 Mean-time from every tent Achilles call'd
 And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge
 The prey yet panting, terrible in force,
 When on the mountains wild they have devour'd
 An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws
 Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there
 To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave;
 No fears have they, but at their ease eject
 From full maws flatulent the clotted gore,
 Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic chiefs
 Assembling fast around the valiant friend
 Of swift Æacides. Amid them stood
 Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks
 Encouraging, and charioteers, to war.⁸

⁷ Yet according to the Scholiast somewhat slower-footed than they, and added at their side for that reason; for the immortal coursers, the poet himself tells us, were managed with difficulty by any other than Achilles; the addition therefore of a third to counteract in some degree their ungovernable fire, is not unreasonable, since now they have a mortal driver.—V.

⁸ The *ἵππους*; here are understood to mean not the horses them-

The ships to Ilium steer'd by Peleus' son
 Were fifty ; fifty rowers sat in each,
 And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest
 He captains nam'd, but rul'd, himself, supreme.⁹
 One band Menestheus swift in battle led,
 Offspring of Sperchius heaven-descended stream.
 Him Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore
 To ever-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,
 Although a mortal woman, by a god.
 But his reputed father was the son
 Of Perieres, Borus, who with dower
 Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride.¹
 Warlike Eudorus led the second band.
 Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,
 Daughter of Phylas bore, but bore by stealth,
 A mother unsuspected of a child.
 Her worshipping the golden-shafted queen

selves, but their drivers ; the sense therefore is, that he exhorted both the horse and foot to battle.—V.

⁹ It is to be observed that the rowers only are mentioned ; and this is the observation of Aristarchus in answer to those critics who expressed some wonder, that since the poet misses no opportunity in general of magnifying Achilles, he should not have ascribed to him a more numerous people. The rowers, he says, in each ship were fifty, but the number of the rest is left unascertained, that, being indefinite, it may seem the larger.—V.

¹ Some say the daughter of another Peleus, others the spurious sister of Achilles ; by which circumstance they account for the poet's silence hitherto concerning her, as well as for the foremost place being assigned to her son Menestheus, in this enumeration. Pelorus the giant was said to be the real father of Menestheus, who watching the season when Polydora bathed in the river Sperchius, seized that opportunity to embrace her.—V.

Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,
The valiant Argicide beheld and lov'd.
Ascending with her to an upper room,
All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there
Embrac'd her, who a noble son produc'd
Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.
No sooner Ilithya, arbitress
Of pangs puerperal, had given him birth,
And he beheld the beaming sun, than her
Echechleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd
With countless dower, and led her to his home;
While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy
With fond affection, rear'd him as his own.
The third, Pisander, mighty warrior, led,
Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd
In spear-fight every Myrmidon, the friend
Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.
The hoary Phœnix of equestrian fame
The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth
Laërceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.
Thus, all his bands beneath their proper chiefs
Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—

Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,
Which in this fleet ye ceas'd not to denounce
Against the Trojans while my wrath endur'd.
Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft
Obdurate. Oh Achilles! ye have said,
Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile
Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp

Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting chief !
Conduct us in our winged barks again
To Phthia, since thou canst not be pleas'd—
Thus in full council have ye spoken oft.
Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil
At last appears, such as ye have desir'd,
There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.

So them he rous'd, and they, their leader's voice
Hearing elate, to closest order drew.
As when an architect some palace wall
With shapely stones erects, cementing close
A barrier against all the winds of heaven,
So wedg'd, the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood ;
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield,
And every bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.
In front of all, two chiefs their station took,
Patroclus and Automedon ; one mind
In both prevail'd, to combat in the van
Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,
Retiring to his tent, displac'd the lid
That clos'd a curious chest by Thetis plac'd
On board his bark, and fill'd with tunics, cloaks,
And fleecy arras ; it contains beside
A cup embellish'd with laborious art,
From which no prince libation ever pour'd,
Himself except, and he to Jove alone.
That cup producing from the chest, he first
With sulphur fum'd it, rinc'd it next with lymph

Pellucid of the running stream, and, last,
(His hands clean lav'd) he charg'd it high with wine.
And now, advancing to his middle court,
He pour'd libation, and with eyes to heaven
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserv'd.

Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights
Snow-clad reign'st sovereign, compass'd by thy seers
The Selli, prophets by their vow constrain'd
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground !
I plainly see my former prayer perform'd,
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abas'd.
Now also this request vouchsafe me, Jove !
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,
But lo ! with all these Myrmidons I send
My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove,
Send glory with him, make his courage firm !
That even Hector may himself be taught,
If my companion have a valiant heart
When he goes forth alone, or only then
The noble frenzy feel that Mars inspires
When I rush also to the glorious field.
But soon as from the ships he shall have driven
The battle, grant him with his arms complete,
None lost, himself unhurt, and all my band
Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return.²

² Dodona was a city of Pelasgian Thesprotia, in which was an oak, and within that oak an oracle attended by a priestess. On the arrival of those who came to consult the oracle, the oak shook

Such prayer Achilles offer'd, and his suit
 Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refus'd ;
 To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet
 He gave him, but vouchsaf'd him no return.
 Prayer and libation thus perform'd to Jove
 The sire of all, Achilles to his tent
 Return'd, replac'd the goblet in his chest,
 And anxious still that conflict to behold
 Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.

Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,
 Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake
 Their home by the way-side, provok'd by boys
 Disturbing inconsiderate their abode,
 Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,
 For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware
 Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm
 Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,
 With courage fierce as theirs forth rush'd a flood
 Of Myrmidons all shouting to the skies,
 Whom with loud voice Patroclus thus harangued.

and uttered a sound, which was interpreted by the priestess saying—*Thus speaks Jupiter.* Above the oracle stood a statue of a man holding a rod, and at his side a brazen vessel, which the statue striking with the rod, produced from it a sort of tinkling music, which the priestess in like manner expounded.—V.

The Selli—so called from Sellus the Thessalian from whom they descended. Their abstinence from the bath was probably, as well as their sleeping on the ground, a voluntary mortification. But some say that they never washed their feet, because never leaving the temple, they had no need. Others, that they were a race addicted to war, and hardened themselves on that account by these austerities.—B. & V.

Oh Myrmidons, attendants in the field
 On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends !
 Call now to mind the fury of your might ;
 That even from the courage of his train
 The chief most excellent in all the camp
 May glory reap, and that the king of men
 Himself may learn his fault when he denied
 All honour to the prime of all his host.³

So saying he fir'd their hearts, and on the van
 Of Troy at once they fell ; loud shouted all
 The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.
 Soon as the Trojans then that sight beheld,
 The brave Patroclus and his charioteer
 Arm'd dazzling bright, fear seiz'd on every mind,
 And every phalanx quak'd, believing sure
 That, wrath renounc'd, and terms of friendship chosen,
 Achilles' self was there ; then, every eye
 Look'd round for refuge from impending fate.

Patroclus first, where most confus'd they swarm'd
 Around Protesilaüs' burning bark
 Hurl'd at the multitude his glittering spear.
 He smote Pyræchmes, the Pæonian chief,
 Who led from Amydon on Axius' side
 His crested warriors. In his shoulder stood
 The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.

³ It is not ill observed by the Scholiast, that the poet here represents the character of Patroclus in a most amiable light, who, though he had charged Achilles with obduracy to his face, in his absence makes his apology.—V.

At once fled all his followers on all sides
With consternation, at the sight of him
Their noblest warrior, by Patroclus slain.
Forth from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the flames,
And rescued half the ship. Then scatter'd fled
With infinite uproar the host of Troy,
While from between their ships the Danaï
Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensued.
As when the king of lightnings, Jove, dispels
From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Shine all, illumin'd from the boundless heaven,
So, when the Greeks had sav'd the ships from fire
Some ease they found ; but still the battle lower'd,
For not to flight, but to retreat alone
They had compell'd the Trojans, who remain'd
Still undispers'd, and meant resistance still.
Then, in that scatter'd warfare every chief
Slew one. Menæti^{us}' noble offspring first
Reach'd, as he fled, with sudden spear the thigh
Of Areilochus ; right through his bone
The weapon pass'd ; he headlong smote the ground.
The hero Menelaüs, where he saw
The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield
Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet.
Phylides,⁴ meeting with preventive spear
The furious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd
His leg below the knee, where brawny most

⁴ Meges.

The muscles swell in man ; disparted wide
The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes.⁴
Of Nestor's sons, the youngest, first, assail'd
Atymnius, whom wounded in the flank
He stretch'd before him ; Maris saw his fall,
And, starting to avenge his brother's fate,
Stood forth between the slayer and the slain.
But godlike Thrasymedes⁵ wounded first
Maris, ere he Antilochus ; he pierc'd
His upper arm, and with the lance's point
Rent off and stript the muscles to the bone.
Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,
Went down to Erebus, associates both
Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practis'd sons
Of Amisodarus, who day by day
That public pest, the huge Chimæra fed.
Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,
Whom, while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,
He seiz'd alive, but smote him where he stood
With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck ;
The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate

⁴ By some it has been objected that a wound of this sort, a muscular wound merely, however painful it might be, would not be immediately mortal ; but others allege, that the muscles consisting of nerves, and those nerves communicating with the brain, the divided veins and arteries likewise having connexion with the heart, by consent of parts and profuse hemorrhage, the person so wounded might instantly expire.—V.

⁵ Brother of Antilochus.

Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.
 Peneleus into close contention rush'd
 And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glittering spear,
 But each in vain, and now with swords they met.
 He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,
 But snapp'd his faulchion; him Peneleus smote
 Beneath his ear; the whole blade entering sank
 Into his neck, and Lycon with his head
 Depending by the skin alone, expir'd.
 While Acamas his steeds for flight prepar'd,
 Meriones, with quick preventive force
 Pierc'd his right shoulder. From his chariot thrust
 He smote the ground, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 With ruthless force his spear the Cretan chief
 Right through the mouth of Erymas impell'd.
 His brain it spar'd, but severing in its course
 The jointed neck-bone, started forth beyond.
 It wrench'd his teeth, his eyes with blood suffus'd,
 And through his nostrils and his open mouth
 He pour'd the sanguine stream, till death, at length,
 With sable shades enwrapt him all around.
 Thus slew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe.*

Furious as hungry wolves the kids assail
 Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain
 Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild;
 They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,
 And rend with ruthless haste the feeble prey,

* Apollonius says that the *ἰστία λευκά* here mean the *σπονδυλους*, or vertebræ of the neck.—V.

So swift the Danaï assail'd the host
Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight
Together driven, all hope, all courage lost.

The towering Ajax wish'd but to dismiss
A spear at Hector, whom with constant eye
The hero watch'd. But Hector, not untaught
The warrior's art, with bull hide buckler stood
Sheltering his ample shoulders, so to 'scape
Unharm'd by whistling shaft or sounding spear.
Full sure he saw the shifting course of war
Now turn'd, yet even so fled not, in hope
To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.

As when the Thunderer spreads a sable storm
O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd
Olympus' head escapes into the skies,
So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece
Vociferous in their flight, nor pass'd the trench
Smoothly or unannoy'd; the rapid steeds
Of Hector, him indeed bore safely through
With all his arms; but in the hollow foss
Impassable to them his host he left.
Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole
Broken at its extremity, forsook
His driver, while Patroclus with the shout
Of battle calling his Achaians on,
Left not a Trojan, in his thoughts, alive.⁷

⁷ Spondanus here exclaims very unnecessarily—Ah Homer! where is now your Jupiter by whose aid the Trojans lately conquered? Has he too fled with Hector?—forgetting that this change

They, once dispers'd, with clamour and with flight
Fill'd all the ways; the dust beneath the clouds
Hung like a tempest, and from camp and fleet
Back flew at stretch the coursers to the town.
Patroclus, where most tumult he perceiv'd
Drove thither menacing the foe aloud,
While under his own axle many a chief
Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang.
Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd
By the immortal gods to Peleus given,
Impatient for the plain, nor less desire
Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan chief,
But him his fiery steeds caught swift away.*

As when a tempest from autumnal skies
Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours
Impetuous rain, in token of his wrath
Against perverters of the laws by force,
Who drive forth justice, reckless of the gods;
The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,
Sweep many a green declivity away,
And, groaning, plunge at length into the deep
From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd

was the very purpose of Jupiter, and that he had himself foretold it.—C.

* But how did Hector escape, whose steeds were not equal to such a leap, and why did not Patroclus follow him? He escaped by the way he entered which Apollo had made for him, levelling the foss; and Patroclus did not pursue him, because he could not neglect the host and give his attention to their commander only.

V.

No traces of the pleasant works of man,
So, flying homeward, groan'd the steeds of Troy.*
And now, their foremost intercepted all,
Patroclus back again toward the fleet
Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent
To Troy permitted them, for which they strove,
But in the midway space between the ships
The river and the lofty Trojan wall
Pursued them ardent, slaughtering whom he reach'd,
And well avenging many a Grecian slain.
First then, with glittering spear he pierc'd the breast
Of Pronöus, undefended by his shield,
And stretch'd him dead ; loud rang his batter'd arms.
The son of Enops, Thestor, next he smote.
He in his chariot with his body bent
Sat cowering low, a fear-distracted form,
And from his palsied grasp the reins had fallen.
Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek
His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance
Sheer o'er the chariot-front. As when a man
On some projecting rock advanc'd, with line
And splendid hook, draws forth a sea-fish huge,

* The poet seizes the opportunity which this tremendous simile affords him to inculcate on the minds of magistrates a lesson of truth and equity ; but the main scope of the comparison is merely to illustrate the painful and laborious flight of the chariots toward the city.—B. C. & V.

The word *groaning* may appear to some readers too bold a metaphor when applied to water, but it is Homer's metaphor, and the application of the simile to its object entirely depends upon it.

So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew
 At his spear point, then shook him to the ground
 Prone on his face, where gasping he expir'd.
 At Eryalus,¹ next, with eager force
 He hurl'd a stone; full on the middle front
 It smote him, and within the ponderous casque
 His whole head open'd into equal halves.
 With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.
 Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,
 Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,
 Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,
 All these he on the champaigne, corse on corse
 Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw
 Such havoc made of his uncinctur'd friends
 By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke
 His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd.²

Shame on you, Lycians! whither would ye fly?
 Take heart, for I will meet this conquering chief
 Myself, and learn to whom the Trojans owe
 Such numerous ills, so many valiant slain.

So saying, to the ground all-arm'd he leap'd.

¹ The English reader will be pleased to observe that in this proper name the *a* is made long in the translation being long in the original. But critics have asked how could he kill this Trojan with a stone, being himself in his chariot? By other critics therefore he is said to have dismounted, though the poet takes no notice of his doing so.—V.

² *Ἀμυροχίτωνας* is a word, according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit. Their corslet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cincture or belt of the Greeks was unnecessary.

Patroclus also on the other side
 Leap'd from his chariot. As two vultures fight
 Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock,
 Clanging their plumes, so they together rush'd
 With dreadful cries; whose conflict when the son
 Of wily Saturn saw, with pity mov'd,
 His sister and his spouse he thus bespake.

Alas for my beloved son, my own
 Sarpedon! whom the Fates ordain to die
 Slain by Patroclus! Yet my doubtful mind
 With equal force two purposes impel,
 Or to replace him snatch'd from furious fight,
 In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit
 His fall, in conflict with Patroclus, now.

To whom, displeas'd, his awful spouse replied.
 How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove?
 Would'st thou again from pangs of death exempt
 A mortal man, ordain'd long since to die!
 Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven.
 Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast
 Repose them. If thou send Sarpedon safe
 To his own home, how many gods *their* sons
 May also send from battle? Weigh it well.
 For under yon great city fight no few
 Sprung from the gods, whom thou shalt much pro-
 voke.³

³ Such as Ialmenus sprung from Mars, Menestheus from Sperchius, Eudorus from Mercury, Achilles from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus;—V. with many others.

But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot
Commiserate, let him perish by the hands
Of Menœtiades in furious fight,
But give command to Death and gentle Sleep
That they convey him, soon as he expires,
To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites
Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.*

She said, from whom the sire of gods and men
Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd
A sanguine shower in honour of a son
Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field
Of Troy should slay, from Lycia far remote.

And now, for conflict fierce prepar'd, they met.
Patroclus in his nether bowels pierc'd
The Lycian hero's friend and charioteer
Brave Thrasytelus. Sinking, he expir'd.
Sarpedon, next, sent forth his glittering spear.
It miss'd Patroclus, but with mortal force
Pierc'd the right shoulder of Achilles' steed

* Zenodotus expunged this whole conference between Jupiter and Juno, because no previous mention is made of her return to Ida which she left so lately. But the Scholiast vindicates the passage by observing, that it is frequent with Homer to pass silently over such matters as may be collected by inference. The return of the goddess is a circumstance of that sort, and understood by necessary implication.—V.

The Scholiast observes that Juno's generous concession well becomes her, and that she grants to Sarpedon only what will be useless to him.—V.

Fleet-footed Pegasus ; he groaning heav'd
His spirit forth, and fallen on the field
In long loud moanings breath'd his life away.
Wide flew the startled pair, perplex'd the reins,
And wrung the creaking yoke, their fellow slain,
And at their side extended in the dust.
But, with his faulchion from beside his thigh
Drawn swiftly forth, Automedon at once
The side-rein severing, settled them aright
Between their traces, and with mutual hate
And fury fir'd the chiefs engag'd again.

Again Sarpedon with successful aim
Design'd Patroclus ; for his erring spear
O'er his left shoulder flew. But, in return,
No faithless spear forsook Patroclus' hand,
For in their pectoral recess inclos'd
It reach'd the vitals nearest to the heart.
As falls a poplar, oak, or lofty pine
With new-edg'd axes on the mountains hewn
Right through, for structure of some gallant bark,
So fell Sarpedon stretch'd before his steeds
And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust.
And as a lion slays a tawny bull
Leader magnanimous of all the herd ;
Beneath the lion's jaws he groaning dies ;
So, leader of the shielded Lycians groan'd
Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold
Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespoke.*

* It is observed by the commentator on this passage, that per-

Glaucus, my friend, among these warring chiefs
 Thyself a chief illustrious ! thou hast need
 Of all thy valour now, now strenuous fight,
 And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,
 Make war and war's calamities thy joy.
 First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse
 Our chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain,
 Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.
 For shame and foul dishonour which no time
 Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,
 Should the Achaians of my glorious arms
 Despoil me here in prospect of the fleet.⁶

sons wounded in the chest breathe, for a time, with extraordinary force, and die not but by loss of blood ; whence it follows that Sarpedon, without any violation of the laws of nature, may be supposed still to have had power of speech left sufficient for his last injunctions given to Glaucus.—B. & V.

⁶ Sarpedon certainly was not slain *in the fleet*, neither can the Greek expression *νῆς ἐν ἄγῳ* be with propriety interpreted—*in certamine de navibus*—as Clarke and Madame Dacier are inclined to render it. *Juvenum in certamine*, seems equally an improbable sense of it. Eustathius, indeed, and Terrasson, supposing Sarpedon to assert that he dies in the middle of the fleet (which was false in fact) are kind enough to vindicate Homer by pleading in his favour, that Sarpedon, being in the article of death, was delirious, and knew, not, in reality, where he died. But Homer, however he may have been charged with now and then a nap (a crime of which I am persuaded he is never guilty) certainly does not slumber here, nor needs to be so defended. *Ἄγῳ*, in the 23 Iliad, means the *whole extensive area* in which the games were exhibited, and may therefore here, without any strain of the expression, be understood to signify the *whole range of shore* on which the ships were stationed. In which case Sarpedon represents the

Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.

He said, and cover'd by the night of death
Nor look'd nor breath'd again ; for on his chest
Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew
The spear enfolded with his vitals forth,
And the soul follow'd as the weapon went.
His steeds the Myrmidons detain'd ; they, now
His steeds no more, indignant felt the sway
Of other hands, and snorted to be gone.

Grief past endurance and distress o'erwhelm'd
The soul of Glaucus, hopeless to perform
As he was charg'd. He press'd his wounded arm,
Scarce able to sustain the pangs he felt
Since Teucer shooting from the barrier's height
Had pierc'd it, to defend the fleet from fire,
And thus in prayer Apollo's aid implor'd.

Oh thou ! who, whether in the fruitful realm
Of Lycia, or in Troy, can'st hear alike,
And in all regions under heaven relieve
The suppliant in distress, now pity me.
Behold this rankling wound ; it goads with pain
My tortur'd hand. No power of mine may staunch
This purple stream ; my feeble shoulder scarce
Itself sustains ; nor could I lift my spear
To his annoyance, should I seek the foe.

matter as it was, saying that he dies—*nai ē dyōi*—that is, in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.

The translator assumes not to himself the honour of this judicious remark. It belongs to Mr. Fuseli.

Our noblest chief, Sarpedon, in the dust
Extended lies, and, though the son of Jove,
By Jove neglected. But, O glorious king!
Neglect not thou thy suppliant; heal my wound,
Assuage its anguish; strengthen me to rouse
My Lycian friends, and to withstand, myself,
Our fiercest foes in conflict for the dead.

He ceas'd, nor sued in vain. At once the god
Chas'd all his anguish; dried the streaming wound;
And with its wonted force his soul inspir'd.
He, conscious of his granted prayer, rejoic'd
In his celestial healer's sudden aid,
And, first, the leaders of the Lycian host,
Chief after chief, exhorted to contend
For slain Sarpedon; then, with hasty strides
Borne from his own into the lines of Troy,
Agenor first he sought; the noble son
Of Panthous, next, Polydamas; renown'd
Æneas then; and, last, the chief of all,
Illustrious Hector, whom he thus reprov'd.

Now Hector! now, thou hast indeed resign'd
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake,
Lost both to friends and country, on these plains
Perish, unaided and unmiss'd by thee.
There lies Sarpedon. He, who led to fight
Our shielded bands, and from whose might in arms
And justice Lycia drew her chief defence.
Him brazen Mars hath vanquish'd by the spear
Of Menœtiades. But stand ye firm!

Let indignation fire you, O my friends !
 Lest, stripping him of his resplendent arms,
 The Myrmidons with foul dishonour shame
 His body, through resentment of the deaths
 Of numerous Grecians slain by spears of ours.⁷

He ceas'd ; then grief seiz'd every Trojan heart
 Deep, inconsolable at such a loss,
 For that Sarpedon, though an alien born,
 Had ever been a bulwark of the town,
 Had led to its defence a numerous band,
 And peer had none in all the band he led.
 At once toward the Danaï they mov'd
 Ardent for battle. Furious to avenge
 The slain Sarpedon, Hector led them on.
 Mean-time, the bold Patroclus rous'd the Greeks,
 And animating either Ajax first
 Eager themselves already, thus he said.

Heroic pair ! now make it all your joy
 To chase the Trojan host, and such to prove
 As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.
 The brave Sarpedon, who ascended first⁸

⁷ The poet unites the two great means of security to all governments. The same sentiment is found in Æschylus.—B. & V.

Ὅπου γὰρ ἰσχύς συζυγῆσι καὶ Δίκη,

Ποία ξυνάρξ τῶνδε καρτερὰ τῖρα ;

When Power and Justice draw in the same yoke,
 Can any driver wish an abler pair ?

⁸ I have thus rendered *ισίλατο* because Hector was in fact the first who sprang *through* the rampart ; for which reason the Scholiast also recommends this interpretation and understands the word

Our wall, lies breathless. Let us bear him hence,
Strip and dishonour him, and in the blood
Of his protector's drench the ruthless spear.

So Menœtiades his warriors urg'd,
Themselves courageous. Then the Lycian host
And Trojan, here, and there, the Myrmidons
With all the host of Greece in close array,
Rush'd into furious contest for the dead
With deafening clamours ; clang'd their brazen arms,
And Jove with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung
The wasteful battle, to enhance the more
Their conflict for the body of his son.
First then the Trojans from their order shock'd
The bright-eyed Grecians,⁹ slaying not the least
Nor meanest Myrmidon, Epigeus, son
Of the renown'd Agacles. He had rul'd
In populous Budeum erst, but, charg'd
With slaughter of a kinsman, thence had fled
To Peleus and to Thetis his espous'd,
Who, with that breaker of the ranks, their son

as synonymous with *ἰφλάτο*. Homer himself describing the manner of Sarpedon's assault upon the barrier, says—

Ὡς ἔα τὸτ' ἀντίδωκ Σαρπηδὼνα θυμὸς ἀνῆκε
Τύχης ἰταλῆαι.

But others give *ἰφλάτο* the sense of *ἰσχυεύω*—pulled down—V.

* To have called them the *handsome* or the *beauteous* Grecians would have been almost ludicrous, yet that is what Homer means by the word *ἰάσπας*. With him it is frequent to express beauty by a single circumstance of it ; so in the present instance he gives *the eye* as a sample of the whole.

Achilles, sent him to the field of Troy.
Him seizing fast the body, with a stone
Illustrious Hector on the forehead smote,
And cleft his head within its ponderous guard
Asunder; prostrate on the slain he fell
In shades of soul-divorcing death involv'd.
Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,
Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk
Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives or daws,
With such rapidity Patroclus drove
Full on the Lycian and the Trojan host,
Resentful of his fellow-warrior's fall,
And seeking Sthenelaüs with a stone,
Son of Ithæmenes, the rugged mass
Directed to his neck and burst the nerves.
Then Ilium's van, with Hector, all retir'd.
Far as a slender javelin cuts the air
Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,
Or even to annoy a cruel foe,
So far the Greeks repuls'd the host of Troy.
Then Glaucus first,¹ chief of the shielded bands
Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son
Of Chalcon; Hellas was his home, and none
Of all the Myrmidons was rich as he.
But Glaucus, while he press'd the Lycian host,
Turn'd on him suddenly, and with a spear

¹ *First*, because he was the *first* who turned upon the Greeks and renewed the battle; and the Trojans afterward gather round him, the more zealous in his defence for that reason.—B. & V.

Transpierc'd his bosom ; sounding, down he fell.
 Deep sorrow, that a valiant chief had fallen,
 Fill'd all the Greeks, the Trojans equal joy ;
 At once they rallied, flew to Glaucus' aid,
 And gather'd fast around him, while the Greeks,
 Still fearless, and still resolute, advanc'd.
 Then, by Meriones a Trojan died
 Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son
 Undaunted of Onetor great in 'Troy,
 Priest of Idæan Jove ; between the ear
 And jaw he pierc'd him with a mortal force,
 Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 Æneas, in return, his brazen spear
 Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope
 To pierce him, while, with nimble steps and short
 Behind his buckler made, he pac'd the field ;
 But he, forewarn'd and bowing low his head,
 Eluded it, and in the distant soil
 The quivering weapon rock'd itself to rest.*

* * * * *

* ὕπασπιδια προβήντες. A similar expression occurs in book xiii. 158. There we read ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων. Which is explained by the Scholiast in Villoison to signify—advancing with quick short steps, and at the same time covering the feet with a shield. A practice which, unless they bore the ἀμφιβρότην ἀσπίδα, must necessarily leave the upper parts exposed.

It is not improbable, though the translation is not accommodated to that conjecture, that Æneas, in his following speech to Meriones, calls him, ὀρχηστῆν, with a view to the agility with which he perform'd this particular step in battle. For Meriones was a Cretan, and the Cretans are said to have been great proficient in the Pyrrhic or military dance.—B. & V.

* * * * *

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd.

Meriones ! I sent thee such a spear
As, reaching thee, should have forever marr'd
Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.

To whom the brave Meriones replied.
Æneas ! thou wilt find it hard, how great
Soe'er thy might, to quell the force of all
Who would repulse thee. Thou art also doom'd
Thyself to die, and may but spear of mine
Once reach thee at the waist, whatever strength
Or magnanimity be thine to boast,
Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.⁴

He said, but him Patroclus thus reprov'd.
Why speaks Meriones, although in fight
Approv'd, thus proudly ? Nay, my gallant friend !
The Trojans never will for taunts of ours
Renounce the body. Blood must first be spilt.
Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide ;
Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.

So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close

³ Two lines occurring here in the original which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS. used by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the translator has omitted them in his version as interpolated and superfluous.

⁴ Pluto was celebrated for his swift steeds, because death overtakes every man, and there is no escape from it.

Godlike Meriones. As from the depth
Of some lone wood that clothes the mountain's side
The fellers at their toil are heard remote,
So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain
Reverberated, was the din of brass
And of tough targets heard by faulchions huge
Hard-smitten, and by spears of double edge.
None then, no, not the quickest to discern
Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head
To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust
Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons. They
Around the body swarm'd. As hovel-flies
In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails
With milk bedew'd, so compass'd they the dead.
Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes
From that dread contest, but with watchful note
Mark'd all, much musing on the bloody death
Of brave Patroclus ; whether best it were
That Hector now should slay him on the corpse
Of slain Sarpedon, and should strip his arms
After fierce combat in that very spot,
Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.
At length this counsel pleas'd him ; that the friend
Of Peleus' son should yet again compel
The Trojan host with Hector to the walls
Of Ilium, slaughtering many by the way.
First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd
The heart of Hector ; mounting to his seat
He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host

Fly also; for he knew Jove's purpose chang'd.⁵
 Nor stood the Lycians then, but even they
 Fled also, shock'd and heartless to behold
 Their king extended with his bosom gor'd,
 And whelm'd with heaps of slain; for on his corse,
 While Jove prolong'd the strife, had many fallen.
 Then soon of all his dazzling arms they stripp'd
 Sarpedon, and Menœtius' valiant son
 Consign'd the spoil to warriors of his band
 Who bore it to the ships. Mean-time his will
 The Thunderer to Apollo thus express'd.⁶

Phœbus, my son, delay not; from beneath
 Yon hill of weapons drawn Sarpedon cleanse
 From sable gore; then, bearing him remote,
 Lave him in waters of the running stream,
 With oils divine anoint, and in attire
 Immortal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep
 Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him;
 For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes
 They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends

⁵ *Ἰρὰ τέλειτα*—Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum.—So it is interpreted in the Scholium MSS. Lipsiensis.—Vide Schaufelbergerus.

⁶ Here again Zenodotus is offended, and because the poet has not expressly told us when or how Jupiter and Apollo came together, alters the line so as to make it say that the former from the top of Ida bawled to the latter on the plain. But how easy is it to suppose that Apollo has ascended Ida, though that circumstance has not been mentioned!—V.

This short episode seems introduced merely to relieve the ear for a few moments from the din of battle.—V.

Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.

He ceas'd; nor was Apollo slow to hear
His father's will, but from th' Idæan heights
Descending swift into the dreadful field,
Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath
The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote,
He lav'd in waters of the running stream,
With oils ambrosial bath'd, and cloth'd in robes
Immortal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep,
Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,
Who plac'd it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm.

Mean-time Patroclus, calling to his steeds
And to Automedon, the Trojans chas'd
And Lycians, on his own destruction bent
Infatuate; for Pelides' charge observ'd
Had sav'd him from his miserable doom.
But vain are wisest counsels that oppose
The will of Jove. He quells the boldest heart,
And (as Patroclus found) with ease defeats
The glorious ardour which himself inspires.
Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee
Fell slain, what time thyself wast call'd to die?⁷
Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,
Offspring of Megas; then Autonöus,

⁷ The poet seldom mentions Patroclus, in this book especially, without an apostrophe; an argument of his affection for the character.—V. And we may fairly infer from his strong sympathy with a person whom he celebrates for the sweetness of his disposition and manners, a conclusion in favour of his own.

Echechlus, Melanippus, and Epistor,
Pylartes, Mulius, Elasus. All these
He slew, and from the field chas'd all beside.
Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd
To enter Troy's proud gates, such havock made
He with his spear, but that the son of Jove
Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height
Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's sake.
Thrice to an angle of the lofty wall
Patroclus sprang, and, with immortal hands
Thrice smiting his resplendent shield, the god
Shock'd him to earth again ; but when he rush'd
A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,
Him thus Apollo awfully rebuk'd.

Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire !
The fates ordain not that imperial Troy
Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou:
So he ; and, fearing to provoke still more
The radiant god, Patroclus left the wall.
But Hector in the Scæan gate his steeds
Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive
Amid the warring multitude again,
Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect
His host within the walls. Him musing long
Apollo, clad in semblance of a young
And valiant chief approach'd ; Asius he seem'd
Illustrious uncle of the chief of Troy,
Brother of Hecuba, and Dymas' son,

Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt.
Apollo, so disguis'd, him thus bespake.

Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight? this sloth
Not well befits thee. Oh that I as far
Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,
Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st thou retire;
Come, drive thy rapid steeds abroad and seek
Menoetius' son, to slay him if thou may'st,
And Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.
So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.

Then noble Hector bade his charioteer
Valiant Cebriones his coursers lash
Back into battle, while the god himself
Entering the throng confus'd the Greeks, and gave
Glory to Hector and the host of Troy.
But Hector, leaving all beside unslain,
Impell'd with furious haste his rapid steeds
Against Patroclus; on the other side
Patroclus from his chariot to the ground
Leap'd ardent; in his left a spear he bore,
And in his right a marble fragment rough,
Large as his grasp. With full collected might
He hurl'd it; neither was the weapon slow
To find whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.
He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold
Cebriones, king Priam's spurious son,
Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.
The bone that force withstood not, but the rock
With ragged angles rough dash'd both his brows

In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet.
 He, diver-like, from his exalted stand
 Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expir'd ;
 O'er whom, Patroclus of equestrian fame !
 Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe,
 Ye gods, with what agility he dives !
 Ah ! it were well if in the fishy deep
 This man were occupied ; he might no few
 With oysters satisfy, although the waves
 Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark
 As easily as from his chariot here.
 So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too !^a

^a Though Homer never in any of his banquets sets fish before his heroes, it is plain from this passage that they were not unacquainted with that sort of diet. Yet neither fish nor fowl were customary viands at the tables of the ancients, probably because they were not deemed sufficiently nutritive to feed the strength of heroes. In the *Odyssey* indeed we find the companions of Ulysses employed in catching both for food ; but they were constrained to it by a deficiency of their usual provisions, and were so little contented with such substitutes for more solid sustenance, that they slew the oxen of the Sun rather than they would want it longer.

Though the waves were churlish is a circumstance which greatly imbitters the sarcasm, as it compares him not to a diver only, but to a diver so keen in pursuit of his prey, as not to be deterred from it by the roughest weather.—V.

Homer has been censured by some for the cruelty of this insult with which Patroclus triumphs over the dead Cebriones—but what has been observed by Dr. Clarke concerning the character of Achilles, that the poet represents him *such as he was, not such as he ought to have been*, is equally true respecting all his heroes, And it is well remarked by the ingenious author of No. I. in the *Olla Podrida*, that the cause of virtue suffers nothing by an exhibition of the imperfections incident to a character in other respects

So saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang
With all a lion's force, who, while the folds
He ravages, is wounded in the breast,
And, victim of his own fierce courage, dies.
So didst thou spring, Patroclus ! to despoil
Cebriones, and Hector opposite
Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such
Arose between them as two lions wage
Contending in the mountains for a deer
New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.
So Hector and Patroclus, brave alike,
That prize disputing equal ardour felt
To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.
First, Hector seiz'd his head, nor loos'd his hold,
Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside
Of either host in furious battle join'd.

As when the east wind and the south contend
To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side,
Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old,
With stormy violence the mingled boughs
Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud,
So, Trojans and Achaians, mingling, slew
Each other, equally disdaining flight.
Around Cebriones stood many a spear,
And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve
Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp

worthy of imitation ; because the conduct in such instances is related merely, not defended, and every man is naturally qualified to distinguish between vice and virtue.

Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields
Who fought to gain him. He, involv'd, the while,
In circling dust, at all his bulky length
Extended lay, nor his superior skill
To rule the fiery steed remember'd more.

While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heavens,
Both shower'd their weapons and the people fell;
But when he journey'd westward, by a change
Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd.
Forth from beneath an hill of darts they drew
Valiant Cebriones, and stripp'd his arms
At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.
Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan host.
Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts
Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew.
But when the fourth time, demon-like, he rush'd
To the assault, too plainly then appear'd,
Ah hapless youth ! thy destiny at hand ;
For then it was that Phœbus terrour-clad
Encounter'd thee in that tremendous field.
He notic'd not his coming, in such clouds
Impenetrably dark involv'd he came.
With palms expanded, on his shoulders broad
He such a stroke impress'd, and on his spine
As dimm'd his sight with dizziness ; he dash'd
His helmet to the ground, and under foot
Of many a prancing steed it roll'd and rang.
Then first that wavy crest defilement gross
Of dust and blood endur'd ; unworthy stains !

Till then impossible ; for how should dust
The tresses of that helmet shame, with which
Achilles, fighting, fenc'd his brows divine ?
But Jove now made it Hector's ; he awhile
Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd.
His spear brass mounted, ponderous, huge and long,
Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept
His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,
And Phœbus loos'd the corslet from his breast.
Confusion seiz'd his brain ; his noble limbs
Quak'd under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.
Then came a Dardan chief, who from behind
Enforc'd a pointed lance into his back
Between the shoulders ; Panthus' son was he,
Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,
For spearmanship, and in the rapid race
Past all of equal age.* He twenty men
(Although a learner yet of martial feats,
And by his steeds then first to battle borne)
Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty chief !
Adventur'd first to throw a lance at thee,
But slew thee not ; then, snatching from the wound
His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd,
Nor dar'd encounter thee although unarm'd.
Then, both by mortal and immortal hands

* Patroclus turning to see who smote him, when he received the stroke on his back from Apollo, Euphorbus seized that opportunity to wound him in that part which would not otherwise have been opposed to him.—V.

At once assail'd, and all his force subdued,
Patroclus shrank and to his friends retir'd.
But Hector, soon as his retreat he saw
And saw him wounded, issuing from his ranks
Came spear in hand, and pierc'd him in the groin.
Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaia's host.
As when the lion and the sturdy boar
Contend in battle on the mountain-tops
For some scant rivulet which both desire,
Ere long the lion quells the panting boar,
So Hector, spear in hand, of life bereav'd
Patroclus, who had first laid many a friend
Of Hector low, and thus in accents wing'd
With fierce delight exulted in his fall.

It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid
Our city waste, and to have wafted hence
Our wives and daughters to thy native land,
Their day of liberty for ever set.
Fool! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds
Fly into battle, and myself excel,
For their sakes, all our bravest at the spear,
That I may turn from them that evil hour
Necessitous. But thou art vulture's food.
Unhappy youth! all valiant as he is,
Achilles hath no succour given to thee,
Who when he sent thee whither he himself
Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge.
Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious chief!
That thou revisit not these ships again

Till first on hero-slaying Hector's breast
Thou cleave his bloody corslet. So he spake,
And with vain words thee credulous beguil'd.

To whom Patroclus ! with a feeble voice
And faltering utterance, thou didst thus reply.

Now triumph, Hector ! For Saturnian Jove
And Phœbus, first despoiling me themselves
Of all defence, have made the victory thine,
And thine with ease. Else—twenty, of thy force,
My might encountering here, had here expir'd.¹
But me relentless Fate and Phœbus made
Their victim first ; Euphorbus, from behind,
Assail'd me next, and thou, more basely still,
Didst wound me, last, whom they had slain before.
But mark me, for inexorable Fate
Now speaks by me ; thou shalt not long survive ;
Achilles comes ; the vengeful, and renown'd
Æacides, and thou shalt also die.²

He said, and, from his languid limbs dismiss'd,
To Pluto's drear abode his spirit pass'd
Sad and disconsolate ; deploring life

¹ A man who, cast down by misfortune, raises himself like a fallen athletic, and instead of whining speaks with a firm tone and rather loftily, is not for that reason to be deemed a boaster, but a person of great courage, and one who is not easily conquered.—C.

² The expiring hero prophesies, because it was an opinion among the ancients, that the human spirit in the article of dissolution acquired a faculty of looking into futurity. And he deploras, after death, his deprivation of so athletic a frame, lest he should be appointed to animate another not so honourable.—V.

In life's best season lost.—Then him, though dead,
As living still, the conqueror thus address'd.

Patroclus! wherefore these prophetic strains
Of instant death to me? Achilles' spear
Shall menace, it may chance, my life in vain,
And he by mine, himself, may perish first.

He said; and on the body stretch'd supine
His heel impressing, from the deadly wound
Tugg'd forth his lance, and ardent flew to pierce
The swift Achilles' godlike charioteer
Automedon. But him, the steeds conferr'd
On Peleus by the gods, a glorious gift!
Defying all pursuit, soon snatch'd away.

I L I A D.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus, having despatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

BOOK XVII.

NOR Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,
Knew not that Menœtiades had fallen
By Trojan hands in battle ; forth he rush'd
All bright in burnish'd armour through his van,
And as some heifer with maternal fears
Now first acquainted, compasses around
Her young one, murmuring with tender moan,
So mov'd the hero of the amber locks
Around Patroclus, before whom his spear
Advancing and broad shield, he death denounc'd
On all opposers ; nor the dauntless son
Of Panthus inattentive stood long time
To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,
And warlike Menelaus thus bespake.¹

¹ Patroclus being slain, Menelaus is the first to notice it, either on account of their similarity of manners and disposition (for if

Prince ! Menelaus ! Atreus' mighty son !
Go. Leave the body and these gory spoils ;
For of the Trojans or allies of Troy
None sooner drew Patroclus' blood than I.
Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise
Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail
Thee also, and thou perish in thy prime.²

To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied.
Self-praise, the gods do know, is little worth.
But neither lion may in pride compare
Nor panther, no, nor savage boar whose heart's
High temper flashes in his eyes, with thee
And with the warriors of thy father's house.³
Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame
Liv'd not his lusty manhood to enjoy,
Who scoffingly defied my force in arms,
And call'd me most contemptible in fight
Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,
His feet bore never hence to cheer at home

Patroclus was humane and gentle, such was Menelaus also, as appears from his willingness to have spared Adrastus,) or because most of the other Grecian chiefs were wounded ; all, indeed, except Ajax, who ought not, as Menelaus is obliged to do, to retreat on the approach of Hector.—V.

² As in the chase the spoils of the animal, his hide and head, were his property who first struck the prey, so was the armour his who first pierced an enemy slain in battle.

³ The wild boar is mentioned last as the most savage of the three, for he is untameable, which the lion and leopard are not ; the latter likewise use some precaution when they are attacked, but the wild boar none.—V.

His wife and parents with his glad return.
 So also shall thy confidence be tam'd,
 If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—
 Mix with the multitude ; withstand not me,
 Lest evil overtake thee. To be taught
 By sufferings only, is the part of fools.⁴

He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied.
 Now, Menelaus ! shall that haughty boast
 That thou hast slain my brother, cost thee dear.
 Thou mad'st a widow whom he lately made
 His happy bride ; thou gav'st the deadly wound
 That whelm'd his parents in the deepest woe ;
 And that same head and those resplendent arms
 To Panthus and to Phrontis borne by me
 May much console them all ; nor shall they want
 Those comforts long, if all that I possess
 Of courage, force, or skill may gain the prize.

He said, and strove, but vainly, spear in hand
 To pierce Atrides' shield, for at the disk
 Of stubborn brass his blunted weapon staid.
 Then, Menelaus (supplicating, first,
 The sire of all)⁵ pierc'd deep, as he retir'd,

⁴ The death of Hyperenor by the hand of Menelaus⁴ has been so slightly mentioned that it may be expedient to refer the reader to the passage. He will find it transiently touched in the last paragraph of the fourteenth book.—V.

⁵ The expedience and utility of prayer Homer misses no opportunity of enforcing. Cold and comfortless as the religious creed of the Heathens was, they were nevertheless piously attentive to its dictates, and to a degree that may serve as a reproof to many professed believers of revelation.

Euphorbus' throat, and, bearing on the beam,
 Enforc'd it, till the point stood forth behind.
 Sounding he fell ; loud rang his batter'd arms.
 His locks, which e'en the Graces might have own'd,
 Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about
 With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.
 As the luxuriant olive by a swain
 Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound,
 Puts forth her buds, and, fann'd by genial airs
 On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flowers,
 But by a sudden whirlwind from the trench
 Uptorn, lies all extended on the field,
 Such Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd,
 By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain,
 And suddenly of all his arms despoil'd.
 But as the lion on the mountains bred,
 Glorious in strength, when he hath seiz'd the best
 And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs
 First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch
 Torn wide ; mean-time, around him, but remote,

The allegorical history of prayer given us in the ninth book of the Iliad from the lips of Phœnix, the speech of Antilochus in the 23d, in which he ascribes the ill success of Eumelus in the chariot-race to his neglect of prayer, and that of Pisistratus in the 3d book of the Odyssey, where speaking of the newly arrived Telcmachus, he says—

————— for I deem
 Him wont to pray ; since all of every land
 Need succour from the gods—————

are so many proofs of the truth of this remark ; to which a curious reader might easily add a multitude.

Dogs stand and herdsmen shouting, yet by fear
Repress'd, annoy him not or dare approach ;
So there, all wanted courage to oppose
The glorious Menelaus. Then, with ease
He should have borne Euphorbus' armour thence,
But that Apollo the illustrious prize
Denied him, who, in semblance of the chief
Of the Ciconians, Mentès, prompted forth
Against him Hector terrible as Mars,
Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he rous'd.⁶

Hector ! thou followest, but with vain pursuit,
Achilles' steeds, steeds scornful of control
By mortal hands, unless Achilles, son
Of an immortal mother, sway the reins.
Mean-time, hath Menelaus, in defence
Of dead Patroclus, slain thy noble friend
Euphorbus, son of Panthus, and depriv'd
Thyself and Troy for ever of his aid.

So spake the god, and to the fight return'd.
But grief intolerable at that word
Seiz'd Hector ; darting through the shielded ranks
An eager look, that moment he descried
The Spartan chief despoiling of his arms
Euphorbus, and Euphorbus in the dust
Extended, bleeding. Forth into the field,
All bright in dazzling armour, with a shout
That pierc'd the skies, and with the lightning's speed,

⁶ The Ciconians therefore had more chiefs than one, for their chief mentioned in the catalogue is named Euphemus.

At once he flew. Nor Menclaus' ear
That cry perceiv'd not, and, his noble heart
Consulting sorrowfully, thus he mus'd.

Alas! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils,
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
I fear lest the Achaians at that sight
Incens'd, reproach me; and if, urg'd by shame,
I fight with Hector and his host, alone,
Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall;
For Hector hither leads his whole array.
But why these musings? To oppose in fight
One fenc'd and seconded by power divine,
Is to be whelm'd with ruin like a flood.⁷
Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host
Will roughly censure, seeing my retreat
From Hector, whom the gods themselves assist.
But might the battle-shout of Ajax once
Reach me, with force united we would strive
Even in opposition to a god
To rescue, for Achilles' sake, his friend.
Task arduous! but less arduous than this.

While he thus meditated, swift advanc'd
The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head.
He then, retiring slow and turning oft,
Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains

⁷ The sentiment is this and there cannot be a juster. He who fights against a man protected by heaven, fights against heaven itself, and must therefore perish, nor perish only, but by a stroke of signal and exemplary vengeance.

Driven from the stalls with clamours and with spears
A bearded lion goes ; his noble heart
Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey,
So Menelaus with slow steps forsook
Patroclus, and, at length, arriv'd in front
Of his own followers, thence, with wistful looks
On all sides sought the Telamonian chief.
Him leftward soon, of all the field he mark'd
Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts
Phœbus with irresistible dismay
Himself had fill'd. He ran, and at his side
Standing, incontinent him thus bespake.

Ajax, my friend ! Menœtius' son is dead.
Come—let us hasten for Achilles' sake,
To rescue from the Trojans, if we may,
The slain, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.

He said ; then trouble fill'd the generous soul
Of Ajax ; issuing through his foremost line,
Ere long, with Menelaus he arriv'd
Where Hector trail'd Patroclus through the dust
Despoil'd and bare ; impatient once again
To trail him bound, behind his chariot-wheels,
Then cast him headless to the dogs of Troy.
But Ajax came. The tower-like shield approach'd ;
When Hector, mingling with his host again,
Sprang to his chariot, and, to blazon more
His praise in Ilium, thither sent, consign'd
To faithful Trojan hands, his precious spoils.
But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood

Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps
The lion stands; him through some forest drear
Leading his little ones the hunters meet;
Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws
His whole brow into frowns that overwhelm his eyes,
So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lower'd.*
On th' other side, with tender grief oppress'd
Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,
Son of Hippolochus, with looks of scorn
On Hector cast, him sharply thus reprov'd.

Oh Hector! warlike in ostent alone;
Fame falsely speaks thee brave, and should commend
Thy prudence most that prompts thee when to fly.
Now think, and deeply, by what likeliest means
Your city, self-defended, may withstand
Her numerous foes; for, of the Lycian host,
Whose ceaseless toil in arms hath ever prov'd
A thankless task, shall none assist thee more.
Inglorious chief! whose body wilt thou save

* Homer describes the object as if he had seen it, yet probably paints after the report of others. A chase of this kind was a worthier theme of conversation than those which furnish so much idle gossip to the sportsmen of our country, and a hearer, with a mind inquisitive and observant as Homer's, would attend to the narrative with delight.

It is observed that the lion never leads his cubs about, and that Homer, though he ascribes this office to the male for dignity-sake, intends the female. The translator, for the same reason, judged it best to follow his example.—Homer, it is likewise observed, never once mentions the lioness.—V.

Hereafter, who hast now Sarpedon left
Thy guest and friend, to be disgrac'd and torn
Among the Grecians? Oft-times, while he liv'd,
Thyself and Ilium at his hands receiv'd
No trivial benefit; and when he fell
In Ilium's cause, ye left him to the dogs.
Now, therefore, shall the Lycians to their home
By my advice, and, heedless what befalls,
To swift perdition leave the towers of Troy.
For were your spirit such as prompts the brave
To guard their home at whatsoever cost
Of toil and danger, we should soon prevail
To drag Patroclus from the field to Troy;
Whose body, once secur'd within the fence
Of Ilium's walls, the Grecians should redeem,
And gladly, with Sarpedon and his arms.⁹
For when Patroclus died, the foremost man
Of all the Grecians, and the chief who boasts
The bravest followers, lost his noblest friend.
But thee, too conscious of his mightier arm
In battle, Ajax with his looks alone
Subdued, and sent thee to thy refuge here.

To whom, with aspect stern, the Trojan chief.
And whence hath Glaucus privilege to speak
Thus proudly? O my friend! I deem'd thee once

⁹ Glaucus supposed the body of Sarpedon borne from the field by the Grecians and deposited in the fleet, ignorant that Apollo had been charged with the care of it by Jupiter, and had conveyed it to Lycia.—V,

Wisest of all the Lycians; but thy words
Now spoken, charging me with dastard fear
Of big-bon'd Ajax, merit my reproof.
The roar of battle and the prancing steed
Appal not me, but I, perforce, obey
The irresistible control of Jove,
Who quells the bravest heart, and disappoints
With ease the courage which himself inspir'd—
But hither, friend! stand with me. Mark my deed.
Prove me, if I be found as thou hast said,
An idler all the day, or if by force
I not compel some Grecian to renounce
Patroclus, even the boldest of them all.

He ceas'd, and to his host exclaim'd aloud.
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friends!
Now summon all your fortitude, while I
Put on the armour of Achilles, won
From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me.

So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash
Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace
Departing, overtook, not far remote
The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.
Apart from all the horrors of the field
Withdrawn, he chang'd his armour; gave his own
To be by them to sacred Ilium borne,
And the immortal arms of Peleus' son
Achilles, by the ever-living gods
To Peleus given, put on. Those arms the sire,

Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd,
But in those arms his son grew never old.

Him soon as Jove beheld retir'd from all
And putting on divine Achilles' arms,
Contemplative he shook his brows, and said.

Ah hapless chief ! thy death, although at hand,
Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his heavenly arms,
Who all excels, the terrour of his foes.

His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain,
And hast the brows and bosom of the dead
Unseemly bar'd ; yet, bright success awhile
I give thee ; so compensating thy lot,
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.¹

So spake the Thunderer, and his sable brows
Shaking, confirm'd the word. To Hector's size
He made the armour apt, and Mars his soul
With fury fill'd ; he felt his limbs afresh
Invigorated, and with loudest shouts
Return'd to his illustrious allies.
To them he seem'd, in that bright armour clad,
Himself Achilles ; rank by rank he pass'd
Through all the host, exhorting every chief,
Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,

¹ This speech of Jupiter seems to be introduced by the poet merely with a view to console and conciliate his Grecian auditory. They could not but feel indignation at the thought of Hector clad in the armour of Achilles ; but foretelling the speedy death of Hector, in a manner too the most pathetic, he changed at once their resentment into pity.

Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,
Chromius, Hippothoüs ; all these he rous'd
To battle, and in accents wing'd began.

Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours, and allies !
For not through fond desire to fill the plain
With multitudes, have I conven'd you here
Each from his city, but that well-inclin'd
To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives
And little ones against the host of Greece.
Therefore it is that forage large and gifts
Providing for you, I exhaust the stores
Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.
Turn then direct against them, and his life
Save each, or lose ; it is the course of war.
The man, who, in despite of Ajax, drags
The dead Patroclus to the lines of Troy,
Shall, with myself, who stripp'd his glorious arms,
Partake the spoil, and, with myself, the fame.²
He ended ; they compact with lifted spears
Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each
Warm expectation in his heart to wrest
From Ajax, son of Telamon, the dead.
Vain hope ! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd
On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech
To warlike Menelaus thus address'd.

² Ye are fed, he says, at the expense of Troy, and at an expense to her that she can ill afford, therefore lay down your lives for the city. It seems a strange contract, life for a scanty maintenance ; but it is such as military men make, and others wonder at it.

Ah Menelaus, valiant friend ! I hope
 No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape
 Ourselves from fight ; nor fear I so the loss
 Of dead Patroclus, with whose flesh the dogs
 And fowls of Ilium shall ere long be gorg'd,
 As for my life I tremble and for thine,
 That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom
 Sheds all around ; death manifest impends.
 Haste—call our best, if even they can hear.³

He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,
 But call'd aloud on all the chiefs of Greece.

Friends, senators, and leaders of the powers
 Of Argos ! who with Agamemnon drink
 And Menelaus at the public cost,
 Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will
 Of Jove advanc'd to honour and renown !
 The task were difficult to single out
 Chief after chief by name amid the blaze
 Of such contention ; but oh come yourselves
 Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy
 Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones.⁴

³ A brave man may fear though he will not fly ; a good seaman may suffer some anxiety at sight of an approaching tempest, though his presence of mind will not desert him when he would prepare his ship to encounter it.—V.

⁴ The Scholiast observes, like a true Grecian, that Menelaus had no need to summon them by their names. Challenged by their rank and by their glory they fly all at once to his assistance, acknowledging no appellation more readily than that he gives them—Men of renown and honour.

He ceas'd, whose voice Oileus' son the swift
 Perceiving with quick ear, of all the chiefs
 Ran foremost; after whom Idomeneus
 Approach'd, and dread as homicidal Mars
 Meriones. But never mind of man
 Could even in silent recollection name
 The whole vast multitude, who, following these,
 Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.
 The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,
 Wedg'd in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault.

As when within some rapid river's mouth
 The billows and stream clash, on either shore⁶
 Loud sounds the 'roar of waves ejected wide,
 Such seem'd the clamours of the Trojan host.
 But the Achaians, one in heart, around
 Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass
 And over all their glittering helmets Jove
 Darkness diffus'd, for he had held him dear
 While yet he liv'd friend of Æacides,

⁶ There is no word in our language expressive of loud sound, at all comparable in effect to the Greek *Bo-o-osin*. I have therefore endeavoured by the juxtaposition of two words similar in sound, to palliate in some small degree a defect which it was not in my power to cure.

It is said of Solon, that having successfully imitated most of Homer's beauties, when he attempted to produce a passage that might rival this comparison, struck with astonishment at its superiority to all that he could execute, he burned his poem.—C. Plato is said to have found himself equally foiled by it, and to have burned his also.—V. & C. It is certain that the felicity of Homer's lines passes all encomium.

And, now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy
Should rend him, urg'd the Greeks to his defence.
The Trojans first prevail'd ; repuls'd the Greeks
And dragg'd the dead, but none of all their host,
With all their fury slew. Nor stood the Greeks
Long time aloof, soon rallied by the voice
Of Ajax, in his form and in his act
Inferior to Æacides alone.
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
In force resembling most some savage boar
Which in the mountains bursting through the brakes,
The swains disperses and their hounds with ease ;
Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son
Of Telamon, at his assault dispers'd
With ease the close embattled ranks, who fought
Around the dead Patroclus, strong in hope
To achieve him, and to make the glory theirs.
Hippothoüs, Pelasgian Lethus' son,
A noble youth, ambitious to deserve
Applause from Hector and the Trojan host,
Binding Patroclus' ancles with a thong
Together, grasp'd his feet, and toil'd to draw
The lifeless load from conflict safe away.
But mischief, swifter than his readiest friends
Could baffle, reach'd him. Sudden in assault,
And spear in hand, illustrious Ajax smote
His glittering helmet with an arm so strong
And with a beam so ponderous, that his point
Sheer to its bottom split the crested brass.

Plung'd to its neck, the spear let forth at once
Life's current and the brain. He nerveless sank,
Let fall Patroclus' feet, and fell himself
Prone on the body ; never more to see
Fruitful Larissa, never to requite
Their kind solitudes who gave him birth,
In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.
Then Hector hurl'd at Ajax, but the spear
Pass'd *him* forewarn'd of its approach, and pierc'd
Schedius Iphitides ; he, noblest chief
Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,
Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.
Entering beneath the clavicle,⁶ the point
Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,
And on his loud-resounding arms he fell.
Next, Ajax wounded at his waist the son
Of Phænops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood
Guarding Hippothoüs ; through his hollow mail
Enforc'd the weapon drank his inmost life,
And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust.
Then Hector with the foremost chiefs of Troy
Fell back ; the Argives sent a shout to heaven,
And dragging Phorcys and Hippothoüs thence,
Stripp'd both.⁷ In that bright moment Ilium's host
Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons

⁶ Or collar-bone.

⁷ If they could drag Phorcys and Hippothoüs, why not Patroclus ? Because the Trojans, more ambitious to make prize of him than to rescue their own, directed all their efforts to obtain him, and neglected the bodies of their countrymen.—V.

Should have reenter'd Ilium, and the Greeks
 By matchless might and fortitude their own
 Had snatch'd a victory from the grasp of Fate,
 But that, himself, the king of radiant shafts
 Æneas rous'd; Epytis' son he seem'd
 Periphas, ancient in the service grown
 Of old Anchises whom he dearly lov'd;
 His form assum'd, Apollo thus began.

Æneas! I have seen the glorious chiefs
 Who by their people's valour and their own,
 No foreign aid at hand,^a have, in despite
 Of adverse heaven, secur'd their tottering towers.
 But we so dread the Grecians, that we yield
 The victory theirs, which Jove designs our own.

He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew
 At once the glorious archer of the skies,
 And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud.

Hector! Ye chiefs of Troy, and her allies!
 Shame is our portion if we climb again
 The heights of Ilium, slaves of hopeless fear,
 And fugitive before the Grecian host.
 For I have learn'd this moment, from a god
 Standing beside me, that in Jove himself,
 Whose counsels all events of war obey,
 The Trojans have a friend. Now, therefore, face

^a This is the import of *πλήθει τι σφετέρων, πικροβότας*. Ye, he says, have the gods on your side and are aided by numerous allies, yet suffer yourselves to be worsted; unlike to some whom I have seen, who, unsupported by others and with the gods against them, have yet conquered.

Once more the foe, nor suffer that, in peace,
They reach the ships, and bear Patroclus home.

He spake, and starting far into the van
Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, fac'd the Greeks.
Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes mov'd
With pity saw his fall, and drawing nigh
First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance
Pierc'd Apisaon, son of Hippasus
And captain of a band, beneath his chest
Right through the liver, and at once he died.
He from Pæonia's fruitful land to Troy
Came forth, except Asteropæus, brave
Past all his host. Asteropæus saw,
And rush'd impatient to the van, prepar'd
For furious fight, but room for fight found none,
So thick a fence of shields and ported spears
Fronted the guard of Menœtiades,
For Ajax, passing, ceaseless, through the ranks,
Gave them strict charge, that none should fall behind,
None step before, ambitious of renown,
But all, in even undisturb'd array,
Move round Patroclus' body, spear in hand.
Such order gave huge Ajax; purple gore
Drench'd all the ground; in slaughter'd heaps they fell
Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts
And Grecians; for not even they the fight
Wag'd bloodless, though with far less cost of blood.

Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate.⁹

Thus burn'd the battle ; thou hadst deem'd the sun
And moon alike extinguish'd in the skies,
Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove
Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms
For Menœtiades. Mean-time the war,
By Greeks and Trojans in all other parts,
Was wag'd beneath serenest skies ; the sun
On them his radiance darted ; not a cloud,
From mountain or from vale ascending, slak'd
His fervour ; there at distance due they fought
And paus'd by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.
But in the middle field not war alone
They suffer'd, but night also ; ruthless rag'd
The iron storm, and all the mightiest bled.
Two glorious chiefs, the while, Antilochus
And Thrasymedes, tidings none had heard
Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still
Living, and troubling still the host of Troy ;
For watchful only to prevent the flight
Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they
Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd
By Nestor when he sent them to the field.¹

⁹ The line gives a lesson to soldiers, teaching them that union of heart and spirit, and affection for each other, are the surest means of victory.—V.

¹ The proper meaning of *προσέειπε*—is not simply *looking on*, but *providing against*. And thus their ignorance of the death of Patroclus is accounted for. They were ordered by Nestor to a post in which they should have little to do themselves, except to

But fiery conflict arduous employ'd
The rest all day continual ; knees and legs,
Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard
The valiant friend of swift Æacides
Were smear'd with sweat and dust. As when a man
An huge ox-hide drunken with slippery lard
Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around
Dispos'd, just intervals between, the task
Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard
Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats
The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,
So they, few paces interpos'd, by turns
Pull'd at the body, now toward the ships,
And now toward the city, dragging thence,
As these or those prevail'd, their envied prize.
Wild tumult rag'd around him ; neither Mars
Gatherer of hosts to battle, nor herself
Minerva in her fiercest wrath had view'd
That conflict with disdain, to such a length
Extended Jove that day the bloody toil
Of steeds and men for Menœtiades.
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships
Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.
He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope
Indulg'd much rather, that, the battle push'd
To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.

superintend others, and were consequently too remote from Patroclus to see him fall, or even to hear that he had fallen.—V.

For that his friend, unaided by himself
Or even aided, should prevail to lay
Troy waste, he nought suppos'd ; by Thetis warn'd
In secret conference oft, he better knew
Jove's purpose ; yet not even she had borne
Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss
Immasurable of his dearest friend.

They all around the dead fought spear in hand
Slaying and spoiling mutually, and thus
A mail-clad warrior of the Greeks exclaim'd—

Shame were it, Grecians ! should we seek by flight
Our galleys now ; yawn earth beneath our feet
And here ingulf us rather ! Better far
Than to permit the Trojan host to win
The glorious day, and drag Patroclus home.

Thus also spake a valiant man of Troy.
My friends ! though Fate ordain us all to die
Around this body, stand ! let none retire.

So spake the warrior prompting into act
The courage of his friends, and such they strove
On both sides ; high into the vault of heaven
The iron din pass'd through the desert air.
Mean-time the horses of Æacides
From fight withdrawn, when once they understood
Their charioteer outstretch'd in dust beneath
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.
Them oft with hasty lash Diore's son
Automedon assail'd ; with gentle speech
Address'd them oft, oft threaten'd them aloud,

But neither homeward, to the ships that lin'd
The sounding shore, nor to the Grecian host
Would they return, but motionless alike
Stood both, as stands the column of a tomb
Some chief's or matron's ; bowing low their heads
They ceas'd not to deplore with many a tear
Whom they had lost, and each his glossy mane,
Dishevell'd now, polluted in the dust.
Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows
Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said.²

Ah, wherefore, hapless pair ! by gift divine
Were ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,
Yourselves immortal and from age exempt ?
Was it that ye might share in human woes ?
For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,
No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.
Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride
Triumphant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.
Suffice it that vain-gloriously he boasts
Those arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs
I will invigorate, that ye may bear
Safe hence Automedon into the fleet.
For I ordain the Trojans still to spread
Carnage around victorious, till they reach
The gallant barks, and till the sun at length

² The Scholiast observes on this passage, that the horse is a sagacious animal, not unobservant of what happens in battle, especially to his own master.—V.

Descending, sacred darkness cover all.³

He said, and with new might the steeds inspir'd.
 They, shaking from their hair the dust, between
 The van of either army whirl'd along
 The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,
 Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend,
 Automedon high-mounted swept the field
 Impetuous as a vulture scattering geese ;
 Now would he vanish, and now, turning, chase
 Through the whole multitude his trembling foe ;
 But whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he slew,
 Nor was it possible that borne alone
 In that dread chariot, he should both direct
 The spear aright and guide the fiery steeds.
 At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,
 Son of Laerccus son of Æmon, him
 Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd
 The flying warrior whom he thus bespake.

What power divine, Automedon ! distorts
 Thy sober judgement to so wild a course ?
 Thy friend is slain ; exulting Hector wears
 The armour of Æacides ; and thou,
 Still fighting, brav'st the foremost foe, alone.

³ This whole passage is designed by the poet as a lesson of humiliation to man. If these creatures owed their unhappiness to their intercourse with human kind, then, man himself must be still unhappier than they. In fact, considering him with reference to the present life only, we find him in all endowments, reason alone excepted, inferiour to the brutes.—The poet makes Jupiter the speaker, that the instruction may have the greater weight and influence.—V.

Then answer thus Automedon return'd.
And who like brave Alcimedon to rule
The force and fire of these immortal steeds,
Save only, godlike in the noble art,
Patroclus, while he liv'd? Thou, therefore, take
The whip and reins, which he shall hold no more,
While I, dismounting, hasten to the fight.

He ceas'd; Alcimedon without delay
Mounting the battle-chariot, seiz'd at once
The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd
Automedon. Them noble Hector mark'd,
And to Æneas at his side began.

Illustrious chief of Ilium's warlike host
Æneas! I have notic'd yonder steeds
Of swift Achilles in the foremost fight
Conspicuous, but under sway of hands
Unskilful; whence no little hope I feel
That we might seize them, wert thou so inclin'd;
Since never would those two presume to rush
To the encounter of a force like ours.*

He ended, nor Anchises' valiant son
Refus'd his counsel; then with targets firm
Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart
Their shoulders, both advanc'd, with whom a youth
Of godlike form Aretus also went

* Hector, already possess'd of the armour of Achilles, is desirous that his horses may become Trojan property also, and he calls Æneas to assist him in this exploit, not only as a brave man, but because he had been severely mortified by the loss of his own, of which he had been deprived by Diomedes.—V.

And Chromius. Ardent hope they all conceiv'd
 To slay those chiefs, and from the field to drive
 Achilles' lofty steeds. Vain hope! for them
 No bloodless strife awaited with the force
 Of brave Automedon; he, prayer to Jove
 First offering, felt his angry soul with might
 Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend
 Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd.

Alcimedon! hold not the steeds remote
 But breathing on my back; for I expect
 That never Priameian Hector's rage
 Shall limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,
 He mount, himself, Achilles' fiery steeds
 And chase the Greeks, or perish in the van.

So saying, he called aloud on Menelaus
 With either Ajax. Oh illustrious chiefs
 Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold
 Ajaces!⁵ leaving all your best to cope
 With Ilium's powers and to protect the dead,
 From friends still living ward the bitter day.
 For hither borne, two warriors, prime of all
 The Trojans, Hector and Æneas rush
 Right through the battle. The events of war
 Heaven orders; therefore even I will give
 My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest.⁶

⁵ The Latin plural of Ajax is sometimes necessary, because the English plural—Ajaxes—would be insupportable.

⁶ *Θαῦν ἐν γόνασι κῦρται*—Lie in the lap of the gods. A similar expression occurs in the proverbs of Solomon.

The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposal thereof is of the Lord,

He said, and brandishing his massy spear
 Dismiss'd it at Aretus ; full he smote
 His ample shield, nor staid the pointed brass,
 But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt
 Pierc'd also, and stood planted in his waist.
 As when some vigorous youth with sharpen'd axe
 A pastur'd bullock smites behind the horns
 And hews the muscle through ; he, at the stroke
 Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,
 Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood
 The keen-edg'd lance still quivering till he died.⁷
 Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear
 Hurl'd at Automedon, who of its flight
 Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, deceiv'd
 The weapon, which, implanted in the soil
 Behind him, shook to its superiour end,
 Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.
 And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war
 Both stood prepar'd, when through the multitude
 Advancing at their fellow-warrior's call
 Each Ajax suddenly their farther strife

⁷ At first, like an ox wounded behind the horns, he sprang forward, but he fell not prone, as an ox would fall, the force of the stroke repulsing and casting him on his back.—V.

Quales mugitûs, fugit cum saucius aram

Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim. Æn. II. 223.

Scaliger accounts the simile of Virgil far superiour to that of Homer, but no comparison can properly obtain between. Virgil describes the bull ineffectually wounded and breaking away from the altar, Homer a bull mortally wounded, springing forward at the stroke and falling.—C.

Prevented. Aw'd at once by their approach
Hector retir'd, with whom Æneas went
Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there
Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arms,
Automedon, all terrible as Mars
Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain.

My soul some portion of her grief resigns
Consol'd, although by slaughter of a worse,
For loss of valiant Menœtiades.

So saying, within his chariot he dispos'd
The gory spoils, then mounted it himself
With hands and feet impurpled, as with blood
Some lion, after his repast, a bull.

And now around Patroclus rag'd again
Dread strife deplorable; for from the skies
Descending at the Thunderer's command
Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,
Pallas enhanc'd the fury of the fight.

As when, in view of mortals, Jove displays
On high his beauteous bow, a sign ordain'd
Of war, or numbing frost which all the works
Of man suspends and saddens all the flocks,
So she, envelop'd with a radiant cloud
Entering Achaia's host, fir'd every breast.
But meeting Menelaus first, brave son
Of Atreus, both the form and mighty voice
Of Phœnix she assum'd, and thus she spake.*

* The goddess with great propriety assumes the form of Phœnix, who might not only claim attention as chief of a phalanx and

Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound
 For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour
 The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son
 Beneath Troy's battlements; but stand, thyself,
 Undaunted, and encourage all the host.

To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms.
 Alas, my Phoenix, ancient friend rever'd!
 Would Pallas give me might, and shield me safe
 From flying dart and spear, with willing mind
 I would defend Patroclus, for his death
 Hath touch'd me deep. But Hector, like a fire,
 Lays waste the field, nor knows his spear a pause,
 For this day's glory Jove hath destin'd his.⁹

He ceas'd, whom Pallas, goddess azure-eyed
 Hearing, rejoic'd that of the heavenly powers
 He had invok'd *her* foremost to his aid.
 His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd,
 And persevering boldness to his breast
 Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft
 From flesh of man repuls'd, her purpose yet
 To bite holds fast, resolv'd on human blood.¹

on account of his age, but as a person particularly interested in the event of the contest, being the friend and preceptor of Achilles.—V.

⁹ *Hath touched me* is the literal translation of *ἵμάντατο· με-
 τασθαι γὰρ, το ἀψασθαι*—V.

¹ The hero is not himself compared to a fly, for such a compar-
 ison would degrade any hero, but his courage is said to have re-
 sembled the courage of that insect,—V. which nothing can ex-
 ceed in boldness and pertinacity.

His stormy bosom with such courage fill'd
 By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd
 And hurl'd with rapid haste his glittering spear.
 There was a Trojan leader, Podes, son
 Of old Eëtion,² valorous and rich,
 Whom Hector most of all his Trojan friends
 Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet
 His chos'n companion. As he sprang to flight,
 The hero of the golden locks his belt
 Struck with full force and sent the weapon through.
 Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks
 Atrides dragg'd the body to his own.³
 Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,
 And in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,
 Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board
 His favourite most, the hero thus address'd.

What Greek will now fear Hector, who, himself,
 Fears Menelaus? maiden-like, of late,
 Was he, but now, triumphant and alone
 Drags from the ranks of Troy, Eëtion's son,
 The valiant Podes, ever true to thee.

He spake, and sorrow like a wintry cloud

² Not the father of Andromache, but a person of the same name. The brothers of Andromache had all been put to death by Achilles. His riches also mark him out for another; for the same hero had pillaged the house of Eëtion of Thebes, and brought away all his property.—V.

³ The Scholiast remarks that a *Bon vivant* could not die by a fitter wound than one received in the bowels, nor by a fitter hand than that of Menelaus, the Spartans being all abstemious.—V.

Involv'd the mind of Hector dark around ;
 Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
 All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high
 His tassel'd ægis radiant, Jove with storms
 Envelop'd Ida ; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd
 His thunders, and the mountain shook, while he
 Dispers'd the Greeks before the host of Troy.

First fled Peneleus, the Bœotian chief,
 Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas
 Had on his shoulder's summit slightly harm'd
 Grazing the bone ; for nigh at hand he threw.*

Leïtus also, son of the renown'd
 Alectryon, pierc'd by Hector in the wrist,
 Disabled left the fight ; trembling he fled
 And peering narrowly around, nor hop'd
 To lift a spear against the Trojans more.
 Hector, pursuing Leïtus, the point
 Encounter'd of Idomeneus the brave
 Full on his chest ; but in his mail the lance
 Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.

* The commentators are perplexed by this passage, and unable to comprehend how a wound can be termed a slight one that reaches to the bone.—V. But the difficulty seems small. There is generally so little flesh on the upper part of the shoulder, that the point of a spear could hardly graze it so as to wound it at all without grazing the bone also. A hurt, however, received there, would effectually disable the arm, and is therefore sufficient to account for the flight of Peneleus, whose fellow-warrior Leïtus retreats also for a similar reason ; not because he is dangerously hurt, but because he can no longer use his weapons.

* Leïtus was another chief of the Bœotians.

He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son
 Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd⁶
 A chariot-seat ; him narrowly he miss'd,
 And wounded Cœranus instead, the friend
 And follower of Meriones to Troy
 From weathy Lyctus, and his charioteer.
 For when he left, that day, the gallant barks
 Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,
 And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host
 Had yielded, but that Cœranus in haste
 Arriv'd to his relief, from him the dire
 Event averting which himself incur'd
 Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.
 Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw
 Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point
 His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.
 Dismounted, down he fell, and from his hand
 Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth
 Stopping, Meriones in haste resum'd,
 And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd.

Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece ;
 Thyself seest victory no longer ours.

⁶ Δίφρη ἰπικαίρος.—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the Scholiast explains the expression thus—*πρὸς τῇ δίφρῃ ἰπικαίρος*. The fact was that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cœranus, charioteer of Meriones, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear, designed for him, struck Cœranus.—For a right understanding of this very intricate and difficult passage, I am altogether indebted to the Scholiast as quoted by Villoison.

He said, and brave Idomeneus, himself,
Now fearing, swiftly drove toward the fleet.
Nor Ajax saw not, or the Spartan prince
The scale of victory verging to the side
Of Ilium, in the sovereign hand of Jove,
And thus the Telamonian chief exclaim'd.

Now may we plainly see,—the blindest may—
Jove granting victory to the powers of Troy,
Whose every weapon, whether shaft or spear,
From base or brave, himself directs aright,
While ours, dismiss'd in vain, all pierce the ground.
Thus left, consider we what likeliest means,
Ourselves, we can employ, to bear away
The dead Patroclus, and to cheer, at length,
Our anxious friends, who, watching our return,
Far more expect an inroad on the ships
From Hector, than that, Hector's rage repuls'd,
Ourselves shall ever reach them safe again.
Oh for some Grecian now to bear with speed
The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught,
As I conjecture, yet, the doleful news
Of his Patroclus slain ! but no such Greek
May I discern, such universal gloom
Both men and steeds envelops all around.
Father of heaven and earth ! deliver thou

⁷ The translator here follows the interpretation preferred by the Scholiast. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify, either, that *we shall perish in the fleet ourselves*, or that Hector will soon be in the midst of it.—V.

Achaia's host from darkness : clear the skies ;
Give day ; and (since thy sovereign will is such)
Destruction with it—but oh give us day !⁸

He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity mov'd
And chas'd the shades ; the sun beam'd brightly forth,
And the whole battle met the eye. Then spake
The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son.

Now, Menelaus, haste ; seek Nestor's son
Antilochus ; and, if he still survive,
Charge him, that with his utmost speed he bear
To brave Achilles, tidings of the loss
Immeasurable, of his dearest friend.

He ceas'd, nor Menelaus, dauntless chief,
That task refus'd, but went ; yet neither swift
Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls
Wearied himself with harassing the guard,
Who, interdicting him his purpos'd prey,
Watch all the night ; he, famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away ;⁹

⁸ A noble instance of the heroism of Ajax, who asks not deliverance from the Trojans, or that he may escape alive, but light only, without which he could not possibly distinguish himself. The tears of such a warrior, and shed for such a reason, are singularly affecting.

⁹ The whole simile is introduced for the sake of this last line, and intended merely to illustrate the reluctance with which Menelaus withdraws. The preceding parts of it are not applicable to him in his present circumstances.

So from Patroclus Menelaus went,
Heroic chief! reluctant; for he fear'd
Lest the Achaians should resign the dead,
Through consternation, to the host of Troy.
Departing, therefore, earnestly he charg'd
Meriones and either Ajax, thus.

Ye dauntless leaders of the Grecian host!
Now call to mind the gentle manners sweet
Of poor Patroclus; for Achilles' friend,
While yet he liv'd, was ever kind to all.

So saying, the hero amber-hair'd his steps
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye
Keen as the eagle's, keenest-eyed of all
That wing the air, whom, though he soar aloft,
The leveret 'scapes not hid in thickest shades,
But down he stoops and at a stroke she dies;
So, noble Menelaus! were thine eyes
Turn'd into every quarter of the host
In search of Nestor's son, if still he liv'd.
Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight,
He notic'd on the left of all the field,
And sudden standing at his side, began.

Antilochus! oh hear me, noble friend!
And tidings thou shalt learn of such a deed
As best had never been. Thou know'st, I judge,
And hast already seen, how Jove exalts
To victory the Trojan host, and rolls
Distress on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,
Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks

Fills with regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet,
Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,
If save he may, the body of his friend;
He can no more, for Hector hath his arms.

He ceas'd. Antilochus with horror heard
Those tidings; mute long time he stood, his eyes
With sorrow delug'd and his voice suppress'd.
Yet nought the more neglected he the word
Of Menelaus. Setting forth to run,
He gave his armour to his noble friend
Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,
And, weeping as he went, on rapid feet
Sped to Achilles with that tale of woe.

Nor could the noble Menelaus stay
To give the weary Pylian band, bereft
Of their belov'd Antilochus, his aid,
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,
He flew to Menœtiades again,
And either Ajax, instant, thus address'd.

He seeks the fleet, and with his utmost speed
Achilles there; of whose arrival, now,
With whatsoever rage he may resent
This deed of Hector, I must yet despair;
For, can he face, unarm'd, the powers of Troy?
Now, therefore, think how likeliest we may save
Patroclus hence, and from the stroke of Fate,
That threatens us in this tumultuous field,
Escape, ourselves, into the fleet of Greece.

To whom the towering Ajax in return.

Brave Menelaus ! Thou hast well advis'd.
Thou, therefore, aid Meriones to lift
And bear Patroclus from the field, while we,
Long-time accustom'd, side by side, to endure
Severest conflict, and, as nam'd alike,
So, one in heart, sustain the brunt alone.

He ended ; they, enfolding in their arms
The dead, upbore him high above the ground
With force united ; after whom Troy's host
Seeing the body lifted from the field,
Shouted, and with impetuous onset all
Throng'd after them. As hounds before a band
Of youthful hunters, on the wounded boar
Make fierce assault ; awhile at utmost speed
They stretch toward him, hungering for the prey,
But oft as, turning suddenly, the brawn
Withstands them, scatter'd on all sides escape,
The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,
Ceaseless with swords and spears of double edge
Annoy'd them sore ; but oft as in retreat
The dauntless heroes, the Ajaces, turn'd
To face them, deadly wan grew every cheek,
And not a Trojan dar'd with onset rude
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.

Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore
Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war
Their steps attending, rapid as the flames
Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste ;
Consum'd amid the blaze house after house

Sinks, and the wind, mean-time, roars through the fire,
 So them a deafening tumult as they went
 Pursued, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.
 And as two mules with emulous efforts draw
 Through rugged ways down from the distant hills
 Huge timber, beam or mast; sweating they go,
 And overlabour'd to faint weariness,
 So they the body bore, while, turning oft,
 Th' Ajaces check'd the Trojans.¹ As a mound
 Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead
 Repels an overflow; the torrents loud
 Baffling, it sends them far away to float
 The level land, nor can they with the force
 Of all their waters burst a passage through,
 So firmly either Ajax in the rear
 Repress'd the Trojans; but the Trojans them
 Attended still, of whom Æneas most
 Annoy'd them, and the glorious chief of Troy.
 They, as a cloud of starlings or of daws
 Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite
 Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds,
 So fled (while Hector and Æneas urg'd

¹ It is observed of oxen that they draw equally, and are contented to take each his due share of the labour, but that mules are emulous of each other, and contend which shall toil the most; so that sometimes one will draw the whole weight, and sometimes the other.—V. This is the true meaning of *κρατὶν μίτος ἀμφιβαλόντις*, not as it is interpreted in the marginal Latin, *validum robur induti*. The Scholiast accordingly explains it thus, *το βαρὺς ἀντιμεταβάλλοντες ἀλλήλοις*.—V.

The swift pursuit) with never-ceasing cries
Achaia's sons, escape their only care,
And many a lance, and many a glittering shield
Within the foss, and on the bordering plain,
Through terroure left, for respite none they found.

I L I A D.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance; Vulcan, at the instance of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armour.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS burn'd the battle like devouring fire.
Mean-time, Antilochus with rapid steps
Came to Achilles. Him he found before
His lofty barks, conjecturing the truth.
He groan'd, and to his noble self he said,
 Ah! woe is me—why falls Achaia's host
Back on the fleet, thus broken and confus'd?
I tremble lest the gods my fears fulfil.
Of evils which my mother hath erewhile
Foretold me, that while I shall yet survive,
My bravest Myrmidon by Trojan hands
Is doom'd to fall and view the sun no more.
Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.
Ah vainly brave! The Trojans once expell'd,
I bade thee shun the force of Hector's arm,

And seek, at once, the rescued ships again.¹

While thus he mus'd, the noble Nestor's son
Approach'd him, and, in tepid tears dissolv'd,
His most unwelcome message thus declar'd.

Oh brave Achilles ! Charg'd with heaviest news
Of one who well deserv'd a gentler fate,
I seek thee. Menoetiades is dead.

Between the warring hosts his body lies
In fierce dispute, and Hector hath his arms.²

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,
And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down
He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows
Dishonouring, and thick the sooty shower
Descending settled on his fragrant vest.

Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent
Of his whole length he lay, disordering wild
With his own hands, and rending off his hair.³

¹ Actor, grandfather of Patroclus, was a Locrian and born in Opoeis, but his wife by whom he had Menoetius was of Oenone, a city of Phthia. Patroclus therefore was a Myrmidon on the mother's side only.—B. & V. But why did Achilles, thus forewarned by Thetis, permit his friend to expose himself? It is accounted for by the commentator from his supposed ignorance both of the name and the time, and he might not recollect the prophecy till reminded of it by the flight of the Greeks on this occasion.—V.

² Brief as Antilochus is in his narration he omits nothing proper to be told, but in four lines expresses his own sorrow, the death of Patroclus, the loss of armour, the contest for his body, and who had slain him. The Scholiast observes, that though there is admirable propriety in this conciseness, it has not been imitated by the tragedians, who are tediously circumstantial in their recitals of disastrous incidents.—V.

³ Zoilus found great fault with the excessive grief manifested

The maidens, captiv'd by himself in war
 And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent
 Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious chief around.
 All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.
 On the other side, Antilochus, dissolv'd
 In tears, held fast Achilles' hands, and groan'd
 Continually from his heart, through fear
 Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.
 With dreadful cries *he* rent the air ; whose voice
 Within the gulfs of ocean, where she sat
 Beside her ancient sire, his mother heard,
 And hearing, shriek'd ; around her, at the voice
 Assembled all the Nereids of the deep.
 Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,
 Nisæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes
 Protuberant beauteous Halia ; came with these
 Cymothoë, and Actæa, and the nymph
 Of marshes, Limnorea ; nor delay'd
 Agave, nor Amphithoë the swift,
 Iæra, Doto, Melita ; nor thence

by Achilles on this occasion, calling it weak and womanish, and observing that no instance of such passionate sorrow is seen even among the barbarians, for such he affects to call the Trojans ; Hecuba herself, he says, mourned less extravagantly the dragging of her son's body.—V. Zenodotus makes several apologies for the poet, but he seems to need none. The character of Achilles justifies him. *Nū illi medium.* Vehement and uncontrollable in every thing, he mourns as he resents, without bounds or measure. If consistency therefore be a beauty, the passage is no blemish, but proves, on the contrary, a passage highly honourable to the poet, as an instance of his exquisite judgement and skill in human nature.

Was absent Proto, or Dynamene,
 Callianira, Doris, Panope,
 Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair
 Dexamene, or Galatea prais'd
 For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure
 Came also, with Apseudes crystal-bright,
 Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,
 Janeira and Janassa, sister pair,
 And Orithya, and with azure locks
 Luxuriant, Amatheia; nor alone
 Came these, but every ocean-nymph beside.
 The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,
 And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began.*

Ye sister Nereids, hear! that ye may all
 From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.
 Ah me forlorn and parent to no end
 Of an illustrious birth! who, having borne
 A noble son magnanimous, the chief
 Of heroes, saw him like a thriving plant
 Shoot, under my maternal care, aloft,
 And sent him early in his gallant fleet
 Embark'd to combat with the sons of Troy.

* This whole catalogue of nymphs is rejected by Zenodotus, as having more of Hesiod's manner in it than of Homer's, who names neither the muses nor the Ilithyæ. The conclusion of it he even terms ridiculous, observing that the poet seems to have tired himself also at last, and to find it necessary to cut short the matter by generalizing the rest of the assembly—V. But the criticism seems a frivolous one; for we need only advert to the catalogue of the ships to be convinced that nominal specification is by no means foreign from the manner of Homer.

But him from fight return'd I shall receive
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,
And while he lives and views the light of day,
Grief is his doom, nor can my presence aught
Avail him ; yet I go, that I may see
My darling son, and from his lips be taught
What woe he feels, who shares not now the war.

So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs
Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd
The parting billows open'd wide away.
At fruitful Troy arriv'd, in order fair
They climb'd the beach, where by his numerous barks
Encompass'd, swift Achilles sighing lay.
Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son
The goddess with a piercing shriek his brows
Between her palms compress'd, and thus inquir'd.

Why weeps my son ? what sorrow wrings thy soul ?
Speak, hide it not. The Thunderer hath perform'd
The prayer which erst with lifted hands thou mad'st,
That all Achaia's host, depriv'd of thee,
Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul
Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.

To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied.
My mother ! it is true ; Olympian Jove
That prayer fulfils ; but thence, what joy to me,
Patroclus slain ? the friend whom erst I lov'd
As life itself, far more than all besides,
That friend have I destroy'd ; the Trojan chief
Hath slain and stripp'd him of my glorious arms

The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift
Given by the gods to Peleus on that day
When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.*
Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs
Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left
T' espouse a mortal bride ! so hadst thou 'scap'd
Pangs numberless which thou must now endure
For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet
From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more.
For life I covet not, nor longer wish
To mix with human kind, unless my spear
May find out Hector, and atonement take
By slaying him, for my Patroclus slain.†

To whom, with streaming tears, the goddess thus
Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,
For after Hector's death thine next ensues.

Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd.
Death seize me now ! since when my friend was slain,
My doom was, not to succour him. He died
From home remote, and wanting me to save him.

* The disciples of Pythagoras being desired to define a friend, did it by calling him, Another self.—V.

† The occasion of the marriage of Thetis with Peleus was this. Jupiter, enamoured of Thetis, pursued her with an intent to ravish her, but was prevented by Prometheus who met him on Mount Caucasus, and, prophesying, informed him, that the son of Thetis should be greater than his father. Jupiter, therefore, fearing to be superseded in his throne, abstained from the goddess, and in honour of Æacus gave her in marriage to Peleus. Achilles was the fruit of their union, who not only surpassed his father in military achievements but all the heroes of his day.

Now, therefore, since I neither visit more
My native land, nor, present here, have aught
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,
But here I sit unprofitable grown,
Earth's burden, though of such heroic note,
If not in council foremost (for I yield
That prize to others) yet in feats of arms
Such as none other in Achaia's host,
Oh ! perish Discord from among the gods
Henceforth, and from among the human race,
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire ;
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,
But in the breast an ever-gathering smoke !⁷
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon rous'd,
The king of men. But since the past is fled
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd,
Renounce we now vain musings on the past,
Content through sad necessity. I go
In quest of noble Hector who hath slain
My lov'd Patroclus, and such death will take
As Jove ordains me and the powers of heaven

⁷ Here it is that the drift of the whole poem is fulfilled. The evils consequent on the quarrel between him and Agamemnon at last teach Achilles himself this wisdom, that wrath and strife are criminal and pernicious ; and the confession is extorted from his own lips that the lesson may be the more powerfully inculcated. To point the instruction to leaders of armies only is to narrow its operation unnecessarily ; the moral is of universal application and the poet's beneficent intentions are wronged by one so partial.

At their own season, send it when they may.
For not the might of Hercules himself,
Of all men dearest to Saturnian Jove,
Could death escape, but even him the force
Of Juno's wrath, and destiny subdued ;
And if myself am also doom'd to fall,
I, then, shall also rest ; but I will win
Immortal glory now, and, in revenge,
Make many a Trojan and Dardanian wife
Wipe her soft cheeks, and many a mother mourn.
Long time have I been absent from the field,
And they shall know it. Love me as thou may'st,
Yet thwart me not, for I am fix'd to go.*
Whom Thetis answer'd, goddess of the deep.
Thou hast well said, my son ! it is no blame
To save from threaten'd death our suffering friends.
But thy magnificent and dazzling arms
Are now in Trojan hands ; them Hector wears
Exulting, but ordain'd not long t' exult,
So habited ; his death is also nigh.
But thou with yonder warring multitudes
Mix not, till thou behold me here again ;
For with the rising sun I will return
To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms,
By Vulcan forg'd himself, the king of fire.

* Fifteen days only ; but fifteen days seemed an age to Achilles. He had abstained from battle during the twelve days which the gods had spent in Æthiopia, and three have passed since their return.—V.

She said, and turning from her son aside,
The sisterhood of ocean thus address'd.

Plunge ye again into the briny deep,
And to the hoary sovereign of the floods
Report as ye have heard. I seek the heights
Olympian now, with purpose to obtain
From Vulcan, glorious artist, if I may,
Arms of excelling beauty for my son.

She said; they plung'd into the waves again,
And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights
Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain
Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.
Mean-time, with infinite uproar the Greeks
From Hector's hero-slaying arm had fled
Home to their galleys station'd on the banks
Of Hellespont. Nor yet Achaia's sons
Had borne the body of Patroclus clear
From flight of darts away, but still again
The multitude of warriors and of steeds
Came on, by Priameian Hector led
Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seiz'd
His ancles from behind that he might drag
Patroclus, shouting to his host the while;
But thrice, the two Ajaces, cloth'd with might,
Shock'd and repuls'd him reeling. He with force
Still inexhausted issuing through his ranks
By turns assail'd the heroes, and by turns
Stood clamouring, yet not a step retir'd;
But as the hinds deter not from his prey

A tawny lion by keen hunger urg'd,
So could not both Ajaces, warriors bold,
Intimidate and from the body drive
Hector; and he had dragg'd him thence and won
Immortal glory, but that Iris, sent
Unseen by Jove and by the powers of heaven
From Juno, to Achilles brought command
That he should sally. At his side she stood
And in wing'd accents thus the chief address'd.*

Hero! most terrible of men, arise!
Protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war
Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails
The slaughter, these the dead defending, those
Determin'd hence to drag him to the gates
Of lofty Ilium. But beyond them all
Illustrious Hector ardently contends
To win him, purposing to lop his head,
And to exhibit it impal'd on high.
Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground
Lie stretch'd inactive; let the thought with shame
Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport
Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return
Dishonour'd home, brings with it thy reproach.

To whom Achilles matchless in the race.
Iris divine! who sent thee from the skies?

* Wherefore *unseen by Jove*? Since Jove himself favoured the rescue of the body. Because Jupiter had promised victory to Hector till the day should close, and this measure of Juno had a tendency to defeat that promise.—V.

Then, thus, the swift ambassadress replied.
Jove's glorious consort. And by Jove himself,
And all the blest inhabitants besides
Of bright Olympus, unperceiv'd I came.

Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious chief.
How, wanting armour, can I seek the field?
My mother also charg'd me to expect
Her prompt return with arms that she will ask
At Vulcan's hand. Mean-time, I know not whose
Might serve me, save alone the seven-fold shield
Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem
Not unemploy'd himself; but with his spear
Now dealing slaughter in my friend's defence.¹

To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven.
Full well we know thine armour Hector's prize.
Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,
Show thyself only. Panic-seiz'd, perchance,
The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield
To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece
Short respite; it is all that war allows.

So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd.
Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,
Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast

¹ Why did not Achilles use the armour of Patroclus? For if his own would fit Patroclus, those of Patroclus, it is to be supposed, would equally have fitted him.—B. & V. The best answer is given by Crates, who says that Automedon had put it on, the more effectually to deceive the Trojans, who, mistaking Patroclus for Achilles, would be confirmed in that opinion by seeing Automedon in the habit of Patroclus. Achilles, therefore, had not even that resource left him.—V.

Her ægis fring'd terrific, and his brows
Encircled with a golden cloud that shot
Fires insupportable to sight abroad.
As when some island, situate afar
On the wide waves, invested all the day
By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,
Upsends a smoke to heaven, and torches shows
On all her turrets at the close of eve
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope
Of aid from neighbour maritime allies,
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heaven.
Without the rampart and beside the foss
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,
Obedient to his mother's wise command.
He stood and shouted; Pallas also rais'd
A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.
As when fierce foes approach the city walls
Shrill sounds the trumpet to alarm the town,
Such, in that moment, and so shrill was heard
Thy voice, Æacides! and tumult-toss'd
Was every bosom at the brazen tone.²
With swift recoil the long-man'd coursers thrust
The chariots back, all boding woe at hand,

² The poet gives credibility to this sally of Achilles unarm'd, by assigning him Pallas and her ægis for his protection; credibility likewise to the effect of his voice, by seconding it with that of the goddess. Without such aid, his appearance would have been the extremest rashness, and such consequences of his shouts by no means supposable.—V.

And every charioteer astonish'd saw
Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.
Thrice, o'er the trench, Achilles sent his voice
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound
Thrice seiz'd the Trojans, and their fam'd allies.
Twelve, in that moment, of their noblest died
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy
The Grecians from beneath an hill of darts
Dragging Patroclus, plac'd him on his bier.
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,
All weeping, after whom Achilles went
Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight
Of his true friend on his funereal bed
Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,
Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds
And chariot, but receiv'd him thence no more.

And now majestic Juno sent the sun,
Unwearied minister of light, although
Reluctant, down into the ocean stream.
So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceas'd
From the all-wasting labours of the war.³
On th' other side, the Trojans, from the fight
Retiring, loos'd their steeds, but ere they took

³ The sun is said to set with reluctance, because his setting-time was not yet come. Jupiter had promised Hector that he should prevail till the sun should go down and *sacred darkness cover all*; Juno therefore, impatient to arrest the victor's progress and having no other means of doing it, shortens the time allotted him.

Thought of refreshment, in full council met.

It was a council at which no man sat,

Or dar'd; all stood; such terror had on all

Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd

After long pause from battle's arduous toil.

First spake Polydamas the prudent son

Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd

Both in futurity and in the past.

He was the friend of Hector, and one night

Gave birth to each. In council one excell'd,

And one still more in feats of high renown.

Thus then, admonishing them, he began.

My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy

E'en now by my advice, nor wait the morn

Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote.

Long as resentment of his wrongs sustain'd

From Agamemnon, fir'd Achilles' breast,

Our task was easier, and well-pleas'd I slept

Fast by the ships, for I could hope that soon

Success should make them ours; but terror, now,

Lest Peleus' mighty son come forth again

To battle, seizes me, and I despair.

A spirit proud as his will scorn the plain

On which the adverse hosts prevail by turns,

And will at once strike at your citadel,

Impatient till he make your wives his prey.

Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;

Night's balmy influence in his tent detains

Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad

To-morrow, should he find us lingering here,
None shall mistake him then ; then happiest he
Who soonest shall escape to sacred Troy,
For dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh
Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale !
But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive
My counsel, here assembled we will hold
The host all night ; mean-time, her gates and towers
With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth
And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.
But early on the morrow we will stand
All arm'd on Ilium's towers. Then, if he choose,
His galleys left, to compass Troy about,
He shall be task'd enough ; his lofty steeds
Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro
Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.
But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt
With all the utmost valour that he boasts
To force a pass ; dogs shall devour him first.

To whom brave Hector lowering, and in wrath.
 Polydamas, I like not thy advice,
 Who would'st confine the Trojan host again
 Within their bulwarks. Is confinement there
 So pleasant then, that still ye covet more ?
 Time was, when in all regions under heaven
 Men prais'd the wealth of Priam's city stor'd
 With gold and brass ; but all our houses now

* *Σέβας* is in this place interpreted by the Scholiast as synonymous with *στεινός*.—B. & V.

Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.
 Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them ; our weakly
 Is marketed, and Phrygia hath a part
 Obtain'd, and part Mæonia's lovely land.⁵
 But since the son of wily Saturn old
 Hath given me glory now, and to inclose
 The Argives where the ocean hems them in,
 Fool ! taint not with such talk the public mind.
 For not a Trojan here will thy advice
 Pursue, or shall ; it hath not my consent.
 But thus I counsel. Take we, band by band,
 Throughout the host our supper, and let all,
 Prepar'd against nocturnal danger, watch,
 And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind
 Lest his possessions perish, let him cast
 His golden heaps into the public maw,⁶
 Far better so consum'd than by the Greeks.⁷

⁵ The Trojans in a besieged state could not cultivate their lands, consequently could not supply either themselves or their allies with necessaries of their own produce ; they were therefore obliged to procure them at great cost from the Phrygians and Mæonians, their neighbours, and in that sort of traffic had consumed the greater part of their riches.

⁶ *Καταδηλοποιῖται.*

⁷ Suspecting that Polydamas had advised a retreat through a secret fear lest the city, being assaulted by Achilles in its present defenceless state, should be taken, and all his treasures perish, he directs this part of his speech particularly to him.—B. & V. Such a sarcastic innuendo must be very mortifying to Polydamas, and at the same time the expedient proposed would be sure to please the people. We find them accordingly vehement and clamorous in their applauses.

Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd
In battle, we will give them at their fleet
Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son
Have risen indeed to conflict for the ships,
The worse for him. I shall not for his sake
Avoid the deep-ton'd battle, but abide
His force, undaunted. Either he shall gain
Or I, great glory. Mars his favours deals
Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.

So counsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise
The Trojans answer'd. Fools, and by the power
Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft !

For all applauded Hector, who had given
Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,
Whose counsel was discrete and wholesome, none.

So then they took repast. But all night long
The Grecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,
While, standing in the midst, Pelides led
The lamentation, heaving many a groan,
And on the bosom of his breathless friend
Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands.

As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair
Among thick trees the hunter hath his whelps
Purloin'd, too late returning mourns his loss,
Then, up and down, the length of many a vale
Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,
Incens'd as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn
Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake.

How vain, alas ! my word pronounc'd that day

At random, when to sooth the hero's fears
Menæti^{us}, then our guest, I promis'd him
His noble son at Opoeis again,
Living and laden with the spoils of Troy !
But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,
For we were both ordain'd to tinge the soil
Of Ilium with our blood ; nor I shall see,
Myself, my father in his mansion more
Or Thetis, but must find my burial here.
Yet, my Patroclus ! since the earth expects
Me next, I will not thy funereal rites
Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms
Of that bold chief who slew thee, to my tent.
I also will smite off, before thy pile,
The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,
Resentful of thy death. Mean-time, among
My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears
Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair
And Dardan compassing thy bier around,
Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves
With massy spears in battle toiling took
From many an opulent city, now no more.

So saying, he bade his train surround with fire
A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse
Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.
They on the blazing hearth a tripod plac'd,
Infus'd the water, thrust dry wood beneath,
And soon the flames encompassing around
Its ample belly, warm'd the flood within.

Soon as the water in the singing brass
 Simmer'd, they bath'd him, and with limpid oil
 Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds
 With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,
 They stretch'd him on his bed, then, cover'd him
 From head to feet with linen texture light,
 And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.
 All night the Myrmidons around the swift
 Achilles, his dead friend deploring, stood,
 And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake.

So then, imperial Juno! not in vain
 Thou hast attempted to arouse once more
 The swift Achilles; yon Achaians, sure
 Are thy own children; thou hast borne them all.

To whom the awful goddess ample-eyed.
 What word hath pass'd thy lips, Saturnian Jove!
 A man, though mortal merely, and to me
 Inferiour in device, might have achiev'd
 That labour easily. Can I who boast
 Myself the chief of goddesses, and such
 Not by birth only, but as thine espous'd,
 Who art thyself supreme of all the gods,
 Can I with anger burn against the house
 Of Priam, and want means of just revenge?

* The oil was of a drying kind and such as would resist putrefaction.—B. & V. The use of it was a necessary precaution, since Achilles had much to achieve before he should accomplish the funeral rites of Patroclus.

* Zenodotus expunges this episodical discourse between Jupiter and Juno.—B. & V. But we, says Barnes, yield not always the

Thus they in heaven their mutual conference held.
Mean-time, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd
The starry mansion of the king of fire,
Eternal, brazen-vaulted, by himself
Uprear'd; a wonder even in eyes divine.
She found him sweating, at his bellows huge
Toiling industrious; tripods bright he form'd
Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace
Rang'd in harmonious order. Under each
Two golden wheels he set, on which (a sight
Marvellous!) into council they should roll
Self-mov'd, and to his house, self-mov'd, return.
Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet
Their cars of exquisite design affix'd,
For them he stood adjusting, and prepar'd
The rivets. While thus busied he his skill
Divine exerted, to his palace-gate

profoundest deference to the judgement of Zenodotus. There is no doubt that without this dialogue the subject would be well connected; but more elegantly with it. For it is ironically and in a way of pleasantry only, that Jupiter charges this event on Juno as the effect of her management; since nothing can be more evident than it is from the premises, that he himself had always intended it.—B. Juno had, indeed, by her message, which Iris delivered to Achilles, commanded him to produce himself in sight of the Trojans; so far she was the authoress of what had passed and justly chargeable. Knowing, however, that she had done a thing not unacceptable to Jupiter, she avows and justifies it. The episode is therefore properly introduced, and serves to explain and account for the interference of Juno contrary to the interdict of Jove. She might venture to disobey him, when by her disobedience she seconded his intentions.

The silver-footed Thetis now advanc'd,
Whom Charis, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,
Beholding from the palace portal, flew
To seize the goddess' hand, and thus inquir'd.¹

Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence
And of all love, com'st thou to our abode,
Unfrequent here? But enter, and accept
Such welcome as to such a guest is due.

So saying, she introduc'd and to a seat
Conducted her with argent studs adorn'd
And foot-stool'd sumptuously; then, calling forth
Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said.

Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not.
To whom the artist of the skies replied.

A goddess then, whom justly I respect
And venerate is here, who when I fell
Sav'd me, what time my shameless mother sought
To hide me, for my lameness, from her view.

Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not
Eurynome and Thetis (fair Eurynome
A daughter of the ocean) interpos'd.

Nine years with them residing, for their use
I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes and chains,
While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd
The surge of the vast deep, nor god nor man,

¹ The commentators observe, that grace and beauty being required in all works of art, Vulcan, therefore, has two wives, respectively the patronesses and dispensers of those properties. Charis, of grace, which her name signifies, and Venus, of beauty.

B. & V.

Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's
 Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd.²
 Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less
 Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd
 With readiness the boon of life preserv'd.
 Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board
 For her regale, while with my best despatch
 I lay my bellows and my tools aside.³

He spake, and vast in bulk and hot with toil
 Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock
 Upborne with pain on legs tortuous and weak.
 First, from the forge dislodg'd he thrust apart
 His bellows, and his tools collecting all
 Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest;
 Then, all around with a wet sponge he wip'd
 His visage, and his arms and brawny neck
 Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;

² Vulcan may perhaps in this passage remind the reader of Caliban. Caliban lives much among the rocks, and Vulcan here, in a sea-side cavern. Caliban is a sort of human monster, and Vulcan is almost as uncouthly discriminated from his fellow-gods. Both express their gratitude in a way perfectly conformable to their characters and habits. Caliban promises to supply Stephano with marmosets and pig-nuts, and Vulcan furnishes toys and gewgaws for his benefactress Thetis.—Something very like Shakspeare's turn of thought is not unfrequently discernible in Homer.

³ The poet represents Vulcan as mindful of the benefit received, not Thetis reminding him of the benefit she had conferred; for that had been to reproach him.—My opinion is, says Demosthenes, that the receiver of a benefit should hold fast the remembrance of it for ever, but that the benefactor should forget it immediately.—V.

Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand
 His sturdy staff, and shuffled through the door.*
 Beside the king of fire two golden forms
 Majestic mov'd, that serv'd him in the place
 Of handmaids; young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,
 Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,
 Or prompt dexterity by the gods inspir'd.
 These his supporters were, and at his side
 Attended diligent, while he, with gait
 Uncouth approaching Thetis where she sat
 On a bright throne, seiz'd fast her hand and said.

Why, Thetis! worthy as thou art of love
 And of all reverence, hast thou arriv'd,
 Unfrequent here? Speak—tell me thy desire,
 Nor doubt my services, if thou demand
 Things possible, and possible to me.

Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied.
 Oh Vulcan! is there on Olympus' heights
 A goddess with such load of sorrow oppress'd
 As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?
 Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made
 Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides,

* A critic has censured this description of Vulcan for its coarseness; but I would ask him, how he would paint a blacksmith? White perhaps. But so does not Homer, who was a stranger to false delicacy, gives to every object its proper colours, and to every character its just attributes. Fastidious refinement is the bane of modern poetry, and has deeply infected even some of our best judges. But after all, if the translation is faithful, as he is sure it is, the translator has nothing to answer for.

Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,
 I yet endur'd to share.^a He now, the prey
 Of cheerless age, decrepit lies, and Jove
 With other woes still heaps my wretched head.
 He gave me to bring forth and rear a son
 Of matchless might, who like a thriving plant
 Upran to manhood,^b while his lusty growth
 I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
 Set in a fruitful field, and being grown
 I sent him early in his gallant fleet
 Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy;
 But him from fight return'd I shall receive
 Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,
 And while he lives and sees the light of day,
 Sorrow is his inevitable doom,
 Nor aid resides or remedy in me.
 The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,
 Allotted to him by the Grecians—her
 Atrides, king of men, resum'd, and grief
 Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.
 Mean-time, the Trojans shutting close within
 Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them
 All egress, and the senators of Greece
 Have sought with splendid gifts to sooth my son.
 He, indispos'd to rescue them himself
 From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth

^a She consented to the marriage reluctantly, foreknowing the evils which destiny had connected with it.—V.

^b Ἀνδραγε.

Clad in his own resplendent armour, chief
Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before
The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought,
And on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,
But that Apollo, to advance the fame
Of Hector, slew Menæti'us' noble son
Full-flush'd with victory. Therefore at thy knees
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art
A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form
With clasps secur'd, and corslet for my son.
For those, once his, his faithful friend hath lost
Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,
Himself, extended mournful on the ground.

Her answer'd then the artist of the skies.
Dismiss thy cares. Be confident in me.
I would that in thy son's last awful hour,
I could as surely screen him from the death
That threatens him, as soon he shall receive
Arms of such splendour, that, by thousands seen,
They shall excite astonishment in all.

He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,
Which turning to the fire he bade them heave:
Full twenty bellows working all at once
Breath'd on the furnace, blowing easy and free
The manag'd winds, now forcible, as best
Suited despatch, now gentle, if the will
Of Vulcan and his labour so requir'd.
Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold
He cast into the forge, then, settling firm

His ponderous anvil on the block, one hand
With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.

He fashion'd first a massy shield and broad
Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd
A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,
And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.
The shield itself with five strong folds he forg'd,
And with devices multiform the disk
Capacious charg'd, toiling with skill divine.⁷

There he describ'd the earth, the heaven, the sea,
The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.
There also, all the stars which round about
As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,
The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might
Of huge Orion, with him Ursa call'd,
Known also by his popular name, the Wain,
Which wheeling round the pole still looks toward
Orion; only star of these denied
To slake his beams in ocean's briny baths.⁸

⁷ Plutarch, speaking of this wonderful shield, expresses himself thus.

When Vulcan furnishes that golden shield engraven with the figures of the heavens, the earth and sea, exhibiting the majesty of the sun, and the beauty of the moon, together with the many constellations which crown the whole; cities also differently situated and circumstanced, and animals endued with motion, where is the artificer to be found who may be in any degree compared with him!

⁸ The Pleiads are a constellation consisting originally of seven stars placed in the side of Taurus. They were the fabled offspring of Atlas and Pleione, daughter of Oceanus. One of them, named Electra, has long since disappeared; unable, as the my-

Two splendid cities also there he form'd
 Such as men build. In one were to be seen
 Rites matrimonial solemniz'd with pomp
 Of sumptuous banquets; forth they led the brides
 Each from her chamber, and along the streets
 With torches usher'd them and with the voice
 Of Hymenæal song heard all around.
 Here, striplings danc'd in circles to the sound
 Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood
 Women, admiring, all, the gallant show.
 Elsewhere was to be seen in council met
 The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose.

thologists say, to endure the sight of Troy laid waste, she abandoned her place in the heavens rather than behold it.—B. & V.

The Hyads are also seven stars, and on the horns of Taurus. They were nymphs of Dodona, to whom Jove, when he had produced Bacchus from his thigh, consigned the care of his education. Bacchus having discovered the vine, they travelled with him into all countries, imparting to each the benefit. But when Lycurgus persecuted their pupil and drove him into the sea, Jupiter, compassionating their distress, rescued them from his fury, and made them a constellation.—B. & V.

They had their name either from their resemblance in form to the Greek (ν) or from $\gamma\alpha$ to rain, because showers were ascribed to their influence.—B. & V.

Orion is the largest of all the stars. But his history is too filthy to be related. The story of each may be found recorded at large in the Scholia edited by Barnes.

The Ursa Major is that of which Homer speaks, the Minor not being discovered in his time, but afterwards by Thales the Milesian.—B. & V. It encircles the pole with an inclination or bend toward Orion, as a bear may be supposed to watch the hunter. For the occasion on which this star received the name Bootes, see the note on line 32, book 22.

Two citizens contended for a mulct
The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine
All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd,
That man denied that he had aught receiv'd,
And each, producing witnesses, appear'd
Impatient for th' award. Mean-time the people
As favour sway'd them, clamour'd loud for each.
The heralds quell'd the tumult ; reverend sat
On polish'd stones the elders in a ring,
Each with an herald's sceptre in his hand,
Which holding they arose, and all in turn
Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay
Of gold, his prize who best should judge the strife,
The other city by two glittering hosts
Invested stood, and a dispute arose
Between the hosts, whether to burn the town
And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil.*
Mean-time, the citizens, still undismay'd,

* Homer is supposed by the commentators to have intended by the first of these two cities Athens in particular, and Eleusis by the second ;—B. & V. but the reasons given in support of this supposition are fanciful and precarious. Such also are their solutions of an hundred mysteries and occult meanings which they discover in this passage, smothering all the beauties of it with endless allegories and wearisome explanations. This humour was epidemic among the ancient critics, and influenced their judgement to such a degree, that they found philosophical enigmas even in the anvil and bellows of Vulcan. The learned reader, should he think it worth while, may easily convince himself how much they have doted on this subject, by resorting to the Scholia, and the unlearned may be satisfied to want that which would only prove an insipid and tedious interruption.

Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms
Prepar'd an ambush, and the wives and boys
With all the hoary elders kept the walls.
They sallied; Mars and Pallas led them on,
Each golden, and in golden tunic clad,
And from the multitude of humbler form
Distinguish'd, with propriety, as gods,
By beauty, size, and majesty of mien.
Arriving at the spot for ambush chosen,
A river's side, where cattle of each kind
Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass.
Apart from all the rest sat also down
Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds.
Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe
Careless, and of the danger nought appris'd.
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,
And intercepting suddenly the herds
And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time
In council, by the sound alarm'd, bestrode
At once their steeds, and hasted to the place.
Then, standing on the river's brink they fought
And push'd each other with the brazen lance.¹

¹ These figures are evidently endued with motion, whence a necessary inference ensues, that Homer, though it is not to be supposed that he could be acquainted with such self-moving machinery as we call clock-work, had clear apprehensions of its practicability. Many other circumstances of this wonderful description suggest the same remark.

There Discord rag'd, there Tumult, and the force
Of ruthless Destiny ; she now a chief
Seiz'd newly wounded, and now captive held
Another yet unhurt, and now a third
Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet,
And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.
Like living men they travers'd and they strove
And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain.²

He also grav'd on it a fallow field
Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Ploughers not few,
There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,
Labour'd the land ; and oft as in their course
They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man
Met them, who in their hands a goblet plac'd
Charg'd with delicious wine. They frequent turn'd
Each to his furrow, toiling as in haste
To reach the border ; and as land new-plough'd
The glebe behind them show'd a blackish hue
Though golden. Wonderful effect of art !

There too he form'd the likeness of a field
Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd
Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.
Along the furrow here, the harvest fell

² This assertion warrants the preceding note, and makes the reasonableness of the observation unquestionable ; so likewise do the tripods on which Vulcan was employed when Thetis reached his mansion, and to which he imparted spontaneity that they might convey themselves to the session of the gods and back again. And lastly, his two golden handmaids are figures evidently formed on the same principles of mechanism, and are both automatons.

In frequent handfuls, there, they bound the sheaves.

Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task

All plied industrious, and behind them boys

Attended, filling with the corn their arms

And offering still their bundles to be bound.

Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood

Enjoying mute the order of the field,

While, shaded by an oak apart, his train

Prepar'd the banquet, a well-thriven ox

New-slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd

Large supper for the hinds of whitest flour.

There also laden with its fruit he form'd

A vineyard all of gold ; purple he made

The clusters, and the vines supported stood

By poles of silver set in even rows.

The trench he colour'd sable, and around

Fenc'd it with tin. One only path it show'd

By which the gatherers when they stripp'd the vines

Pass'd and repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe

In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,

While, in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp

Harmonious play'd, and, ever, as he struck

The chord, sang to it with a slender voice.

They smote the ground together, and with song

And sprightly reed came dancing on behind.³

³ Some say that *Λίνος* in the original is a proper name, and that the boy sang the dirge of Linus. Linus is said to have been the first who gave wires to the harps, which till then had been strung with thread, and for that reason to have been slain by Apollo envious of his improvement.—V.

There too an herd he fashion'd of tall beeves
Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls
Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side
Rapid, sonorous, fring'd with whispering reeds.
Four golden herdsmen drove the kine a-field
By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang
Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd
Seiz'd fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,
While dogs and peasants hasted to his aid.
The lions tore the hide of the huge prey
And lapp'd his entrails and his blood. Mean-time
The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds
Encourag'd ; but no tooth for lions' flesh
Found they, and, therefore, stood aside and bark'd.

There also the illustrious smith divine
Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd,
And sprinkled all its breadth with silver sheep
Numerous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious artist added next
A varied dance, resembling that of old
In Crete's broad isle by Dædalus compos'd
For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,
Danc'd jocund, every maiden neat-attir'd
In finest linen, and the youths in vests
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.
These all wore garlands, and bright faulchions, those,
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung :—
They, with well-tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran

The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
For trial of its speed, now, crossing quick
They pass'd at once into each other's place.
A circling crowd survey'd the lovely dance,
Delighted : two, the leading pair, their heads
With graceful inclination bowing oft,
Pass'd swift between them, and began the song.⁴

Last, with the might of Ocean's boundless flood
He fill'd the border of the wondrous shield.

When, thus, the massy shield magnificent
He had accomplish'd, for the hero next
He forg'd, more ardent than the blaze of fire,
A corslet ; then, a ponderous helmet bright
Crested with gold, well fitted to his brows,
And with laborious art divine adorn'd.
He also made him greaves of molten tin.⁵

The armour finish'd, bearing in his hand
The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.
She, stooping like a falcon, left at once
Snow-crown'd Olympus, bearing to the earth
The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand.

⁴ Theseus, at the instance of Ariadne, having been delivered by Dædalus from the Cretan labyrinth by means of a thread with which he furnished him for that purpose, instituted at his return a dance of boys and girls, in which were represented all the windings of the maze from which he had escaped, and which dance Dædalus is said to have composed on the occasion.—B. & V.

⁵ Little is said on the subject of the corslet, because the poet had before employed himself in the description of Agamemnon's. In like manner, having minutely described the funeral of Patroclus, he is as brief as possible when he speaks of Hector's.—V.

I L I A D.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, clothed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

BOOK XIX.

Now rose the morn in saffron vest attir'd
From Ocean, with new day for gods and men,
When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arriv'd,
Bearing that gift divine. She found her son
All tears, and close enfolding in his arms
Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around
Wept also ; she amid them, graceful, stood,
And, seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake.¹

Howe'er reluctant, leave we now, my son !
Patroclus on the bier to which the gods
Long since ordain'd him, and, thyself, receive,
By Vulcan's skill supplied, these glorious arms,

¹ Brave men are always great weepers—was a sort of proverbial saying in Greece. Accordingly, there are few of Homer's heroes who do not weep plentifully on occasion. True courage is doubtless compatible with the utmost sensibility.—V.

Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.

So saying, she plac'd the armour on the ground
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.
Awe-struck, the Myrmidons all turn'd away
Their dazzled eyes, and, trembling, fled the place.
Not so Pelides. He no sooner saw
The gift divine, than in his breast he felt
Redoubled wrath; a splendour, as of fire,
Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand
He held the glorious bounty of the god,
And, wondering at those strokes of art divine,
With eager speech his mother thus address'd.

'The god, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth
On me such armour as demanded skill
Like his, surpassing far all power of man.
Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears
Possess me, lest intrusive flies, mean-time,
Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds
Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint
Of putrefaction all his lifeless frame.

But him the silver-footed goddess fair
Thus answer'd. Oh, my son! let no such fear
Or care distress thee. It shall be my task
To drive the noisome swarms which on the slain
In battle feed, afar; and should he lie
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found
Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.
But thou, the heroes of Achaia's host
Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce

Against the king of men, then, instant, arm
For battle, and put on thy glorious might.

So saying, the goddess rais'd his courage high.
Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

And now forth went Achilles by the side
Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout
To council all the heroes of the host.
Then, even they who never else were seen
But in the fleet, helmsmen and those who held
In stewardship the food and public stores,
All flock'd to council; for that now at length
After long abstinence from dread exploits
Of war, Achilles had shone forth again.
Two went together, halting on the spear,
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)
Noble Ulysses and brave Diomede,
And took an early seat; whom follow'd last
The king of men, by Coön in the field.
Of furious battle wounded with a lance.
The Grecians all assembled, in the midst
Upstood the swift Achilles, and began.^a
Atrides! we had doubtless better sped
Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first

^a Achilles in the first book also summons a council himself, and not, as was customary, by an herald. It seems a stroke of character, and intended by the poet to express the impetuosity of his spirit too ardent for the observance of common forms, and that could trust nobody for the despatch he wanted.

With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.
 I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet
 Slain her, that self-same day when I destroy'd
 Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine !
 Then had not many a Grecian, lifeless now,
 Clench'd with his teeth the ground, my wrath the cause ;
 Whence triumph hath to Hector and his host
 Resulted, but to ours occasion sad
 For long remembrance of our mutual strife.³
 But evils past let pass, yielding perforce
 To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease ;
 I here resign it ; it hath burn'd too long.
 Thou, therefore, summon forth the host to fight,
 That meeting them in battle I may learn
 If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet
 To watch us this night also. But I judge
 That driven by my spear to rapid flight,
 They shall escape with weary limbs at least.⁴
 He ended, and the dauntless Grecians all
 Rejoic'd that Peleus' mighty son had cast
 His wrath aside. Then, not into the midst
 Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood

³ The wish seems rather a cruel one, especially when we recollect that in his answer to Ulysses in the nocturnal conference, book ix. he professes that he loved Briseis at his heart. But when we reflect that she had been, eventually and by occasion, the cause of his friend's death, we seem to have found a sufficient apology for it.

⁴ Ἀσπασίως γόνυ κάμψαν—Shall be glad to bend their knee, i. e. to sit and repose themselves.—C. & V.

Atrides, king of men, and thus began.⁵

Friends ! Grecian heroes ! ministers of Mars !

Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear.

Even the ablest orator is wrong'd

And hurt by interruption. Who can hear

Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak ?

The clearest voice, best utterance, both are vain.

I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech,

Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.

This censure is not new ; the Greeks have oft

Condemn'd me thus ; yet am not I to blame ;

But Jove, and Fate, and she who roams the shades

Erynnis, made me furious on that day

In council, when I seiz'd Achilles' prize.

For what could I ? All things obey the gods.

Jove's daughter, Ate, most pernicious power !

By whom all suffer, challenges from all

⁵ Different opinions have obtained concerning the posture in which Agamemnon spoke, some alleging that he spoke sitting on account of his wound,—C. & V. and because he was ashamed of the humiliating circumstance in which he found himself.—B. C. & V. But the reasons are both futile. For how should a wound in his arm disable him to stand,—C. & V. and why should he be ashamed to concede when Achilles was not ? The words however with which he begins seem to make it clear that he spoke standing—

Ἐξάστος μὲν καλὸν ἄκων.

It was, perhaps, for greater dignity sake, and for no other cause, that he left not the place where he sat, but arose and spoke immediately.

The poet's art in giving us to understand the murmurs of the assembly without telling us what they were, is beautiful.

Reverence and fear. Delicate are her feet
Which scorn the ground, and over human heads
She glides, injurious to the race of man,
Of two who strive, at least entangling one.*
She injur'd, on a day, dread Jove himself
Most excellent of all in earth or heaven,
When Juno, although female, even him
Beguil'd, what time Alcmena should have borne
In bulwark'd Thebes, the force of Hercules.
For Jove had vaunted thus to all the gods.

Hear all! both gods and goddesses, attend!
That I may make my purpose known. This day
The birth-presiding Ilithya brings
An hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend
Over all kingdoms bordering on his own.

To whom thus Juno, purposing deceit.
Thou wilt defraud us, and this word of thine
Wilt ne'er accomplish. But Olympian Jove!
Swear now th' inviolable oath, that he
Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,
Shall rule all kingdoms bordering on his own.

She said, and Jove suspecting nought her wiles,
The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong.
At once from the Olympian summit flew
Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,

* Because the head is the seat of the mind, which it is the especial purpose of Ate to irritate and disorder.—V.

There sought the noble wife of Sthenelus,⁷
 Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son
 Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand,
 But him the goddess premature produc'd,
 And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.
 Then, joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore
 Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove.

Lord of the candent lightnings! Sire of all!

I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd
 To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
 Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
 Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,
 Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth.⁸

She spake; then anguish stung the heart of Jove
 Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks
 The goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore
 That never to the starry skies again
 And the Olympian heights he would permit
 The universal mischief to return.

So saying, he whirl'd and cast her from the skies.
 She, instant mingling with all works of men,
 Caus'd many a pang to Jove, who saw his son
 Laborious functions base, and of his birth
 Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.

So also I, when Hector at the fleet
 Destroy'd us, could not but regret the crime
 Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.

⁷ By some called Antibia, by others, Nicippe.—B. & V.

⁸ Perseus was himself the son of Jupiter and Danaë.

But since, infatuated by the gods
I err'd, behold me ready to appease
With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd.
Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host
Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight
Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent
On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.
Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait
Short season, and my train shall bring the gifts
Even now ; that thou may'st understand and know
That my peace-offerings are indeed sincere.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift,
Atrides ! Agamemnon ! passing all
In glory ! retribution fair and just
By gifts to make me, or to make me none—
That rests with thee. But let us to the fight
Incontinent. It is no time to play
The game of rhetoric, and to waste the hours
In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.
Achilles must go forth. He must be seen
Once more in front of battle, wasting wide
With brazen spear the crowded ranks of Troy.
Mark him—and as he fights, fight also ye.

To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied.
Nay—Urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,
Achaia's sons up to the battlements
Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,
Godlike Achilles !—For when phalanx once
Shall clash with phalanx, and the gods with rage

Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then
 Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take
 Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.
 To stand all day till sunset to a foe
 Oppos'd in battle, fasting, were a task
 Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt
 To combat, yet the power must by degrees
 Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,
 And his limbs failing him at every step.
 But he who feeds his vigour, to the full
 Eating, and drinking wine, although he fight
 All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd,
 Nor weariness perceives till all retire.*
 Come then—dismiss the people with command
 That each prepare replenishment. Mean-time
 Let Agamemnon, king of men, his gifts
 In presence here of the assembled Greeks
 Produce, that all may view them, and that thou

* It is easy for a reader disposed to mirth to find a subject of it in a passage simple as this; but there are good sense and truth in it. The French and Austrian generals, neither of them probably very familiar with Homer, were influenced however by the same opinion, when in the late dreadful battle on the confines of Austrian Brabant, which lasted with little interruption from seven in the morning till five in the evening, during a short truce they took occasion on both sides to refresh the troops, giving each man such replenishment as the opportunity allowed.

The battle alluded to is that fought on the eighteenth of March, in the year 1793.

Plato, as well as Homer, recommends the use of wine as an inspirer of courage, and the Spartans drank it unmixed and freely before they encountered an enemy.—V.

May'st feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.
And let him also, standing in the midst,
Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid
A virgin still, and strange to his embrace,
And let thy own composure prove, the while,
Thy reconciliation. Lastly, let him spread
A princely banquet for thee in his tent,
That thou may'st want no part of just amends.
Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove
More just to others ; for no shame it is
When kings themselves appease whom first they wrong'd.

Then answer thus the king of men return'd.
Ulysses ! Thou art worthy to advise ;
Just and discrete in all that thou hast said,
And I have listen'd to thee with delight,
Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear
As thou hast said, for by the gods I can
Most truly ; but, impatient though he be,
Let Peleus' son, with all assembled here,
Endure short interval, till from my tent
The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.
To thee I give it in peculiar charge
That choosing forth the most illustrious youths
Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts
From my own ship ; all those which yesternight
We promis'd, nor the women leave behind.
And let Talthybius throughout all the camp
Of the Achaians, seek in haste a boar
For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun.

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.
Atrides ! most illustrious ! king of men !
Expedience bids us to these cares attend
Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight
Shall happen, and the martial rage which fires
My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.
Our friends, by Priameian Hector slain,
Now, wounded, strew the field, for him hath Jove
Exalted high, and given him great renown.
But haste ; take *ye* refreshment ; though, in truth,
Might I direct, the host should by all means
Unfed to battle, and at set of sun
All sup together, this affront reveng'd.
But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips
Or morsel, whose companion lies with feet
Turn'd to the vestibule, a mangled corse,
And compass'd by my weeping train around.
No want of food feel I. My wishes call
For carnage, blood, and agonies and groans.

But him, excelling in all wisdom, thus
Ulysses answer'd. Oh Achilles ! son
Of Peleus ! bravest far of all our host !
Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st
Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I
Not less. For I am elder, and have learn'd
What thou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart
Endure with patience to be taught by me.
Men, sated soon with battle, loathe the field
On which the most abundant harvest falls,

Reap'd by the sword ; and when the hand of Jove,
Dispenser of the great events of war,
Turns once the scale, the harvest then is o'er.¹
Shall we abstain from food for all who die ?
That were indeed severe ; since day by day
No few expire, and respite could be none.
The dead, die whoso may, should be inhum'd.
This, duty bids, but bids us also deem
One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.
Ourselves, all we who still survive the war,
Have need of sustenance, that we may bear
The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,
Cas'd in enduring brass.—Ye all have heard
Your call to battle ; let none lingering stand
In expectation of a farther call,
Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him
Who lurks among the ships. No. Rushing all
At once into the field, excite we fierce
And fiery conflict with the host of Troy.

So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious chief,
He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,
Thoas, Merionces, and Melanippus
And Lycomedes. These, together, sought
The tent of Agamemnon, king of men.

¹ The application of this remark to the matter in dispute between Achilles and Ulysses, appears to be this. If men go hungry into battle, they soon grow weary of slaughter, and if the battle turn against them, which on account of their weakness through long fasting is a probable event, the slaughter of the enemy is then at an end.—But the passage seems to be an *opprobrium criticorum*.

They ask'd, and they receiv'd. At once were brought
The seven promis'd tripods from the tent,
Twice ten bright cauldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,
Seven lovely captives skill'd alike in arts
Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,
And last, Briseïs with the blooming cheeks.
First went Ulysses, bearing, by the scale,
Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks
Attended laden with the remnant gifts.
Full in the midst they plac'd them. Then arose
King Agamemnon; and beside the king,
His herald loud in utterance as a god
Talthybius standing, held the victim boar.
Atrides, drawing forth his knife which hung
Always attach'd to his huge faulchion's sheath,
Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar,
A previous offering. Next, with lifted hands
To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks
Sat listening silent to the sovereign's voice.
He look'd to the wide heaven, and thus he pray'd.

First, Jove be witness! of all powers above
Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun!
And last, who under earth the guilt avenge
Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!
For no respect of amorous desire
Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand
On fair Briseïs, but within my tent
Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.
And if one word be false, may all the woes

With which the gods mark perjury, be mine !

So saying, he pierc'd the victim in his throat,
And, whirling him around, into the deep
Talthybius cast him to be fishes' food.²

Then, rising, thus Achilles spake again.

Jove ! father ! dire calamities, effects
Of thy appointment, fall on human-kind.
Never had Agamemnon in my breast
Such fury kindled, or my lovely prize
Torn from me, but that inauspicious Jove
Design'd the slaughter of our numerous friends.
Go, Grecians ! take ye food, and then to battle.³

So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolv'd
The hasty council, and all flew dispers'd
To their own ships. Then those illustrious gifts
His Myrmidons within the hero's tent
Dispos'd, and the selected damsels led
Each to a seat, while others of his train
Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd.
But when Briseïs, bright as Venus, saw
Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,

² A sacrifice made in confirmation of an oath was never eaten.
—B. & V. See Book III.

³ The gods of the heathens seem to have been very convenient characters when there was a want of somebody to whom the blame of any mischief might be imputed. The two heroes having discovered at last, Agamemnon, that he had been infatuated by Ate, and Achilles, that Jupiter had preordained their quarrel, discover likewise that neither of them was at all in fault, and are therefore perfectly reconciled.

Infolding him around, she shriek'd and tore
Her bosom, her smooth neck, and beauteous cheeks.
Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said.

Ah my Patroclus! dearest friend of all
To hapless me, departing from this tent
I left thee living, and now, generous chief!
Restor'd to it again, here find thee dead.
How rapid in succession are my woes!
I saw, myself, the valiant prince to whom
My parents gave me^d slain before our walls,
And there, regretted still, three brothers lost
My mother's sons. But when Achilles slew
My husband, and in ashes laid the town^d
Of noble Mynes, thou by every art
Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,
Oft telling me that thou would'st make me bride

^d By ἵδοναι some understand *betrothed* only, and affirm that Briseïs was actually a virgin;—V. but others are of a different opinion, of which number is Barnes; who observes that, anciently, very young widows were spoken of as still in a state of virginity, and in confirmation of his assertion refers to the prophet Joel, c. 1. v. 8. *Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth.* And it is equally confirmed in the ode of Horace ad Iccium. Lib. I. 29.

————— Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato, barbara serviet?

and when in the sequel Briseïs says that Patroclus had promised to make her the Κυρδίην ἄλοχον of Achilles, the expression is understood by those who favour this opinion to be elliptic, and ἄς omitted.—On the whole, the interpretation of Barnes seems not ill supported.

^e Lyrnessus.—C.

Of Peleus' godlike son, would'st waft me hence
To Phthia, and set forth our nuptial feast
Among the Myrmidons. Thee, therefore, kind
And gentle ever, I must ever mourn.⁶

She spake, and all her fellow-captives heav'd
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.⁷
Achaia's chiefs then all assembled round
Achilles, praying him to eat, but he
Groan'd, and still resolute, their suit refus'd—

If I have here a friend on whom by prayers
I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,
Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,
To eat or drink, for till the sun go down
I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.

He said, and to their several tents dismiss'd
The other chiefs, but Atreus' royal sons,
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,
With Phœnix, his rever'd and valiant friend,
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind

⁶ As has been before remarked, the poet misses no opportunity of celebrating the gentle manners of Patroclus, of which his kind treatment of this female captive, the promises he made her, and the pleasing prospects he set before her, are the clearest, and, recorded as they are by herself, the most indisputable evidence.

⁷ This, in the judgement of Madame Dacier, is the finest stroke in all the Iliad. Nothing, she observes, can be more natural than the representation made by the poet of these unhappy young women, who, already weary of their captive state, take occasion from every mournful object that occurs to weep afresh, though in reality little interested by any of them.—C.

Essay'd to sooth him, whose afflicted soul
 All soothing scorn'd till he should once again
 Rush on the ravening edge of bloody war.
 Then, sighing with remembrance, thus he said.

Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends !
 When even thou, with diligent despatch,
 Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,
 The hour of battle drawing nigh between
 The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But there lies
 Thy body wounded, now, and, for thy sake,
 Though dearth be none, I neither drink nor eat,
 Since heavier woe I can have none to fear.
 No, not if tidings of my father's death
 Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perchance,
 In Phthia tears of tenderest regret
 For such a son ; while I, remote from home,
 Fight for detested Helen under Troy.
 Nor even were *he* dead, whom, if he live,
 I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,
 My Neoptolemus of form divine.*

* An island of the Cyclades.—B. & C. Peleus having been forewarned by Thetis that his son Achilles should be slain at Troy, consigned him to the care of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, having first disguised him as a girl. As such he was educated with the daughters of Lycomedes. But the oracle having declared that Troy could not be taken without him, Ulysses, Phœnix, and Nestor were deputed by the Grecians to ask him from his father. Peleus affirming that he was not at home, they repaired to Scyros, and suspecting (but we are not told for what reason) that he was to be found among the king's daughters, by the advice of Ulysses, they spread before the young people arms and distaffs, im-

For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast
Till now, that, of us two, myself alone
Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, restor'd
To Phthia, should'st have wafted o'er the waves
My son from Scyros to his native home,
That thou might'st show him all his heritage,
My train, and my magnificent abode.
For either dead already I account
Peleus, or doubt not that his residue
Of miserable life shall quickly fail
Through stress of age and expectation sad
That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive.

So spake Achilles weeping, around whom
The chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd
Of some lov'd object left at home. Mean-time
Jove, with compassion mov'd, their sorrow saw,
And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.

Daughter ! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems,
Yon virtuous chief for ever ; shall no care
Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more ?
Lo ! where he sits before his gallant fleet
Lamenting his slain friend ; the other Greeks
Eat and are satisfied ; he only fasts.
Go, then—and that he hunger not, instil
Ethereal sustenance into his breast.

plements of war and of female industry. The latter were instantly seized by the princesses, and the former by Achilles. But previous to this detection of his sex, the young hero had deflowered one of his royal playmates by name Deodamia. She made him father of Pyrrhus, afterward called Neoptolemus.—V.

So saying, he urg'd Minerva prompt before.
 In form a shrill-voic'd harpy of broad wing
 Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks
 In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.
 Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
 Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss
 Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again
 To her great sire's unperishing abode.
 And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet
 All pour'd themselves abroad. As when the snow,
 Descending thick from Jove, is driven by gusts
 Of the clear-blowing north, so smil'd the field
 With dazzling casques, boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong,
 And polish'd weapons issuing from the fleet.⁹
 Up went the flash to heaven; wide all around
 The champagne laugh'd with beamy brass illum'd,
 And trappings of the warriors on all sides
 Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.
 He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
 Anguish intolerable wrung his heart
 And fury against Troy, while he put on
 His glorious arms, the labour of a god.
 First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd

⁹ Homer says—*Θώρακίς τι κραταιγύαλοι*—And Pausanias explaining the expression informs us, that the corslet or breast-plate had sometimes a piece of armour connected with it by studs, which served as a covering for the back. Thus armed they deemed themselves sufficiently guarded even without the security of a shield. Phorcys is mentioned as an instance of a warrior thus accoutred, whom Ajax pierces immediately through his mail.—B. & C. See Book xvii. L. 365.

Studded with silver, then, his corslet bright
Brac'd to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.
Such as to mariners a fire appears,
Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
Of some lone hill ; they, driven by stormy winds,
Reluctant roam far off the fishy deep,
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
A lustre struck the skies ; his ponderous helm
He lifted to his brows ; starlike it shone,
And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
Consummate work of Vulcan's glorious art.
So clad, the godlike hero trial made
If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
To his proportion'd limbs ; they buoyant prov'd
As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.
Forth from its case he drew his father's spear,
Heavy and huge and long. That spear, of all
Achaia's sons, none else had power to wield ;
Achilles only could the Pelian beam
Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.
His coursers, next, Automedon prepar'd
And Alcimus, adjusting with despatch
The fair caparisons ; they thrust the bits
Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat
Extended and made fast the reins behind.
Then seiz'd Automedon the splendid scourge
Commodious to his grasp, and sprang at once

Into his place; behind him, arm'd complete
Achilles mounted, as the orient sun
All dazzling, and with awful tone his speech
Directed to the coursers of his sire.

Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' blood
Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done,
The chief whom now ye bear ye render back
To the Achaians in far other sort,
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.¹

So he, and Xanthus from beneath the yoke
Speaking, his matchless courser, thus replied,
By Juno vocal made, but hanging low

¹ We are not warranted to account any practice unnatural and absurd, merely because it does not obtain among ourselves. I know not that any historian has recorded this custom of the Grecians, but that it was a custom among them occasionally to harangue their horses, we may assure ourselves on the authority of Homer, a poet too attentive to nature to have introduced into his work any such speeches, would they have appeared as strange to his countrymen as they do to us.

It is not Achilles only who addresses his steeds, which, being immortal and bred by Apollo, might be supposed particularly intelligent, but Hector does it also in the eighth Book, and Antilochus in the chariot-race, whose horses were not only of terrestrial origin but the slowest in the camp of Greece. Such harangues therefore may be supposed to have been not unfrequent; and though it is not to be imagined that any sort of instruction would teach a horse language, the tone of voice might have a considerable effect. It is not uncommon to see a whole team more terrified by curses strained through the teeth of a brutal driver, than even by the whip itself, and perhaps, were they accustomed to it, a tone of voice suited to the purpose might encourage them as much. But some say—V. that this whole address to his horses is designed by Achilles as an indirect reproof to Automedon.

His brows, and sweeping with his mane the ground.

And doubtless so we will. This day at least

We bear thee safe from battle, stormy chief!

Yet thee the hour of thy destruction swift

Approaches, hasten'd by no fault of ours,

But by the force of fate and power divine.

For not through sloth or tardiness in us

The Trojans stripp'd Patroclus of his arms,

But, most illustrious of the powers divine;

Latona's offspring slew him in the van,

Designing glory to the chief of Troy.

We, Zephyrus himself, although esteem'd

Swiftest of all the winds of heaven, in speed

Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom

By human hands to fall, and hands divine.

The interposing Furies at that word

Suppress'd his utterance, and indignant, thus,

Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.²

Why, Xanthus, prophesiest thou my death?

It ill beseems thee. I already know

My doom to perish distant far from home.

Yet cease I not the more from feats of arms

Till Troy shall have receiv'd her fill of war.

He said, and shouting drove into the van.

² The line of the original that ascribes the articulation with which Xanthus was endued, to Juno, is struck out by some commentators as spurious, and apparently with good reason. For why should Juno interpose to afflict Achilles? The Furies may more naturally be deemed the authors of portentous signs and terrible premonitions, and if they, as the poet here assures us, took from the horse his utterance, it is most consistent to infer that they had given it.—B. & V.

I LI A D.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

By permission of Jupiter the gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues *Æneas* from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo, soon after, rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

BOOK XX.

THUS stood the Grecians at their gallant fleet
Marshall'd by thee, Achilles, glorious chief,
Insatiable with war ! and opposite
The Trojans on the rising ground appear'd.¹
Mean-time, Jove order'd Themis, from the head
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene
The gods in council. She to every part
Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.²

¹ This rising-ground was five stadia in circumference, and was between the river Simois and a village named Ilieon, in which Paris is said to have decided between the goddesses. It was called Callicolone, being the most conspicuous ground in the neighbourhood of the city.—B. & V.

² Iris is the messenger of the gods on ordinary occasions, Mercury on those of importance. But Themis is now employed, because the affair in question is a council, and to assemble and to dis-

Nor of the floods was any absent thence
 Oceanus except, or of the nymphs
 Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside
 Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.³
 Within the Thunderer's courts arriv'd, they sat
 Before the portico on polish'd seats
 With ingenuity divine contriv'd
 By Vulcan for the sovereign of the skies.⁴
 Thus all the gods were in the courts of Jove
 Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear
 The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)
 Came also; in the midst his seat he took,
 And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.⁵

Why, king of lightnings! hast thou call'd again
 The gods to council? Is the battle's rage,
 Now kindling between yonder hosts, the cause?

To whom the sovereign of the boundless air.
 Neptune! thou know'st already my design
 And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd

solve councils, the poet tells us in another place, is her peculiar province.—V.

The return of Achilles to battle is made as magnificent as possible. A council in heaven precedes it, and a battle of the gods is the consequence.—V.

³ Oceanus is said not to have been summoned, lest, being the parent of them all, by his venerable presence he should have withheld the rest from fighting.—B. & V.

⁴ *Ἀίθεται ἑστὶ τοιοῦτοι πρόσποι, ἵφ' ἧλιν καταλαμπομεναι.*—V.

⁵ The readiness with which Neptune obeys the summons is particularly noticed on account of the resentment he so lately expressed when he was commanded by Jupiter to quit the battle.—B. & V.

So soon to die, they interest me still.
 Myself shall, on Olympus' top reclin'd,
 Well-pleas'd survey them ; but let all beside
 Descending to the field, there join and aid,
 As each shall choose, the Trojans or the Greeks.
 For should Achilles, though alone, assail
 The unassisted Trojans, he would drive,
 At once, to flight, their whole collected power.
 His looks appall'd them ever, and I fear
 Lest, frantic for his loss, he even pass
 The bounds of Fate ; and desolate the town.

So spake the son of Saturn, kindling war
 Inevitable, and the gods set forth
 With minds discordant to the bloody field.
 Juno, and Pallas, and the sovereign lord
 Of ocean, sought the fleet, with whom were join'd
 Hermes, inventor of the noblest arts,
 And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes
 Tremendous, but on limping feet and legs
 Unequal. To the Trojans Mars repair'd
 With Phœbus never-shorn,⁶ Dian shaft-arm'd,
 Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles.⁷

⁶ *Never-shorn* because the rays of the sun are inseparable from it.—C.

⁷ The commentators are extremely circumstantial and prolix in accounting for the attachment of every divinity in the field to this or that party. Juno, they say, assists the Greeks, because she is the goddess who presides over marriage, and hates adultery ; consequently she hates the Trojans who fight in the cause of an adulterer. Minerva takes the same side on a principle of resent-

So long as the immortal gods mix'd not
 With either host, so long Achaia's sons
 Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,
 Achilles in the field, and terror shook
 The knees of every Trojan at the view
 Of swift Pelides like another Mars
 On carnage bent and bright in arms again.
 But when the Olympian powers had enter'd once
 The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice
 The million maddens, vehement arose ;
 Then, Pallas at the trench without the wall
 By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout
 Terrific sent along the sounding shore,
 While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,

ment, having been refused the prize of beauty by Paris ; a reason which may be supposed not a little to influence Juno likewise. Neptune joins them, because Laomedon defrauded him of his wages ; Mercury, because being the patron of heralds, he abhorred the Trojans for the sake of the treacherous counsel of Antimachus, who would have slain Ulysses and Menelaus acting in that office. And Vulcan, because he hated Mars who had been too free with Venus.—B. & V.

On the other hand, Mars sides with the Trojans from similarity of sentiment, and because they alike delight in blood. Apollo, because he is an archer, and the Trojans were famous for archery, especially such was Paris. Paris too excelled on the lyre and in personal appearance—both attributes of Apollo.—Diana and Latona naturally follow Phœbus. Xanthus can do no less than aid the Trojans, being a Trojan river ; nor Venus, because in the contest for the prize of beauty, Paris had decided in her favour, and because she was the mother of Æneas.—B. & V.

This is only a small part of what has been imagined on the subject, but an enquirer of moderate curiosity will perhaps deem it quite sufficient.

Mars shouted also, from the lofty tower
Of Ilium now, now running o'er the hill
Callicolone, on the Simois' side.

Thus the immortals ever blest impell'd
Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caus'd
Of strife among them. Sudden from on high
The sire of gods and men thunder'd ; mean-time,
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook ;
Down from her summit to her lowest base
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstart'd from his throne, appall'd, the king
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head
Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
Of horror, thirst, and woe, detested sight
E'en to the gods themselves ; with such a sound
The powers eternal into battle rush'd.*
Oppos'd to Neptune, sovereign of the waves,
Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd ;
To Mars, Minerva ; to Jove's awful spouse
Diana of the golden bow, whose joy

* There is no person, says Tollius in his notes on Longinus, unless he be altogether illiterate and deaf to sacred song, who does not tremble while he reads this passage in Homer, and partake with Pluto in his fears lest he should see hell laid open. But Plato quarrels with the description, as likely to inspire a dread of death, and so much the worthier to be expunged as it excels in poetical merit.—C.

Is in the shouts and tumults of the chase,
 Sister of Phœbus ; Mercury to fair
 Latona, and to Vulcan, vast and deep
 The eddy-whirling flood by mortal men -
 Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the gods.⁹
 So gods encounter'd gods. But most desire
 Achilles felt to pierce the crowd and rush
 On Priameian Hector, with whose blood
 Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate
 The indefatigable god of war.
 But, the encourager of Ilium's host
 Apollo, urg'd Æneas to assail
 The son of Peleus, with heroic might
 Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice
 Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form
 Assuming, thus the Trojan chief address'd.

Æneas, senator of Troy ! thy vaunts
 While banqueting among the kings and chiefs
 Of Ilium's host, that thou would'st even face
 Achilles in the field, where are they now ?

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.

⁹ Hercules on a certain occasion tormented with thirst, besought Jupiter in prayer to discover to him if it were but a thread of water. The god, unwilling that his son should perish by such means, with a thunderbolt opened the earth and gave him the rill he wanted, which Hercules, scooping a channel for it, improved into a river, and the river from that circumstance was named Scamander.—Scamander, therefore, is derived by those who give this account of it, from *Σκάπτω* which signifies *to dig*.—V.

It is easy to trace this story to its true source in the history of Samson.

Offspring of Priam ! why enjoin'st thou me
Not so inclin'd, that arduous task, to cope
With the unmatch'd Achilles ? I have prov'd
His force already, when he chas'd me down
From Ida with his spear, what time he made
Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd
Pedasus and Lyrnessus ; but preserv'd
By Jove I 'scap'd, who wing'd my feet to fly.
Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand,
And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps
Conducted, and exhorted him to slay
Us and the Leleges.¹ Vain, therefore, proves
All mortal force to Peleus' son oppos'd ;
For one, at least, of the immortals stands
Ever beside him, guardian of his life,
And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends
His rapid spear unerring to the mark.
Yet, would the gods sway equally the scales
Of battle, not with ease should he subdue
Me, though he boast himself a man of brass.

But him Apollo answer'd, son of Jove.
Hero ! prefer thou, also, to the gods
Thy prayer. Thee Venus, as they say, produc'd,
Jove's daughter ; him, the daughter of the deep ;
A mother of inferiour note to thine.
Thy mother is from Jove ; the offspring, his,
Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.

¹ The Leleges were a colony of Thessalians and the first inhabitants of the shores of Hellespont.—B. & C.

Haste, meet him, then, with thy victorious spear,
Nor, though he menace, and essay to shake
Thy soul with fierce invective, turn away.

So saying, with martial force the chief he fill'd,
Who through the foremost ranks advanc'd in arms
All dazzling bright. Nor pass'd Anchises' son
Unseen of Juno, through the crowded host
Seeking Achilles, but the powers of heaven
Conven'd by her command, she thus address'd.

Minerva ! Neptune ! an event that teems
With fatal ills, demands your instant care.
Æneas, bright in arms, is on his way
To combat with Achilles ; and he goes
Urg'd by Apollo. But delay not we
To turn him back, or, one of us, to seek
Achilles, and with such celestial force
And magnanimity dilate his soul,
That he may know the mightiest powers of heaven
His friends, and that the deities whom Troy
Long-time hath trusted, are, with us compar'd,
Light as the passing wind, and nothing worth.
For we have all descended from the skies
And share this battle, to preserve awhile
Achilles' life, though suffer all he must
Hereafter, with his thread of life entwin'd
By Destiny, the day when he was born.
These things ourselves must teach him ; since, untaught,
He will be terrified when he shall meet
Some adverse deity ; for mortal eyes

Can ill endure the sight of forms divine.

To whom replied the shaker of the shores.

Juno ! this wrath dishonours thee ; be calm.

I wish not an inglorious strife with gods

Far our inferiours. Seek we yonder hill

Whose height commands the battle from afar,

And if Apollo, or the fiery Mars

Begin to fight, or hindrance interpose

To thwart Achilles, we will, then, ourselves

Rush into conflict ; and, I much misdeem,

Or they shall eagerly and soon resume

Their wonted seats on the Olympian heights,

By strong coercion of our arms subdued.

So saying, the king of the cerulean floods

Advanc'd before them to the lofty mound

Of godlike Hercules, by Pallas rais'd

And by the Trojans for his safe escape,

What time the monster of the deep pursued

The hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.²

² The story as it is told by the Scholiast is this—Neptune and Apollo being commanded by Jupiter to serve Laomedon for hire, built the walls of Troy for a stipulated price, of which Laomedon afterward defrauded them. Neptune, incensed at his treachery, sent a sea-monster into the adjoining country which devoured such of the people as came in his way, and the fruits of the earth also. Laomedon consulting the oracle was informed, that if he would give his daughter Hesione to the monster, he should quit the country. The king produced his daughter, but proclaimed at the same time that he would give the horses which he had received from Jupiter as the price of Ganymede to him who should destroy that enemy. Hercules, being present, undertook the service, and Minerva having built for him the mound or wall here mentioned,

There Neptune sat, and his confederate gods,
Their shoulders in impenetrable clouds
Involv'd; while, opposite, and on the hill
Callicolone, town-destroying Mars
And Phœbus waited, with their aids divine.
So, gods to gods in opposite aspect
Sat ruminating, and alike averse
On both sides to begin the toils of war,
While from his seat sublime Jove urg'd them on.
The champagne all was fill'd, and with the blaze
Illum'd of men and coursers arm'd in brass,
And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot
Of the encountering hosts. Then, two, the rest
Surpassing far, into the midst advanc'd
Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son
Æneas, and Achilles, glorious chief!
Æneas first advanc'd, and with an air
Of dauntless menace shook his bushy crest,
His bosom with his agitated shield
He fenc'd, and brandish'd high his glittering spear.
On th' other side, Achilles to the fight
Flew like a ravening lion, on whose death
Resolv'd the peasants from all quarters meet;
He, viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks

he concealed himself awhile behind it, but at length throwing himself into the monster's mouth descended into his bowels which he tore in pieces. Laomedon, still dishonest, gave him mortal instead of immortal horses for his reward, which Hercules soon discovering, destroyed the city and drove away the steeds to which he was so well entitled.—B. & V.

Right on, but pierc'd by some bold hunter gapes
 And writhes himself, disclosing his huge fangs
 Hung with white foam ; then, growling for revenge,
 Lashes himself to battle with his tail,
 Till with a burning eye and a bold heart
 He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain ;
 So, by his valour and his noble mind
 Impell'd, renown'd Achilles mov'd toward
 Æneas, and, small interval between,
 Thus spake the hero matchless in the race.³

Why stand'st thou here, Æneas ! and hast push'd
 Through such a crowd to meet me ? Burns thine heart
 To strive with me in hope that Priam's throne
 Hereafter, and his honours shall be thine ?
 But should'st thou slay me, not for that exploit
 Would Priam such large recompense bestow,
 For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind
 And disposition not so lightly chang'd.⁴
 Or have the Trojans of their richest soil
 For vineyard apt or plough assign'd thee part
 If thou shalt slay me ? Difficult, I hope,
 At least, thou shalt experience that emprise.

³ More than one of the Greek commentators assert that the lion has a natural goad growing on the under side of his tail, like a small pointed horn, with which he stimulates himself to battle.—B. & V. We who have not many opportunities of examining lions' tails, must take it on their credit.

⁴ The assertion seems sarcastic and to point at the obstinacy with which Priam and his family still detained the wife of Menelaus, on whose account the war was kindled.

Thee I have chas'd already with my spear ;
Can'st thou forget, that, finding thee of late
Alone on Ida, with such hasty flight
I drove thee down, that, all thy cattle left,
Thou never dar'd'st once look me in the face
Till thou had'st reach'd Lyrnessus, with whose spoils
Enrich'd by Jove and Pallas I return'd,
And led their women captive ? Thee, indeed,
The gods preserv'd, but will not, as thou dream'st,
Now also. Back into thy host again ;
Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight
My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught
By sufferings only is the part of fools.

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.
Pelides ! hope not, as I were a boy,
With words to scare me. I have also taunts
At my command, and could be sharp as thou.
By such report as from the lips of men
We oft have heard, each other's birth we know
And parents also ; but my parents thou
Saw'st never, and I never look'd on thine.
Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung
And Thetis, beauteous goddess of the deep ;
I boast myself of lovely Venus born
To brave Anchises, and his son this day
In battle slain thy sire shall mourn, or mine ;
For I expect not that we shall depart
Like children, satisfied with words alone.
But if it please thee more at large to learn

My lineage (thousands can attest it true)
 Know this. Jove, sovereign of the storms, begat
 Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls
 Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,
 He built Dardania ; for at Ida's foot
 Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days.
 Dardanus was the father of a son,
 King Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind.
 Three thousand mares of his the marish graz'd,
 Each suckling with delight her tender foal.
 Boreas, enamour'd of no few of these,
 The pasture sought in likeness of a steed
 Bright-man'd, and cover'd them. They, pregnant thence,
 Twelve foals produc'd, and all so light of foot,
 That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field
 They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear,
 And when they wanton'd on the boundless deep,
 They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.
 From Ericthonius sprang Tros, king of Troy,
 And Tros was father of three famous sons,
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede
 Fairest of human kind, whom for that cause
 The gods caught up to heaven, that he might dwell
 For ever there, the cup-bearer of Jove.
 Ilus begat Laomedon, and he

* Dardanus was the son of Jupiter by Electra daughter of Atlas.
 He dwelt in Samothracia ; but, a flood happening, built himself a
 boat, in which, clothed with a goat-skin, he committed himself to
 the waves, and was driven to Ida. There he landed and built the
 city named after him Dardania.—B. & V.

Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,
Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mars.
Assaracus a son begat, by name
Capys, and Capys in due time his son
Warlike Anchises, and Anchises me.
But Priam is the noble Hector's sire.⁶
Such is my lineage, and the blood I boast ;
But courage is from Jove, and ebbs or flows
As he commands ; for he disposes all.
But wherefore should we longer waste the time
In idle prate, while battle roars around ?
Reproach is cheap. With ease we might discharge
Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks
An hundred oars should sink beneath the load.
The tongue of man is voluble, hath words
For every theme, nor wants wide field and long,
And as he speaks so shall he hear again.
But wherefore should we wrangle, and with taunts
Assail each other, as the practice is
Of women, who with heart-devouring strife
On fire, start forth into the public way
To mock each other, giving scope alike
To truth or falsehood, as their anger bids ?⁷

⁶ Fearless of provoking Achilles, who, he knew, would hate him the more for it, *Aeneas* makes this the closing article of his genealogy, to show that he valued himself on his relationship to Hector, who had slain Patroclus. Hector was the son of Priam who descended from Ilus, and *Aeneas* the son of Anchises whose descent was from Assaracus the brother of Ilus.

⁷ This comparison was rejected by some of the ancient critics,

The ardour of my courage will not cool
 For all thy speeches ; we must combat first ;
 Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,
 That we may taste each other's force in arms.

So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance
 Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.
 Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow.
 Not unalarm'd Pelides his broad disk
 Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force
 Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.
 Vain fear ! he recollected not that arms
 Glorious as his, gifts of th' immortal gods,
 Yield not so quickly to the force of man.
 The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,
 No passage found ; the golden plate divine
 Repress'd its vehemence ; two folds it pierc'd,
 But three were still behind, for with five folds

on account of the coarseness of the image.—V. But Homer never scorns a jewel because he finds it in the dirt ; if it will embellish, enliven, illustrate a passage, he uses it without scruple, and ransacks all nature with the freedom of a man who had no such judges to control him from the seat of Jove on the summit of Olympus to the dunghill at the base of it. Lucian was as competent a judge of good writing as any of the commentators, and his opinion of these squeamish cavillers may be learned from his discourse with Homer which he feigned on purpose to deride them. The poet being questioned concerning the multitude of lines expunged, whether they were in fact spurious as the critics had pronounced them ? indignantly replies, *I made them all*. Then I perfectly understood, says Lucian, what phlegmatic and dull fellows were the disciples of Zenodotus and Aristarchus the grammarians.

Livy uses the same comparison in the following passage—" *Scdemus domi desides, mulierum ritu altercantes inter nos.*"—C.

Vulcan had fortified it ; two were brass ;
The two interior, tin ; the midmost, gold ;
And at the golden one the weapon stood.^a
Achilles, next, his shadow-stretching spear
Hurl'd forth and struck Æneas on the verge
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,
And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash
Started right through it, and it rang aloud.
Æneas, crouching to his hams, his shield
Thrust farther from him ; but the rapid beam
Bursting both borders of the ample disk,
Glanc'd down his back, and plung'd into the soil.
He 'scap'd it, and he stood ; but with a look
Of horror infinite the weapon saw
Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew
His faulchion keen, and with a deafening shout
Assail'd him ; but Æneas seiz'd a stone
Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge
The strength of two (such strength as we may boast)
Although he wielded it with ease, alone.
Then had Æneas, as Achilles rush'd

^a Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamental, have perplexed themselves much with this passage, for how, say they, could two folds be pierced and the spear be stopped by the gold, if the gold lay on the surface ? But to avoid the difficulty, we need only suppose that the gold was inserted between the two plates of brass and the two of tin, Vulcan, in this particular, having attended less to ornament than to security.

See the Scholiast in Villoison, who argues at large in favour of this opinion.

Toward him, smitten, though with none effect,
 His shield or helmet, and Achilles him
 Had with his sword extended at his feet,
 But that the god of Ocean quick perceiv'd
 His peril, and th' immortals thus bespake.

I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,
 Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,
 By smooth suggestions of Apollo lur'd
 To danger, such as he can ne'er avert.
 But why should brave Æneas, pure himself,
 Die for the fault of others? at no time
 Have fail'd his offerings, grateful to the gods.
 Come, therefore, rescue we from death, ourselves,
 This hero, lest, if by Achilles' arm
 He perish, Jupiter himself be wroth;
 For he is destin'd to survive, lest all
 The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond
 All others lov'd, his sons of woman born)
 Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.
 Saturnian Jove hath hated now long time
 The family of Priam, and henceforth
 Æneas and his son, and his sons' sons,
 Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy.*

* This has been considered, and justly, as a very extraordinary prophecy of the prosperity of Rome under a race of kings descended from Æneas. It is noticed as such in the Scholia ascribed to Porphyrius, and likewise by Eustathius, who having mentioned the opinion of some, that Homer must have been indebted for it to the leaves of the Sybil, observes that others have believed it his own, because as they affirm—He who has the spirit of poetry is a prophet also.—B.

To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove,
Neptune ! deliberate thyself, and choose
Whether to save Æneas, or to leave
The hero victim of Achilles' ire.
For Pallas and myself oft-times have sworn
In full assembly of the gods, to aid
Troy never ; never to avert the day
Of her distress ; not even when the flames,
Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece,
Shall climb with fury to her topmost towers.

No sooner Neptune heard, than through the throng
Of battle and the clash of spears the god
Came where Achilles and Æneas fought.
At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight
Of Peleus' son, and plucking from the shield
Of brave Æneas the enormous ash
Of Pelion, plac'd it at Achilles' feet.
Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,
He heav'd him far remote ; o'er many a rank
Of heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,
Launch'd into air from the expanded palm
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear
Of all the battle where the Caucons stood.¹

¹ The Caucons are not mentioned in the catalogue, and are, for that reason, by some supposed to have joined the Trojans since, and by others to be included there in the general appellation of Paphlagonians, whose neighbours they are said to have been. But there are still others who affirm that they were from Caunos, a city on the confines of Lydia, and were properly named, not Cauzones, but Caunii.—B. C. & V.

Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake.

What god, Æneas ! tempted thee to cope
Thus inconsiderately with the son
Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight
Than thou, and more the favourite of the skies ?
From him retire hereafter, or expect
A premature descent into the shades.
But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd
His destiny, in battle slain, then fight
Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside.

So saying, he left the well admonish'd chief,
And from Achilles' eyes dispers'd the gloom
Shed o'er them by himself. The hero saw
Clearly, and with his noble heart, incens'd
By disappointment, thus conferring, said.

Gods ! I behold a prodigy. My spear
Lies at my foot, and he at whom I cast
The weapon with such deadly force, is gone !
Æneas then, is also, as it seems,
Belov'd by the immortal gods, although
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.
I reckon not. Let him go. So gladly 'scap'd
From slaughter now, he shall not soon again
Feel an ambition to contend with me.
Now, therefore, animating, first, the Greeks,
Troy's whole united force I will assail,
And prove, at once, the valour of them all.

He said, and sprang to battle, with loud voice

Calling the Grecians after him.—Ye sons
Of the Achaians ! stand not now aloof,
My noble friends ! but foot to foot let each
Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.
The task were difficult for me alone,
Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe
So numerous, and to combat with them all.
For though immortal, neither Mars himself,
Nor even Pallas could suffice, at once
To chase and slaughter multitudes like these.
With hands, with feet, with spirit and with might,
All that I can I will ; right through I go,
And not a Trojan who shall chance within
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.

Thus he the Greeks exhorted, and, mean-time,
Illustrious Hector loudly to his host
Proclaim'd that he would cope with Peleus' son.

Fear not this chief, ye valiant men of Troy !
I dare oppose with words, though not in arms,
For they are mightier far, the gods themselves ;
Nor shall Achilles full performance give
To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,
Shall others unaccomplish'd leave and vain.
I will assail him, though his hands be fire,
Though fire his hands, and hammer'd steel his heart.*

* A critic quarrels with this repetition, though it is faithful to the original. But, beside that it is a translator's duty to give as true a copy of his author as he can, it is justified by the intention of the poet, which, as the Scholiast rightly observes, is to affect

So spake he them exhorting. At his word
Up rose the Trojan spears, thick intermix'd
The battle join'd, and clamour loud began.
Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake.

Advance not, Hector! thus into the van
Seeking Achilles, but in thickest fight
Expect him rather, lest he slay thee pierc'd
In close assault, or stricken from afar.³

He said, and Hector far into his host
Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.
Then, shouting terribly and cloth'd with might
Achilles sprang to battle. First, he slew
The valiant leader of a numerous band,
Iphition. Brave Otrynteus was his sire.
Him to Otrynteus the renown'd in arms
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
In fruitful Hyda. Right into his front
As he advanc'd, Achilles drove his spear,
And riv'd his scull; with thundering sound he fell,
And thus the conqueror gloried in his fall.⁴

Ah Otryntides! thou art slain. Here lies
The terrible in arms, who, born beside
The broad Gygæan lake where Hyllus flows

the reader vehemently and with the deepest impression of the force and fire of Achilles.—V.

³ It is well observed by the Scholiast that the poet is a strict economist of the character of Hector, and contrives to spare and save him to the last.—V.

⁴ Tmolus was a mountain of Lydia, and Hyda a city of the same country.—B. C. & V.

And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own.⁴

Thus gloried he. Mean-time the shades of death
Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels
And horses ground his body in the van.
Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a chief
Firm in defence of Ilium's walls, he slew.
Into his temples through his brazen casque
He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass
Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove
The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.
Hippodamas, while with a leap he left
His steeds and fled, the weapon next receiv'd
Within his spine. He, panting forth his life,
Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths
Dragg'd round the Heliconian king,⁵ who views
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.
Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanc'd.
Him, many a time his father had enjoin'd
To shun the fight; for he was youngest-born
Of his male offspring; shar'd beyond the rest
His favour, and in speed surpass'd them all.
Vain of that speed, he like a simple boy

⁴ So called from Gyges son of Candaulus; he is said to have been the first king of Lydia.—B. C. & V.

⁵ Neptune. So called, either because he was worshipped on Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.—B. C. & V.

Display'd it, starting through the foremost ranks
 Unaw'd by danger, till, at last, he died ;
 For, as he pass'd him swiftly, with his spear
 Achilles reach'd him ; in his back infix'd
 (Just where the golden clasps his belt secur'd,
 And where the doubled hauberk interpos'd)
 Sheer through his navel pass'd the pointed steel.
 He, shrinking, sank, in shades of death involv'd,
 And, as he kneel'd, his head inclining low
 With both hands press'd his issuing bowels back.
 Soon as the Trojan chief his brother saw
 Bent o'er his wound, and gathering, as he stoop'd,
 His entrails in his hands, grief's sablest cloud
 Came o'er his eyes, nor could he longer stand
 Remote from battle ; but impatient shook
 His pointed spear, and with the lightning's speed
 Flew to assail Achilles ; his approach
 Achilles mark'd exulting, and exclaim'd.⁷

He comes, from whom my bosom hath receiv'd
 Its deepest wound, the slayer of my friend ;
 We may no longer watch with jealous looks
 Each other, peering through the walks of war.

He ceas'd, and, frowning terribly, provok'd
 Approaching Hector. Haste, he cried, advance
 With swifter pace, and thou shalt sooner die.

⁷ It is an amiable trait in the character of Hector, that his pity in this instance supersedes his caution, and that at the sight of his brother in circumstances so affecting, he becomes at once inattentive to himself and the command of Apollo.

Whom answer'd warlike Hector, nought appall'd.
Hope not, Pelides ! such a child in me
As words may scare. Myself have also words
At my command, severe and sharp as thine.
I know thy force superiour ; but my spear
Is also keen, and whether, though enforc'd
By a less vigorous arm, it may not yet
Slay even thee, the gods must now decide.

He said, and hurl'd his spear ; which, ere it reach'd
The glorious chief Achilles, with a breath
Minerva wafted to a backward course
Successless, and it fell at Hector's feet.
Then, hot for vengeance, with a dreadful shout
Achilles flew to smite him ; but, with ease,
(What cannot power divine ?) him wrapt around
With thickest gloom Apollo snatch'd away.
Thrice swift Achilles sprang to the assault
Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote,
And at his fourth assault, godlike in act
And terrible in utterance, thus exclaim'd.

Dog ! thou art safe, and hast escap'd again ;
But narrowly, and by the aid once more
Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom
Thou ventur'st never where the javelin sings.
But when we next encounter, then expect,
If I have haply too some friend above,
To close thy proud career. Mean-time I seek
Another foe and reach even whom I may.

So saying, he pierc'd the neck of Dryops through,

And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,
And turning on the valiant warrior huge,
Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee
Pierc'd, and detain'd him by the planted spear,
Till with his sword he smote him, and he died.
Laogonus and Dardanus he next
Assaulted, sons of Bias ; to the ground
Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,
The other with his faulchion at a blow.
Tros too, Alastor's son—He suppliant clasp'd
Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,
Pleading equality of years, in hope
That he would spare, and send him thence alive.
Ah dreamer ! ignorant how much in vain
That suit he urg'd ; for not of milky mind,
Or placable in temper was the chief
To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands
His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he
Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword.
His liver falling forth, with sable blood
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Then, drawing close to Mulius, in his ear
He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.
Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son
Echechlus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,
And death and fate for ever veil'd his eyes.
Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,
Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urg'd
The brazen point ; he all defenceless stood,

Expecting death ; down came Achilles' blade
Full on his neck ; away went head and casque
Together ; from his spine the marrow sprang,
And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain.
From him to Rhigmus, Pircus' noble son,
He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace.*
Him through his loins he pierc'd, and with the beam
Fix'd in his bowels, to the earth he fell ;
Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine
Of Areithous his charioteer,
He thrust him down ; back flew the frightened steeds.
As a devouring fire within the glens
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,
So, on all sides, tremendous as a god,
Achilles drove the death-devoted host
Of Ilium, and the champaigne ran with blood.
As when the peasant his yok'd steers employs
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
With ponderous hoofs soon triturate the grain,
So, bearing terrible Achilles on,
His coursers stamp'd together, as they pass'd,
The bodies and the bucklers of the slain ;
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defil'd with mingled carnage, sweat and dust.

* The father of Rhigmus was either the Pircus slain in the fourth book, or another of his name.—V.

I L I A D.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the meantime the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

BOOK XXI.

BUT when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds
His stream vortiginous from Jove deriv'd,
There, scattering their divided host, he drove
Part through the plain to Troy, what way the Greeks
Had scarce escap'd, so lately, the pursuit
Of furious Hector. In the self-same track,
The Trojan host, now, pour'd themselves along
Not less confus'd ; whom Juno to retard
Cast thickest night before them.¹ Other part

¹ Madame Dacier understands this darkness to be caused by Juno for the preservation of the Trojans, which, considering her implacable hatred of them, seems a very improbable interpretation. Eustathius, more justly in the opinion of Clarke, who observes that the verb ἰσχυρῶς in Homer's use of it always signifies to

Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plung'd
With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,
And all his banks reecho'd loud the roar.
They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.
As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
Locusts uplifted on the wing escape
To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
Pursues them; they, astonish'd, strew the flood;
So, by Achilles driven, a mingled throng
Of horses and of warriors overspread
Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course.
He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank
His spear against a tamarisk reclin'd^a
Plung'd like a god, with faulchion arm'd alone,
But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides
Down came his edge; groans follow'd dread to hear
Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
The waters redden'd, as they ran, with blood.
As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks
And secret hollows of a haven fill,
For none of all that he can seize he spares,
So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves
Of Xanthus' awful flood.^b But he (his hands

impede, gives a contrary explanation of the passage, affirming that the goddess thus darkened the air that the Trojans seeing indistinctly might fall into the river.—C.

² A proof that he had clear'd the plain completely and left not an enemy behind him.

³ Neptune is fabled to have crowned the dolphin king of the

Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest
 Twelve youths selected whom to death he doom'd,
 In vengeance for his lov'd Patroclus slain.
 Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove
 Forth from the river, manacling their hands
 Behind them fast with their own tunic-strings,
 And gave them to his warrior train in charge.
 Then, ardent still for blood, he flew again
 To slaughter, and Dardanian Priam's son
 Lycaon met, escaping from the stream.
 Him erst, surpris'd in Priam's field by night,
 He had led captive thence. Lycaon cut
 The green wild fig for chariot-rings, when lo,
 Disaster unforeseen! Achilles came.
 He seiz'd and sent him in a ship afar
 To Lemnos; there the son of Jason paid
 His price, and, at great cost, Eetion
 The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
 Sent him to fair Arisba; but he 'scap'd
 Thence also, and regain'd his father's house.*
 Eleven days, at his return, he gave

fishes in recompense of his services in discovering to him the hiding-place of Amphitrite.—Oppian, in his *Halieutica* l. 2. v. 633, in lines of which the following are a translation, speaks of it thus.

The dolphin rules the deep, surpassing far
 All fishes else in beauty, force, and speed,
 For, as a dart the air, cleaves he the flood.—B.

* Arisba was, according to the Scholiast, a city of Thrace and near to the Hellespont, but according to Eustathius a city of Troas inhabited by a colony from Mitylene.—B. & C.

To recreation joyous with his friends,
And on the twelfth Fate cast him yet again
Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades
Now doom'd him, howsoever loath to go.
Soon as Achilles him saw naked there,
With neither helmet, spear, nor shield, all which
Emerging he had cast away, fatigued
Till his knees fail'd with toil to reach the land,
Indignant to his mighty self he said.

Gods ! I behold a miracle ! Ere long
The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain
Shall rise from Erebus ; for he is here,
The self-same warrior whom I lately sold
At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.
The hoary deep is prison strong enough
For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste
The point of this my spear, that I may learn
By sure experience, whether hell itself
That holds the strongest fast, can also him,
Or whether he shall even thence escape.

While thus he mus'd, o'erwhelm'd with dire dismay
The youth approach'd in haste to clasp his knees,
For vehement he felt the dread of death
Working within him ; with his Pelian ash
Uplifted high mean-time Achilles stood
Ardent to smite him ; he with body bent
Ran under it, and to his knees adher'd ;
The weapon, missing him, implanted stood
Close at his back ; when, seizing with one hand

Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd
The dreadful beam, embolden'd by despair,
And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began.

I clasp thy knees, Achilles ! Ah respect
And pity me. Behold ! I am as one
Who hath sought refuge even at thy hearth,
For the first Grecian bread I ever ate
I ate with thee, and on the very day
When thou didst send me in yon field surpris'd
For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote,
And for my price receiv'd'st an hundred beeves.*
Loose me, and I shall yield thee now that sum
Thrice told. Alas ! this morn is but the twelfth
Since, after numerous hardships, I arriv'd
Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot
Hath given me into thy hands again.
Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice
Made me thy prisoner, and my doom was death,
Death in my prime, the day when I was born
Son of Laothœ from Alta sprung,

* The argument is this. Slay me not, for it were incongruous and unseemly that thou who hast heretofore set bread before me, or in other words, hast furnished me with the means of life, shouldst now deprive me of it.—V.

The ancients, before the invention of coin, paid the price of a purchase in cattle ; whence it came to pass that, coin being once invented, they stamped it, in allusion to the former practice, with the figure of an ox. Hence too came the proverb—*βῆν ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ*—He has an ox on his tongue.—A proverb applied to the rhetorician who had accepted what we call a *retaining fee*, and was consequently already engaged.—B. & V.

From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
 On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedasus.⁶
 His daughter to his other numerous wives
 King Priam added, and two sons she bore
 Whose heads shall both be smitten off by thee.⁷
 My brother hath already died, in front
 Of Ilium's infantry, by thy bright spear,
 The godlike Polydorus; and like doom
 Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape
 Made by the gods thy captive as before.
 But hear and mark we well. My birth was not
 From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain
 Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd.⁸

Such supplication the illustrious son
 Of Priam made, but answer harsh receiv'd.

Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me.
 For till my friend his miserable fate
 Accomplish'd, I was somewhat given to spare,
 And numerous, whom I seiz'd alive, I sold.

⁶ He mentions his mother on account of her elevated rank and condition, and the more effectually to convince Achilles that he might expect large ransom for a prisoner whose parentage on both sides was so illustrious.—V.

⁷ It seems not improbable that Achilles having wounded Polydorus in the shocking manner described in Book XX. might strike off his head on a principle of compassion, though no such circumstance is mentioned. Be that as it may, the word *ἀποσπένδω* demands the translation here given it.

⁸ The clemency of Patroclus is slightly but very artfully insinuated, and the mention of it is a sort of delicate and indirect exhortation to Achilles to imitate his friend in the practice of that virtue.—V.

But now, of all the Trojans whom the gods
 Deliver to me, none shall death escape,
 'Specially of the house of Priam, none.
 Die, therefore, thou, my friend !⁹ Why deem'st it hard ?
 Patroclus died, a nobler far than thou.
 Mark also me, my goodliness of form—
 A king begat me, and a goddess bore ;
 Yet me Fate destines, on some future day,
 War's victim, and at morn, or noon, or eve,
 By shaft, or spear, myself must also die.

He ceas'd, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.
 The spear relinquish'd, in despair he stretch'd
 His hands abroad, when, drawing his keen sword,
 Achilles, with a sudden stroke, enforc'd
 The whole broad blade at once into his neck.
 He prone extended on the champaigne lay
 Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,
 Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far
 Into the stream, and, as he floated down,

⁹ There is much terrible irony in this appellation, by which Achilles ridicules the plea of Lycaon, that he had eaten bread at his table.—V. The sequel, in respect of argument, resembles a passage of Lucretius—L. iii. V. 1055.

*Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ,
 Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
 Præstinxit, stellas exortus uti æthereus Sol :
 Tu verò dubitabis, et indignabere obire ?*

C.

E'en Epicurus shone his hour and set—
 The foremost genius of the world, whose light
 Quench'd all beside, as risen day the stars :
 And shalt thou pause, and deem it hard to die ?

Thus, in wing'd accents, glorying, he exclaim'd.

There—while the fishes suck thy blood, secure,
Lie now. Thee never shall thy mother place,
Weeping the while on thy funereal bed,
But swift Scamander on his giddy tide
Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.
There, many a fish shall through the crystal flood
Ascending to the rippled surface, find
Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.
Thus still to flee be yours, and to pursue
Thus still, with havock of your host, be mine,
Till Ilium fall. Nor shall this pleasant stream
Of dimpling silver which ye worship oft
With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds
His rapid whirlpools, my revenge avert.
But ye shall die, die terribly, till all
Shall have requited me with just amends
For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks
Slain at the ships while I declin'd the war.

He ceas'd, and by such bold defiance rous'd
To double rage; no rest Scamander gave
To his vex'd thought, still framing means to turn
Achilles back, and save the towers of Troy.
He, shaking his enormous spear, mean-time
The warlike son of Pelegon assail'd
Asteropæus. Pelegon his sire,
Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest-born
Of Accessamenus, embrac'd beneath
His crystal floods, to wide-spread Axius, bore,

Achilles him assail'd. Two spears he grasp'd,
 Emerg'd undaunted from the stream, and stood.
 For Xanthus, angry that, no pity shown,
 Achilles spread with youthful warriors slain
 His whole expanse, embolden'd him to stand.
 And now, small distance interpos'd, they fac'd
 Each other, when Achilles thus began.¹

Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?
 Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy.

To whom the noble son of Pelegon.
 Why asks the brave Achilles whence am I?
 From rich Pœonia's distant land I came
 Chief leader of her valiant sons to Troy;
 And this day's rosy morn eleventh arose
 Since here our host arriv'd.² My proud descent
 I draw from Axius; Axius, fairest stream
 That waters earth, and Pelegon his son,
 If rumour err not, is my glorious sire.
 But we delay; now, therefore, fight; begin.

So threaten'd he. Then rais'd Achilles high
 The Pelian ash, and his two spears at once,

¹ The poet designing a conflict between Xanthus and Achilles, derives Asteropæus from a river-god, that Achilles slaying Asteropæus and boasting his own origin far superiour, may the more irritate his intended antagonist.—V.

Axius was a river of Pœonia in Thrace.—B. & C.

² The chief leader of the Pœonians had been Pyræchmes, and Asteropæus, while he lived, was only second in command; but Pyræchmes having been slain by Patroclus, Asteropæus now claims that title.—V.

Alike a practis'd warrior with both hands,
Asteropæus hurl'd. Achilles' shield
One struck, but pierc'd not, blunted by the gold,
Gift of a god; the other as it flew
Graz'd his right elbow; sprang the sable blood;
But, overflying him, the spear in earth
Stood planted deep, still hungering for the prey.
Then, full at the Pæonian Peleus' son
Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force
But vain; he struck the sloping river-bank,
And mid-length deep stood plung'd the ashen beam.
At once with faulchion drawn Achilles flew
To smite him; he in vain, mean-time, essay'd
To pluck the rooted weapon from the bank;
Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,
Although reluctant, left it; at his fourth
Last effort, bending it he sought to break
The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,
But perish'd by his keen edg'd faulchion first;
For on the belly at his navel's side
He smote him; to the ground effus'd fell all
His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes.
Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd
His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried.

Lie there; the mightiest who from rivers spring
Quell not with ease the mightier sons of Jove.
Thou thy descent from Axius mad'st thy boast,
But Jove himself I boast the source of mine.
My father, sovereign of the numerous race

The Myrmidons, is Peleus. Peleus sprang
 From Æacus, and Æacus, from Jove.
 And far as Jove all rivers, so far all
 From rivers sprung, the sons of Jove exceed.
 A spacious river now is at thy side,
 And, if he can, let him assist thee—No—
 He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.
 Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus,³
 Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,
 Although from him all rivers and all seas,
 All fountains and all wells proceed,⁴ may boast
 Comparison with Jove, but even he
 Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,
 And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.

³ Acheloïus runs through Acarnania and Dodona and is said to be the largest river of Greece. Hercules on his journey to the mouth of Tartarus, whither he was going that he might bind Cerberus, became the guest of Meleager son of Oeneus, whose sister Deïanira he engaged to marry. On his return therefore from hell he hasted to the house of Oeneus for that purpose. There, learning that Acheloïus made pretensions to his intended bride, he fought him, and his rival assuming the form of a bull, tore off one of his horns and carried away the virgin in dispute between them. Acheloïus having obtained from Amalthea, daughter of Oceanus, another horn, gave it to Hercules and received his own again.—B. & V.

⁴ Eustathius, in his preface to the Iliad, alluding to this passage, says—"It was an ancient opinion that all fountains, wells, and rivers are from the ocean. From Homer likewise proceeds, if not all wisdom, at least an abundant stream of it. For no curious and laborious inquirer, either into antiquity, or nature, or manners, or even the ordinary concerns of life, ever passed the tent of Homer uninvited, or left it unrefreshed."—C.

He said, and from the bank drew forth his spear.
But him he left extended on the sands
And dash'd by the clear wave, a breathless corse,
Where eels and fishes, busy with his plump
Well-cover'd sides, rasp'd all the flesh away.
Pæonia's horseman band he next assail'd,
Who, seeing by the sword and forceful arm
Of Peleus' son their leader slain, beside
The eddy-whirling river fled dispers'd.
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these suffic'd
Achilles, but Pæonians more had fallen,
Had not the angry river from within
His circling gulfs in semblance of a man
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.

Oh both in courage and injurious deeds
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom the gods themselves
Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd
All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,
Expel them, first, from me, and on the plain
Act that exploit; for, cumber'd as I am
With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream
No longer down into the sacred deep;
Alas! what deaths are here! But O desist
Dread chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
River divine! hereafter be it so.
But not from slaughter of this faithless host

Cease I, till I shall shut them fast in Troy
And trial make of Hector, if his arm
In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine.

He said, and with a godlike force again
Assail'd the Trojans; then the circling flood
To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd.

God of the silver bow and son of Jove!
Thou little heed'st thy sovereign sire's command,
Who charg'd thee in most earnest terms to aid
The Trojans, till, the sun declining, night
With shadows dim should veil the fruitful field.⁵

He ended, and Achilles at the word
Plung'd from the bank into the middle stream.
Then, turbulent, the river all his tide
Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off
The numerous bodies by Achilles slain
That choak'd his current; them, as with the roar
Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within
His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd.
Tremendous all around Achilles stood
The curling wave, then, falling on his shield

⁵ The precept here alluded to by Scamander can hardly be that which Apollo received from Jove in the eleventh book, by which Hector was forbidden to engage in battle till Agamemnon being wounded should retire, with an assurance that then night only should put an end to his victories; for that promise has been already performed. I recollect no other of the kind. The Scholiast refers us to the speech of Jupiter to Neptune in the beginning of book XX.—V. but to little purpose; neither Apollo nor any such command are mentioned there. May we venture to pronounce it an oversight?

Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.
An elm of massy trunk he seiz'd and branch
Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root
And drew the whole bank after it ; immers'd
It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,
And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores.
Up sprang Achilles from the gulf and turn'd
His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain
Astonish'd ; but the god, not so pleas'd,
Arose against him with a darker curl,
That he might quell him and deliver Troy.
Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length
Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd
As bears the black-plum'd eagle on her prey
Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.
Like her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest
Clang'd his bright armour. Then, with course oblique
He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood,
Fly where he might, came thundering in his rear.
As when the peasant with his spade a rill
Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove
Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,
The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath,
And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still
It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,
So him, though swift, the river always reach'd
Still swifter ; who can cope with power divine ?
Oft as Achilles, facing round, essay'd
Resistance, and to learn if all the gods

Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,
 Jove's offspring, lav'd his shoulders. Upward then
 He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep
 The current urg'd his legs aslant, and stole
 The soil so lately arid from beneath.

'Then, looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd.*

Eternal sire ! how slow are all the gods
 To save me from this adverse flood, from which
 Once sav'd, I would decline no death beside !
 Yet blame I none of all the powers of heaven
 As Thetis ; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul ;
 She promis'd me by Phœbus' rapid shafts
 An hastier death beneath the walls of Troy.⁷
 I would that Hector, noblest of his race,

* Neither Pindar, as the Scholiast observes, nor Archilochus had the courage to represent Hercules contending with a river in its natural form, and therefore changed it into that of a bull. To describe a conflict between his hero and a river untransformed was a task to which Homer only had proportionable powers. Conscious of those powers, he engaged in the enterprise, and felt no fear of failure.—V.

A question has been started by the critics—If the flood was of such depth on the plain as to reach the shoulders of Achilles, what became of the other Grecians, neither so tall as he, nor so able to conflict with it ?—V. The Scholiast answers it well enough by observing that fact and fiction are not bound by the same law of strict consistency, and that a latitude in that respect is allowed to a poet which in an historian would be insufferable. Xanthus might as well threaten to drown Achilles and yet spare the other Grecians, as Vulcan might scorch up the flood, and yet spare Achilles who was surrounded by it.

⁷ She had therefore disguised the truth, had told him that he should die at Troy, and that his death should be sudden, but had not told him that he should die by the dart of Paris.

Had slain me, then should I have bravely fallen
And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.
But Fate now dooms me to a death abhorr'd
Whelm'd in deep waters like a swineherd's boy
Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.

So spake Achilles ; then, in human form,
Neptune and Pallas to his side approach'd.
Each seiz'd his hand confirming him, and thus
The mighty shaker of the shores began.

Fear not, Pelides ! thou hast nought to fear.
In us behold, in Pallas and in me,
Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove ;
No river's victim thee the Fates ordain,
And soon this river shalt thou see subdued.
We give thee counsel ; hear it, and obey.
Allow no respite to thy vengeful arm,
Till every Trojan, (all who shall escape
Thy fury) within Ilium's lofty walls
Be fast enclos'd. Then, Hector slain, return
Triumphant, for we make that glory thine.

So spake they both, then join'd the gods again.
He, animated by the voice divine,
Now mov'd toward the champaigne, cover'd all
By that vast overflow, on which the shields
And bodies swam of many slain in fight.
He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd
Right onward, by the flood in vain oppos'd,
With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage
Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more

Incens'd against Achilles, curl'd aloft
His waters, and on Simoïs call'd aloud.

If I alone may not, combin'd at least
Quell we this chief, my brother ! he shall else
Soon lay the lofty towers of Priam low,
Whose host, appall'd, defend them now no more.
Haste—succour me—Thy channel fill with streams
From all thy fountains ; call thy torrents down ;
Lift high the waters ; mingle trees and stones
With uproar wild, that the enormous force
Of this man now triumphant and who aims
To match the gods in might, may be subdued.
But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought
Shall profit him or his resplendent arms,
For I will bury them in slime and ooze,
And I will overwhelm himself with soil,
Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones
For ever, in my bottom deep immers'd.
There shall his tomb be pil'd, nor other earth,
At his last rites, his friends shall need for him.
He said, and lifting high his angry tide
Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,
Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood ;
Then all his sable waves divine again
Accumulating, bore him swift along.
Shriek'd Juno at that sight through terror, lest
Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk
Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd.

Vulcan, my son, arise ; for we account
Xanthus well able to contend with thee.
Give instant succour : show forth all thy fires.
Myself will haste to call the rapid South
And Zephyrus, and from the sea will bring
Wild winds, which shall consume both arms and dead
With hideous conflagration. Burn along
The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and him
Seize also. Let him by no specious guile
Of flattery sooth thee, or by threats appal,
Nor slack thy furious fires till with a shout
I give command, then bid them cease to blaze.

She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires
Shot dreadful forth ; first, kindling on the field,
He burn'd the numerous bodies strew'd around
Slain by Achilles ; arid grew the earth
And the flood ceas'd. As when a sprightly breeze
Autumnal blowing from the north, at once
Dries the new-water'd garden, gladdening him
Who tills the soil, so was the champaigne dried.*
The dead consum'd, against the river, next,
He turn'd the fierceness of his glittering fires.
Willows and tamarisks and elms he burn'd,
Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds ; all plants and herbs
That cloth'd profuse the margin of his flood.
His eels and fishes agonizing, these

* The reason given in the Scholium is, that the surface being hardened by the wind the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and has time to saturate the roots.—V.

In gulfs below, those tumbling in the stream,
 All languish'd while the artist of the skies
 Breath'd on them ; even Xanthus lost, himself,
 All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd.

Oh Vulcan ! none in heaven itself may cope
 With thee. I yield to thy consuming fires.
 Cease, cease. I reckon not if Achilles drive
 Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,
 For what are war and war's concerns to me ?

So spake he, scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.
 As some huge cauldron hisses, urg'd by force
 Of circling fires and fill'd with melted lard,
 The unctuous fluid overbubbling^a streams
 On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,
 So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood
 Hiss'd in the fire ; nor could he longer flow
 But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd
 By Vulcan rais'd. His supplication, then,
 Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd.

Ah Juno ! why assails thy son my streams,
 Hostile to me alone ? Of all who aid
 The Trojan race least culpable am I,
 Yet even I desist if thou command ;
 And let thy son cease also ; for I swear
 That never will I from the Trojans turn
 Their evil day, not even when the host
 Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.

He said, and, at his oath relenting, thus

^a Ἀμβολαδόν.

To her own offspring Vulcan Juno spake.

Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf
Of mortal man thus longer vex a god.

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd
The reflux flood; for, Xanthus once subdued,
Juno enjoin'd, though angry, peace to both.

But contest vehement the other gods
Now wag'd, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd
And fierce to battle, while the boundless earth
Quak'd under them, and, all around, the heavens
Sang them together with a trumpet's voice.*
Jove listening, on the Olympian summit sat
Well-pleas'd, and, laughing in his heart for joy,
Beheld the powers of heaven for strife prepar'd.
Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercing Mars
Arm'd with his brazen spear, began the fight
Assailing Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd.

Wasp! front of impudence, and past all bounds
Audacious! Why impellest thou the gods
To fight? Thy own proud spirit is the cause.
Remember'st not, how, urg'd by thee, the son
Of Tydeus wounded me, and thou didst guide
Thyself the radiant spear that tore me? Now—
Now pay for all thy malice shown to me.

So saying, at once her tassell'd shield he smote
Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove;

* It is evident that Homer was acquainted with the trumpet though he has not used it in his battles.—B. & V.

That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury struck.
 But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheav'd
 A rugged stone, black, ponderous, from the plain,
 A land-mark fix'd by men of ancient times,
 Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars
 She smote him: Down he fell. Seven acres, stretch'd,
 He overspread, his ringlets in the dust
 Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms.
 The goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd
 With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd.¹

Fool! Art thou still to learn how far my force
 Surpasses thine, and dar'st thou cope with me?
 Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire
 Who hates thee for thy treachery to the Greeks,
 And for thy succour given to faithless Troy.

She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.
 But him deep-groaning and his torpid powers
 Recovering slow, Venus conducted thence
 Daughter of Jove; whom soon as Juno mark'd,
 In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake.

Daughter invincible of glorious Jove!
 Haste—follow her—Ah shameless! how she leads

¹ Both the allegory and the interpretation of it are here so plain that they obtrude themselves on the mind of the most inattentive reader. Minerva conquers Mars on purpose to teach us that it is our wisdom to abstain from war. We boast ourselves the people of an enlightened age, and it is a notable proof of it that all Europe is this day in flames. With all our pretensions to superiour illumination, we furnish by our conduct cause enough to question, whether Homer had not, in his distant day, far juster notions of the true interests of mankind than we.

Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of heaven.

So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd,
And, swiftly seeking Venus, on the breast
With such force smote her that of sense bereft
The fainting goddess fell. There Venus lay
And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe,
And in wing'd accents Pallas thus exclaim'd.

I would that all who on the part of Troy
Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,
Were firm and bold as Venus in defence
Of Mars, for whom she dar'd my power defy !
So had dissension (Ilium overthrown
And desolated) ceas'd long since in heaven.

So Pallas, and approving Juno smil'd.
Then the imperial shaker of the shores
Thus to Apollo. Phœbus ! wherefore stand
We thus aloof ? Since others have begun,
Begin we also ; shame it were to both
Should we without a contest seek again
Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove.
Begin, for thou art younger ; me, whose years
Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,
It suits not. Oh stupidity ! how gross
Art thou and senseless ! Are no traces left
In thy remembrance of our numerous wrongs
Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the gods
Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, serv'd
For stipulated hire, a year complete,
Our task-master the proud Laomedon ?

Myself a bulwark'd city wide, secure
Against assault, and beautiful as strong
Built for the Trojans, and thine office was
To feed for king Laomedon his herds
Among the groves of Ida many-val'd.
But when the gladsome hours the season brought
Of payment, then the unjust king of Troy
Dismiss'd us of our whole reward amerc'd
By violence, and added threats beside.
He threaten'd *thee* to sell, bound hand and foot,
In some far distant isle, and to cut off
The ears of both; we, therefore, hasted thence
Resentful of our promis'd hire withheld.
Aid'st thou for this the Trojans? Can'st thou less
Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole
Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all?

To whom the king of radiant shafts replied.
Ah Neptune! thou would'st hardly deem me wise
Engag'd in fight, on man's account, with thee;
A wretched race! who, fed with fruits of earth,
Now thrive and flourish rankly as the leaves,
Now sapless fall. Here, therefore, us between
Let all strife cease, far better left to them.

He said, and wiser than to lift his hand
Against his sire's own brother, turn'd away.
But him Diana regent of the woods,
His huntress sister, sharply thus reprov'd.

Fly'st thou, Apollo! and to Neptune yield'st
An unearn'd victory, the prize of fame

Resigning patient and with no dispute ?

Fool ! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain ?

Ah, let me never in my father's courts

Such vauntings hear of thine again, that thou

Would'st dare confront the ocean's king in arms.

So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.

But thus the consort of the Thunderer, fir'd

With wrath, reprov'd the archeress of heaven.

Ah, void of shame ! how dar'st thou to oppose

My pleasure ? Huntress as thou art, the task

To match my force were difficult to thee.

Is it, because by ordinance of Jove

Thou art a lioness to womankind,

Killing them at discretion ?² But beware—

Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights

To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,

Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.

But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme,

Approach—Thou soon shalt learn how far my force

Surpasses thine, since thou would'st cope with me.

She said, and with her left hand seizing both

Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow

Suspended on her shoulder with the right,

And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears.

She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground

Shook forth her rapid shafts, then, weeping, fled,

² Diana, according to Chrysippus, is said to have an option in the case and to kill or save as she pleases, because births at the full moon were observed to be easy, but difficult and dangerous at the new.—V.

As to her cavern in some hollow rock
 The dove, not destin'd to his talons, flies
 The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.

Then, messenger of heav'n, the Argicide
 Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,
 Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were
 To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove.
 Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim
 To all the gods that thou hast vanquish'd me.³
 Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fallen
 In wild disorder on the dusty plain,
 Latona with the sacred charge withdrew
 Following her daughter; she, arriving soon
 Within the palace of Olympian Jove,
 Sat weeping on his knees till all her robe
 Ambrosial shook. The mighty father smil'd,
 And to his bosom straining her, inquir'd.

My child! what power divine hath dar'd afflict
 Thee thus, as guilty of some open wrong?

To whom the clear-voic'd huntress crescent-crown'd.
 My father! Juno, thy own spouse hath caus'd
 My sorrow—the incendiary of heaven.

³ Homer ascribes to Mercury a character more amiable than to any other of his deities. He delights to converse familiarly with man: He is the author of all useful inventions; the inspirer of eloquence and agreeable discourse; whatsoever pleases in language, manners, or address is his gift; if he visits earth, it is always for some benevolent purpose; and here, in perfect consistence with the disposition imputed to him on other occasions, he is represented as peaceful likewise, and an enemy only to contention.

Such was their mutual conference. Mean-time
 Apollo into sacred Troy return'd
 Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks
 Too soon for Fate should desolate the town,
 The other gods, some angry, some elate
 With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,
 And sat beside the Thunderer. But the son
 Of Peleus—He both Trojans slew and steeds.
 As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies
 From some great city which the gods have fir'd
 In vengeance, sorrow thence to many ensues:
 With mischief, and laborious work to all,
 So caus'd Achilles much laborious work
 That day, and mischief to the men of Troy.

But ancient Priam from a sacred tower
 Stood looking forth, whence soon he notic'd vast
 Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled
 All courage lost. Descending from the tower
 With mournful cries and hasting to the wall
 He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates.⁴

Hold wide the portals till the flying host
 Reenter, for Achilles is at hand
 And hunts the people home. Now, woe to Troy!
 But soon as safe within the walls receiv'd

⁴ The walls and towers of Troy are termed sacred because built by the gods. The army being now about to enter the gates, Priam is the proper person to manage and give directions necessary to the safety of the town; too old for action, he is nevertheless the king, and qualified in respect of wisdom gained by experience to suggest what may be most expedient.—V.

They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates
At once, lest that destroyer also pass.

He said ; they shooting back the bars, threw wide
The gates and sav'd the people, whom to aid
Apollo also sprang into the field.
They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust
Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,
Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart
And all on fire for glory. Then, even then
Had haughty Ilium fallen by the hands
Of the Achaians, but Apollo rous'd
Antenor's valiant son, the noble chief
Agenor, whom with dauntless might he fill'd,
And stood himself beside him in the shade
Of the broad beech involv'd in mist, to ward
The fate that threaten'd him. Agenor, then,
Seeing the terrible Achilles nigh,
Stood, but with many an anxious thought perplex'd,
And thus with his heroic heart conferr'd.

Alas ! if following the tumultuous flight
Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far
He soon will lop my ignominious head.
But if, these leaving to be thus dispers'd
Before him, from the city wall I fly
Across the plain of Troy into the groves
Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,
I may, at evening, to the town return
Bath'd and refresh'd. But whither tend my thoughts ?
Should he my flight into the plain observe.

And swift pursuing, seize me, then, farewell
All hope to 'scape a miserable death,
For he is strong beyond all strength of man.
How then—shall I withstand him here before
The city? He hath also flesh to steel
Pervious, within it but a single life,
And men report him mortal, howsoe'er
Jove lift him now to glory and renown.

So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart
Beating for battle. As the panther springs
To meet the hunter, from her gloomy lair,
Nor fears nor shuns by flight the yelling hounds,
But whether from afar or nigh at hand
He pierce her first, although transfix'd, the fight
Still tries, and combats desperate till she fall,
So, brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank
Till he had prov'd Achilles, but his breast
O'ershadowing with his buckler, and his spear
Poising and aiming at him, thus exclaim'd.

Renown'd Achilles! thou art high in hope
Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow
The city of the glorious sons of Troy.
Fool! ye must labour yet ere she be won;
For numerous are her citizens and bold,
And we will guard her for our parents' sake
Our wives and little ones. But as for thee,
Bold as thou art and dreadful, here thou diest.

He said, and his keen weapon hurl'd amain,
Nor err'd, but smote his greave beneath the knee.

The glittering tin, forg'd newly, at the stroke
Tremendous rang, but with a swift recoil
Back flew the spear, nor pierc'd the guard divine.
Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail
Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds
The Trojan thence, whom calm he sent away.

Then Phœbus from the chase of Ilium's host
By art seduc'd Achilles; for the form
Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled
Before him, and Achilles swift pursued.
While him to such pursuit Apollo lur'd
Along Scamander's bank and o'er the plain,
Nor flying far before, but with false hope
Always beguiling him, the Trojan host,
Mean-time, impatient to regain the town,
Tumultuous fled, and, entering, clos'd the gates.
None halted to descry, without the walls,
Who yet surviv'd, or had in battle fallen,
But all whom flight had sav'd, with eager haste
Pour'd through the pass, and crowded into Troy.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Achilles slays Hector.

BOOK XXII.

THUS driven like hunted fawns into the town,
Their trickling limbs at leisure there they cool'd,
And, drinking, slak'd their fiery thirst, reclin'd
Against the battlements. Mean-time the Greeks
Each with his shield aslant, approach'd the walls,
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnar'd,
Still stood expos'd before the Scæan gate.
Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son.

Wherefore, Achilles! mortal man thyself,
Pursu'st thou me immortal? blind with rage
Thou know'st not yet, that thou pursu'st a god.
Thy flying foes neglected, thou hast stray'd
In vain pursuit of me, till Ilium's gates
Have clos'd on all her host; yet me of life
Shalt ne'er bereave, for I can never die.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift,
Indignant. Oh, of all the powers above

To me most adverse, archer of the skies !
Thou hast beguil'd me, leading me away
From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else,
No few had with their teeth now clench'd the glebe.
Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,
And, safe thyself, hast rescued *them* with ease.
Ah—had I power, I would requite thee well.

So saying, incens'd he turn'd toward the town
His rapid course, like some victorious steed
That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.
So flew Achilles lightly o'er the field.

Him, first, the ancient king of Troy perceiv'd
Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star
Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night
Conspicuous most, and nam'd Orion's dog ;¹
Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire

¹ But some call it the dog of Erigone, and account for his receiving the honours of a constellation thus. Icarius of Athens had one only daughter named Erigone who had a favourite dog. Bacchus arriving at her father's house was entertained by him, and, in requital, made him a present of wine and of a vine-branch. At the same time the god enjoined him to visit other nations and to instruct them all in the uses of the grape. He set forth attended by his daughter's dog, and had no sooner left Athens than, meeting some herdsmen, he gave them wine. They, making themselves too free with it, fell into a profound sleep, from which, at last awaking, they judged that Icarius had poisoned them, and therefore slew him. The dog returning to Erigone, by his howlings taught her to suspect what had passed, and, her suspicions being confirmed, she hanged herself. A plague soon after happening in Athens, the citizens were commanded by the oracle to pay annual honours to Icarius and Erigone, and thenceforth Icarius was called Bootes, Erigone, Virgo, and the dog, the dog as usual.—B. & V.

Disease portends to miserable man ;
So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew.
Loud wail'd the hoary king, with lifted hands
His temples smote, and supplication sad
To his own son preferr'd ; he, fiercely bent
On combat with Achilles, from before
The portal mov'd not, when his aged sire
With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began.

Hector, my son ! Oh, wait not there, alone,
Yon dreadful chief, lest, all thy friends remote,
Thou perish, for his strength surpasses thine.
Would that the gods so valued him as I !
Soon then should dogs and vultures with his flesh
Their hunger sate, and all my sorrow cease.
He hath unchilded me of many a son,
All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold
To distant isles ; nor, searching, can I find
Lycaon, even now, within the walls,
Or Polydorus, youngest of my sons,
And children by Laothoë the fair.
But if they still in yonder camp survive
I will redeem them with the gold and brass
By noble Altes to his daughter given,
Large store, and still reserv'd. Or should they both,
Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,
We, then, from whom they sprang, have cause to mourn
And mourn them long ; but shorter shall the grief
Of other Trojans prove, if thee, at least,
Achilles slay not. Enter then, my child !

Save young and old, save all of either sex
In Ilium ; nor thy future happy years
Resign but to enhance Achilles' fame.
Commiserate also thy unhappy sire
Ere yet distracted ; whom Saturnian Jove
Ordains to perish overwhelm'd with woe
In the extremity of age ; to see
Sons slaughter'd, daughters captive, torn and stripp'd
The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd
Against the ground in dire hostility,
And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.
Me, haply, last of all, shall dogs devour
In my own vestibule, when once the spear
Or faulchion of some Greek hath laid me low.
The very dogs that sat beside my board,
My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood
To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.
Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,
And when all mangled by the spear he lies
His death becomes him well ; he rests secure,
Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls.
But when the silver locks and silver beard
Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs
Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait
On miserable mortals, that is worst.

So spake the ancient king, and his gray hairs
Pluck'd with both hands ; but Hector firm endur'd.
On the other side, with tears that ceaseless flow'd
His mother bar'd her bosom, to his sight

Her breast disclos'd, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd.

My Hector ! reverence this, and pity me.
 If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs
 Of infancy I sooth'd, oh now, my son !
 Acknowledge it, and from within the walls
 Repulse this adversary ; stand not there
 To cope with *him*, for he is savage-fierce,
 And should he slay thee, neither I, my child !
 Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse shall weep
 Upon thy body, but remote from us
 Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece.*

So they with prayers importun'd, and with tears
 Their son, but him sway'd not ; unmov'd he stood,
 Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.
 As some huge serpent in a cave, that feeds
 On baneful drugs, and swells with deadliest ire,
 A traveller approaching, coils himself
 Around his den, and hideous looks abroad,
 So Hector, fill'd with confidence untam'd,
 Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
 A buttress with his noble heart conferr'd.

Alas for me ! should I repass the gate,

* Homer's strict attention to nature, every where observable, is worthy of particular notice here, and cannot fail to strike the reader on a comparison of the two speeches of Priam and Hecuba. That of the father is pathetic indeed, but less pathetic than the mother's. He solicits the affection of his son, she expresses her own. He pities himself, she is concerned for Hector only. The greater tenderness of the maternal character demanded this difference, and the poet was too just not to make it.—V.

Polydamas would be the first to heap
Reproaches on me ; for he bade me lead
The Trojans back this last calamitous night
In which Achilles rose to arms again.
But though far more discretion I had shown
Complying, I refus'd ; and after loss
By that refusal obstinate incurr'd
Of half our host, I fear lest brave and base,
Lest man and matron censure me, and say—
Hector's self-confidence is cause of all.
So shall they speak, and then shall I regret
That I return'd ere I had slain in fight
Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,
I died not nobly in defence of Troy.
But shall I thus ? Lay down my bossy shield,
Put off my helmet, and my spear recline
Against the city wall, then go myself
To meet the brave Achilles, and at once
Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive,
With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet
Brought home, to be restor'd to Atreus' sons,
And to distribute to the Greeks at large
All hidden treasures of the town, an oath
Taking beside from every senator
That he will nought conceal, but will produce
And share in just equality what stores
Soever our fair city still includes ?
Ah airy speculations, questions vain !
I may not sue to him ; he will vouchsafe

To my request nor pity nor respect,
 But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once
 His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain.
 It is no time from oak or hollow rock
 With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
 A nymph and swain soft parley mutual hold,
 But rather to engage without delay
 In dreadful fight; so, soonest shall we learn
 Whom Jove will make victorious, him or me.³

Thus pondering he stood; mean-time approach'd
 Achilles terrible as fiery Mars,
 Crest-shaking god, and brandish'd as he came
 O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.
 Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun
 Ascending beam'd his armour. At that sight
 Trembled the Trojan chief, nor dar'd expect
 His nearer step, but flying left the gates
 Far distant, and Achilles swift pursued.
 As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,
 The hawk darts eager at the dove; she scuds
 Aslant, he, screaming, springs and springs again
 To seize her, all impatient for the prey,

³ Aristotle remarking that it is an argument of a noble nature, if a man will expose himself to danger and hardship rather than incur the censure of his fellow-citizens, adduces Hector confronting Achilles through respect for the opinion of Polydamas as an instance of it.—C.

The repetition follows the original, and the Scholiast is of opinion that Homer uses it here that he may express more emphatically the length to which such conferences are apt to proceed.—
Δια την πολυλογίαν τη ανάληψι ἔχρησται.

So flew Achilles constant to the track
Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath
The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.
Passing the prospect-mount where high in air
The wild-fig wav'd,⁴ they rush'd along the road,
Declining never from the wall of Troy.
And now they reach'd the running riv'lets clear,
Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise
Two fountains, tepid one, from which a smoke
Issues voluminous as from a fire,
The other, even in summer heats, like hail
For cold, or snow, or water fix'd by frost.⁵
Beside them may be seen the broad canals
Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy
And all her daughters fair were wont to lave
Their costly raiment, while the land had rest,
And ere the warlike sons of Greece arriv'd.
By these they ran one fleeing, one in chase.
Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far
Beyond him he who urg'd the swift pursuit;
Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast
For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,
The swift foot-racer's customary meed,
But for the noble Hector's life they ran.

⁴ It grew near to the tomb of Ilus.—V.

⁵ The Scamander ran down the eastern side of Ida, and at the distance of three stadia from Troy making a subterraneous dip it passed under the walls and rose again in the form of the two fountains here described, within them; from which fountains these rivulets are said to have proceeded.—V.

As when two steeds, oft conquerors, trim the goal
 For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright
 Or beateous virgin, at a funeral game,
 So they, thrice circling Priam's city, ran
 Their rapid race. That sight the gods survey'd,
 And thus the sire of gods and men began.⁶

⁶ The speed with which they ran is compared not simply to the speed of horses; but to the speed of horses in a race; those too, not of an ordinary breed, but such as have been often winners; nor even to the speed of such at their usual rate of running, but in the very crisis of their chief exertion when they trim the goal; and lastly, they run for no trivial, but for an illustrious prize.—Every circumstance that can convey an idea of the utmost possible celerity is assembled in this short comparison.

But why does not Achilles, who excels all in swiftness, overtake Hector? Hector has the aid of Apollo. Hector too had a resting-time while he stood deliberating under the walls. But Achilles has struggled with Scamander from whom he has escaped with difficulty, and has chased Apollo under the semblance of Agenor, since.

M. Chevalier, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, &c. in the year 1791, read before that society a description of the plain of Troy according to an actual survey taken of it by himself. He read it in French, and a translation of it into English, accompanied with notes and illustrations by Mr. Dalzel, Fellow of the same society, Greek Professor, and principal librarian of the University of Edinburgh, was published in the same year.

The learned author and annotator are both of opinion, that Hector was not pursued completely round the city, but that in his flight from Achilles he described lateral circles only, occasionally making for the walls, and as often impelled to the plain by his pursuer.

The opinion is supported with very plausible and ingenious arguments, the most important of which seem to be, the inference drawn from Virgil's manner of representing the flight of Turnus from Æneas, and the sense which Homer intended the proposition

Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me
 Around the walls of Ilium driven, and grieve
 For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls
 On yonder heights of Ida many-val'd
 Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy.

πρὶ should have as often as it occurs in his representation of the flight of Hector.

Why, it is asked, should the Roman poet have deviated, in this particular only, from the pattern given him by the Grecian? If Hector encompassed Troy in his flight, why not Turnus Laurentum also? It is not difficult to answer the question without supposing that Virgil understood the race in Homer as these gentlemen understand it. He judged probably, as others have done, that a race of three circles round a large city was too long, and therefore to avoid *the incredible* with which Homer appeared to him to be chargeable, instead of implicitly following his original, claimed a right of discretion, and shortened the flight of Turnus.

The other argument drawn from the different senses of which the preposition *πρὶ* is susceptible, seems to have little force in it. The learned annotator himself acknowledges that when it governs an accusative, it most commonly signifies in Latin, *circa, circum*; in English, *round, round about*. And it may be questioned whether in any of those instances where he finds it signifying *near*, it requires that sense, or will even admit it without violence; the line cited from the 21st Iliad alone excepted—

Τὰ πρὶ καλὰ ῥέθρα ἄλκι πτόλιό πεφύκει.

On the whole, it may be affirmed perhaps with good reason, that supposing Homer to have described, as he is generally understood to have done, a circular flight including the whole city within it, he could not have executed that intention in terms more adequate or better suited to his purpose.

I shall only add, for my limits forbid me to be diffuse, that Strabo, as quoted by Clarke, justifies the common interpretation; so that not modern translators only, but the ancient Greek expositors also, must have been very unskilful, if this newly discovered sense of the passage be the true one.

But him Achilles, glorious chief, around
The city-walls of Priam now pursues.
Think then, ye gods, delay not to decide—
Shall we preserve, or leave him now to fall,
Brave as he is, by Peleus' mighty son?

Whom answer'd thus Minerva azure-eyed.
Dread sovereign of the storms! what word is this?
Would'st thou deliver from the stroke of fate
A mortal man death-destin'd from of old?
Do it; but small thy praise shall be in heaven.

To whom the sovereign of the boundless air.
Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear! that word
Spake not my purpose; me thou shalt perceive
Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt
That execute, and use thou no delay.

So urg'd he Pallas of herself prepar'd,
And from the heights Olympian down she flew.
With unremitting speed Achilles still
Press'd Hector. As among the mountain-heights
The hound pursues rous'd newly from her lair
The flying fawn through many a vale and grove,
And though she trembling sculk the shrubs beneath,
Her track unravels till he find the prey,
So 'scap'd not Hector Peleus' rapid son.
Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang
And to the shelter of Troy's lofty towers,
Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,
So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence
Enforc'd him to the field, who, as he might,

Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again.
As, in a dream, flight saves not, and pursuit
O'ertakes not; but both fugitive alike
And fierce pursuer pant and toil in vain;
So these in vain, one fled, and one pursued.
How, then, had Hector his impending fate
Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last
Last effort meeting him, his strength restor'd,
And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew?
The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows
Shaking, forbid the Grecians to dismiss
A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand
Should pierce him, and usurp the foremost praise.
But when the fourth time to those rivulets
They came, then, balancing his golden scales,
Jove plac'd in each a lot; Achilles, one,
And, one, consigning Hector to the shades.
Seiz'd by the central hold he pois'd the beam.
Down went the fatal day of Hector, down
To Ades, and Apollo left his side.
Then blue-eyed Pallas hasting to the son
Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd.

Now, dear to Jove, Achilles fam'd in arms!
I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,
We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return
Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece.
No fear of his deliverance now remains,
Not even should the king of radiant shafts
Apollo toil in supplication, roll'd

And roll'd again before the Thunderer's feet.⁷
 But stand, recover breath; myself, the while,
 Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.

So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,
 And rested on his spear. But she, the while,
 (Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,
 And in the form, and speaking with the voice
 Of loud Deiphobus, drew nigh and said.

My brother! chas'd thus rapidly around
 The walls of Ilium by too swift a foe,
 Thy spirit fails; stand, therefore, and thy force
 With mine uniting, his assault repress.*

To whom the warlike Hector huge replied.
 Deiphobus! of all my father's sons
 Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever lov'd
 Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,
 Who, soon as thou beheld'st me, boldly cam'st
 For my sake forth, while others rest within.

Then thus the goddess with the azure eyes.
 My noble brother! I was much implor'd
 Both by our kneeling parents and my friends

⁷ *πεπρωκυλιδόμενος.*

⁸ In an ode written by Milton in his 17th year he expresses much indignation at this artifice practised by Pallas for the destruction of Hector. The ode is on the death of Dr. Goslyn, Vice-chancellor of Cambridge. Hector seems to have been his favourite rather than Achilles, for, alluding to this passage, he says—

*Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret — — —
 Non fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilium Hectora.*

To stay in Troy (such fear hath seiz'd on all)
 But grief for thee my heart and soul devour'd.
 Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears
 No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son
 Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet
 Our gory arms, or perish slain by thee.

So saying, the wily goddess led the way.
 Soon, face to face, small interval between,
 The heroes stood, when Hector thus began.

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.
 Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls
 A fugitive, and have not dar'd abide
 Thy onset; but my heart now bids me stand
 Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.
 Come then. We will attest the gods; for they
 Are fittest both to witness and to guard
 Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe
 The hard-earn'd victory, and to take thy life,
 I will not with dishonour foul insult
 Thy body, but, thine armour stripp'd, will give
 Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine.*

* The whole circumference of ancient Troy is said to have measured sixty stadia. A stadium measured one hundred and twenty-five paces. Achilles pursued Hector thrice round the city-wall, and thrice he dragg'd his body round the pile of Patroclus, but never thrice round the city, as Virgil by mistake affirms, and by his authority has led, all who have written on the subject since, to affirm also.

See Barnes on line 401, of the original.

The line of Virgil alluded to is in *Æn.* 1. 487.

Ter circum Iliacos raftaverat Hectora muros.

To whom Achilles, lowering dark, replied.
 Hector ! my bitterest foe ! speak not to me
 Of covenants ; as concord can be none
 Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs
 Can be unanimous, but hate perforce,
 And by a law not liable to change,
 So cannot unity subsist between
 Thee and myself ; nor league make I with thee
 Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed
 Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars.
 Rouse all thy virtue ; thou hast utmost need
 Of valour now, and of address in arms.
 Flight now is hopeless ; Pallas by my spear
 This moment quells thee ; now will I avenge
 At once the agonies of every Greek
 In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.

He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,
 Dismiss'd it ; but illustrious Hector warn'd,
 Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierc'd
 The soil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it
 Unseen, restor'd it to Achilles' hand,
 And Hector to his mighty foe replied.

Godlike Achilles ! thou hast err'd, nor know'st
 At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,
 But seek'st by subtly and wind of words
 To terrify and rob me of my might.
 Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.
 Behold my bosom ! if the gods permit,
 Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.

Mean-time avoid my glittering spear; but oh
May'st thou receive it all! since lighter far
To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,
Thee once destroy'd, the direst plague she knows.

So saying, he shook and hurl'd his spear, nor err'd,
But smote the centre of Achilles' shield
From which the weapon sliding roam'd away.
He, angry to have sent it forth in vain,
(For he had other none) with eyes downcast
Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice
Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded chief,
A second; but Deiphobus was gone.
Then Hector understood his doom, and said.

Ah, it is plain; this is mine hour to die.
Deiphobus, whom I believ'd so near,
Is still in Troy, and Pallas in his form
Beguil'd me. Now, by Destiny's award,
Death without refuge, dreadful death impends;
Such, from of old, the pleasure was of Jove,
And such Apollo's. Guardians of my life
Long-time, they now forsake me, and I die.
But neither will I tamely yield, nor fall
Inglorious; now such conflict will I wage
That future ages shall record my deeds.

So saying, his keen faulchion from his side
He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd
At once to combat. As the eagle darts
Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize
Weak lamb or timorous hare, so he to fight

Impetuous sprang, and shook his glittering blade.

Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire

Full-fraught, came on ; his shield with various art

Divine portray'd o'erspread his ample chest,

And on his radiant casque terrific wav'd,

By Vulcan spun, his crest of bushy gold.

Bright as, among the stars, the star of all

Most splendid, Hesperus, at midnight moves,

So, in the right-hand of Achilles beam'd

His brandish'd spear, while, meditating woe

To Hector, he explor'd his noble form,

Seeking where he was vulnerable most.

But every part, his dazzling armour torn

From brave Patroclus' body, well secur'd,

Save where the circling key-bone from the neck

Disjoins the shoulder ; there his throat appear'd,

Whence injur'd life with swiftest flight escapes ;

Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,

Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.

The ashen beam his power of utterance left

Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,

And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd.^a

But Hector ! when thou did'st despoil my friend

Thou thought'st thee safe, nor car'dst for absent me.

Fool ! I was nigh at hand and in the fleet

^a Homer says, *did not separate his windpipe*. The part is somewhat flexible and may be supposed therefore to have yielded to the pressure of the spear, and by so doing to have escaped unwounded. The gigantic size of Hector also makes the fact more probable.

T' avenge his death, a mightier far than thou,
And I have slain thee. Dogs and fowls shall shame
Thy body, but the Greeks shall his entomb.

To whom the Trojan chief languid replied.
By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth,
And by thy knees, oh let not Grecian dogs
Rend and devour me, but in gold accept
And brass a ransom at my father's hands,
And at my mother's; an illustrious price;
Send home my body, grant me burial-rites
Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.⁹

To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus.
Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.
I would my fierceness of revenge were such,
That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms
Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure,
That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs.¹
No. Would they bring ten ransoms by the scale,
Or twice ten ransoms, and still promise more,
Would Priam buy thee with thy weight in gold,
Not even then should she who bare thee weep

⁹ The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge.

¹ The Greek commentators let slip no opportunity of proving, or at least attempting to prove Hector a barbarian, often allowing themselves in the most uncandid remarks for this purpose, and always partial. But it is curious to observe how silent they are on the subject of this savage wish of Achilles, which alone preponderates against all the evidence by which they would impeach the character of the Trojan.

— Upon thy bier ; for dogs and ravening fowls
Shall rend thy flesh till every bone be bare.

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.
I knew thee ; knew that I should sue in vain,
For in thy breast of steel no pity dwells.
But oh, be cautious now, lest heaven, perchance,
Requite thee on that day, when pierc'd thyself
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,
Brave as thou art, within the Scæan gate.²

He ceas'd, and death involv'd him dark around.
His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house
Of Ades sought, deploring as she went
Youth's prime and vigour lost, disastrous doom !
But him, though dead, Achilles thus bespake.

Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour
Jove gives commandment, and the gods above.

He said, and planting at his side the spear
Drawn forth, from Hector's shoulders rent away
His armour stain'd with gore, and, numerous Greeks
In haste assembling, wonder'd to behold
His bulk and fair proportion ; neither fail'd
One Grecian of them all to pierce the slain ;
And to his fellow thus the soldier spake.

Ye gods ! how far more patient of the touch
Is Hector now, than when he fir'd the fleet !

² Achilles is said to have been invited by Hecuba, on pretext of the marriage of her daughter Polyxena, to a banquet in the temple of Apollo adjoining to the Scæan gate, and to have been insidiously slain there, together with Antilochus, by Paris.—B.

Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.
 And now, the body stripp'd, their noble chief
 The swift Achilles, standing in the midst,
 The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd.

Friends, chiefs and senators of Argos' host !
 Since, by the will of heaven, this man is slain
 Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside,
 Essay we next the city ; so to learn
 The Trojan purpose, if, this hero slain,
 They will forsake the citadel, or still
 Defend it, although Hector be no more.
 But wherefore speak I thus ? still undeplor'd,
 Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies ;
 Him never, while, alive myself, I move
 And mix with living men, will I forget.
 In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,
 Yet will not I Patroclus, even there.
 Now chaunting pæans, ye Achaian youths !
 Return we to the fleet with this our prize ;
 'We have achiev'd great glory, we have slain

³ The lines of which these three are a translation are supposed by some to have been designed for the *'Επινίκιον*, or song of victory sung by the whole army.—B.

The pæan was an hymn sung in honour of Apollo. And as the Trojans worshipped Minerva though an enemy to their cause, so Achilles him, regardless of his partiality to the Trojans. The gods, whether propitious or adverse, were still considered as worthy of praise and adoration.—V. If they were propitious, gratitude was a sufficient motive, if adverse, there was yet a hope that they might be propitiated.

The pæan now mentioned was sung after a battle ; but there was also another, addressed to Mars, which they sung before one.—B.

Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium prais'd
In all her gates, and as a god rever'd.

He said ; then purposing dishonour vile
To noble Hector, both his feet he bor'd
From heel to ancle, and, inserting thongs,
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.
Ascending next, the armour at his side
He plac'd, then lash'd the steeds ; they willing flew.
Thick rose the dust as with his sable locks
He swept the ground ; his head, so graceful once,
Plough'd deep the dust ; to such dishonour Jove
That day consign'd him on his native plain.⁴
Thus whelm'd in dust, he went. The mother queen
Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,
Cast far aside her lucid veil, and rent
With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,
And, all around, long long complaints were heard
And lamentations in the streets of Troy ;
Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames
Had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost towers.

⁴ The commentator asks—Why does Achilles drag Hector?
and answers thus—Not to gratify a savage nature ; for when he
had slain Eëtion the father of Andromache, he did not even strip
his body, but burned him arms and all. But because, as Callima-
chus says, it was a custom in Thessaly to drag the slayer round
the tomb of the slain ; which custom was first begun by Simon,
whose brother being killed by Eurydamas, he thus treated the body
of the murdurer. Achilles therefore, he observes, being a Thes-
salian, when he thus dishonours Hector, does it merely in com-
pliance with the common practice of his country—B. C. & V.

His people scarce detain'd the ancient king
Desperate, and resolute to issue forth.
Through the Dardanian gates; to all he kneel'd
In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each
By name solicited to give him way.

Stand off, my fellow mourners! I would pass
The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet:
I go to supplicate the bloody man,
Yon ravager; he may respect, perchance,
My years, may feel some pity of my age;
For such in years as I his father is,
Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy:
But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,
So numerous have my sons in prime of youth
Fallen by his hand; all whom I less deplore
(Though mourning all) than one; my deep distress
For Hector, soon shall send me to the shades.
Oh had he but within these arms expir'd,
The hapless queen who bore him, and myself
Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more!

So spake he weeping, and with many a groan
The citizens replied. Amid the dames
Her sad complaint, next, Hecuba began.

Wretch that I am, ah, wherefore should I live
Forlorn of thee, my son? Thou, night and day,
My glory wast in Ilium and the strength
Of all her citizens, who as a god
Rever'd thee; for thy glorious deeds they made
Their highest boast; but now thy death deplore.

So mourn'd the queen. Andromache, the while,
Knew nought, nor even by report had learn'd
Her Hector's absence in the field alone ;
She in her chamber at the palace-top
A splendid texture wrought, on either side
All dazzling-bright with flowers of various hues,
And to her maidens fair command had given,
That compassing an ample vase with fire
They should prepare a bath for Hector's use
Return'd from fight. Ah fatally deceiv'd !
She little knew, that by Minerva made
Achilles' victim, distant far he lay
From all such uses, and should bathe no more.
She heard a cry of sorrow from the tower ;
Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell,
And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried.

Attend me two of you, that I may learn
What hath befallen. I have heard the voice
Of the queen-mother ; my rebounding heart
Choaks me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost.
Some mischief, sure, o'er Priam's sons impends.
May that word never reach me ! but I shake
With terror lest Achilles, cutting off
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps
The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm
His hindrance long ; for Hector ne'er was wont
To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew
First into battle, yielding place to none.

So saying, wild with anguish, and her heart
 With terrour palpitating, forth she flew
 With her two maidens ; at the tower arriv'd
 Now throng'd with warriors, wistful she survey'd
 The plain beneath, and Hector there beheld
 In front of Ilium, dragg'd by rapid steeds
 In shameful sort toward the Grecian fleet.
 Involv'd in sudden darkness, with a sigh
 That seem'd life's latest gasp, supine she fell,
 And, falling, from her brows shook far away
 The bright attire that filleted about
 Her ringlets, with the net-work, and the veil
 Given her by golden Venus, on the day
 When warlike Hector from Eëtion's house
 Conducted her with nuptial gifts endow'd
 Numerous and costly, to his own abode.⁵
 Around her, Hector's sisters, and the wives
 Of all his brethren throng'd, who in their arms
 Fast held her loathing life ;⁶ but she, her breath
 At length and sense recovering, her complaint
 Broken with sighs amid them thus began.

Hector ! I am undone ; we both were born

⁵ Andromache faints and falls. Hecuba does not. The reason assigned for the difference is that the affliction of the latter has been gradual ; she has seen the combat from the walls and has been led step by step to the catastrophe ; but the former learns it in a moment, and the surprise accordingly overpowers her.—V.

⁶ It is an observation of the Scholiast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall ; for so he understands ἀνελκόμενος ἀπολίσσασθαι.—V.

To misery, thou in Priam's house in Troy,
And I in shady Hipoplacian Thebes
Beneath Eëtion's roof. He, doom'd himself
To sorrow, me more sorrowfully doom'd
Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom oh
That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend'st
To Ades and the Stygian caves forlorn
Me leaving here a widow, and thy boy,
Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,
Never to be hereafter thy delight,
Nor love of thine to share or kindness more.
For should we safe survive this cruel war
With the Achaians, penury and toil
Must be his lot, since strangers will remove
At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.
Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both,
And equal playmate in one day depriv'd,
To sad looks doom'd, and never ceasing tears.
He seeks, necessitous, his father's friends,
One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,
Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips
A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more;
Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn
A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board
My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—
Away—Thy father is no guest of ours—
Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes
Astyanax, who on his father's lap
Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,

And when sleep took him, and his crying fit
Had ceas'd, slept ever on the softest bed,
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill
With delicacies, and his heart at rest.
But now, Astyanax (so nam'd in Troy
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and towers)
His father lost, must many a pang endure.
And as for thee, cast naked forth among
Yon gallies, where no parent's eye of thine
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next.
Mean-time, thy fair habiliments, prepar'd
By our own maidens, in thy palace lie;
But I will burn them all, because henceforth
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd
Shalt slumber more; yet every eye in Troy
Shall see how glorious once was thy attire.⁷

⁷ The original lines in which mention is made of the treatment that Astyanax is likely to receive after the death of Hector, were rejected by many of the ancients. For while Priam lived, they say, and several of his sons, and Andromache herself also, what probability was there that his landmarks should be removed, and that he should be considered in all companies as an intruder and a vagabond?—V. To this may be added another reason, and perhaps not less weighty, for which their authenticity may be suspected. There never lived a more perfect master of the pathetic than Homer, and when he would touch the passions, he does it in the only effectual way, that is, without seeming to intend it. But in all this passage there is an evident strain, an effort, a labour to get at them. A style of writing that always disappoints itself, and is peculiar to poets, who, feeling nothing themselves, have yet an ambition to work on the sensibility of others.—But it is just to

So, weeping, she ; to whom the multitude
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

add, that if some rejected, others vindicated the passage. Women, they observe, use many words on all occasions, but especially when they are afflicted and would excite compassion.—V. The remark, however, has much ill-nature in it, and is not more applicable to one sex than the other.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

The body of Patroclus is burnt, and the funeral games ensue.

BOOK XXIII.

SUCH mourning was in Troy ; mean-time, dispers'd
Along the shores of Hellespont, the Greeks
On all sides to their several ships repair'd,
All save the Myrmidons ; their valiant band
Still undimiss'd Achilles thus bespake.

Ye warlike Myrmidons, associates dear !
Release not yet your steeds, but circling, first,
The funeral pile, with lamentation due
Bewail Patroclus, and, that rite perform'd,
Unbind them from the yoke, and all refresh
With food, your wearied strength, assembled here.

He ceas'd. Then mourn'd the multitude, and drove
Their glossy steeds, with lamentations loud
Thrice round the pile ; Achilles led the train,
And Thetis touch'd their hearts with tenderest woe.
With tears their armour, and with tears they bath'd
The sands beneath, so deeply they deplor'd

A warrior terrible as he to Troy.

Then, placing on the bosom of his friend
His homicidal hands, in piercing strains
Heard all around, Achilles thus began.

Rejoice, Patroclus! even in the shades,
For all my promise shall be now fulfill'd.
I have drawn Hector hither; on his flesh
My dogs shall feed; and princes twelve of Troy
Shall headless fall before thy funeral pyre.

He said, and meditating foul disgrace
To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust
Beside the bier of Menœtiades.

Then, putting off their brazen armour bright,
And each releasing his shrill-neighing steeds,
They sat, a numerous band, beside the bark
Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth
Himself a feast funereal for them all.
Many a white¹ heifer by the ruthles steel
Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,
With many a saginated boar bright-tusk'd
Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.
Copious the blood ran all around the dead.

Then, scarce constraining him, such wrath he felt
For his slain friend, the princes of the Greeks
Led forth Pelides to the royal tent
Of Agamemnon; he, at their approach,

¹ Either they were white with fat after being flayed, or they were slain merely to regale the living, since black only were offered to the dead.—B. & V.

His heralds bade with instant haste prepare
An ample bath, to cleanse from gory taint
(Might they persuade him to its use) the limbs
Of his illustrious guest. But he refus'd
Inflexible, and with an oath replied.

No; by the highest and the best of all,
By Jove I will not. Never may it be
That brazen bath approach this head of mine,
Till first I place Patroclus on his pyre,
Give him my ringlets shorn, and pile his tomb.
For other woe like this shall none invade
My bosom, while I mix with living men.
But, all unwelcome as it is, repast
Now calls us. Agamemnon, king of men !
Give charge that at the dawn of day they bring
Wood hither, such large portion as beseems
The dead, descending to the shades, to share,
That his remains immediately consum'd
Out of our sight, the host may war again.

He spake ; they, hearing, readily obey'd.
Then, each his food preparing with despatch,
They ate, nor wanted any guest of all
Due portion, and, their appetite to food
And wine suffic'd, each sought his several tent
Needing repose ;² but on the sands beside

² The former was a feast given by Achilles to the Myrmidons only, the feast mentioned here is given to the host at large, and they eat it hastily, that, going early to rest, they may rise the earlier to prepare fuel for the funeral pile.—V.

The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay
Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found
With gore unstain'd beside the dashing wave.
There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,
Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs
With chase of Hector round the battlements
Of wind-swept Ilium wearied were and spent)
Sudden, the spectre of his hapless friend
Approach'd him ; his Patroclus' self it seem'd,
In stature, splendour of expressive eyes,
In voice the same and raiment. O'er his head
The semblance stood, and thus his ear address'd.

Thou sleep'st, Achilles ! and Patroclus, erst
Thy most belov'd, in death forgotten lies.
Haste—give me burial ; I would pass the gates
Of Hades ; for the shadows of the dead
Now drive me from their fellowship afar,
And the wide river interpos'd, I roam
The yawning gulfs of Tartarus alone.
And grant, oh grant, that, joining hands, we take
One mutual, long farewell ! for, favour'd once
With my last rites, I visit earth no more.
No more, conversing sweetly, shall we sit
Retir'd from all ; for me the dark abyss
By Fate wide open'd for me at my birth,
Hath swallow'd, and thyself art also doom'd
To perish, oh thou semblance of the gods,
Achilles ! under Ilium's lofty towers.
But hear me now ; refuse not to perform

My last injunction. Bury not my bones
 From thine apart, but in one social tomb ;
 That as one board sustain'd us, from the day
 When me, then beardless, from my native home
 In Opœis, Menœtius led to thine,
 That fatal deed the cause, my playmate slain,³
 Whom, seiz'd with sudden rage, at dice I slew,
 (Son of Amphidamas) when as his own
 Thy father cherish'd me, and bade me share
 Thy future battles, fighting at thy side,
 So, in one vase, the golden one, by gift
 From Thetis thine, our mingled bones may rest.⁴

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
 Ah, lov'd and honour'd ! wherefore hast thou come ?
 Why thus enjoin me ? I will all perform
 With diligence which thou hast now desir'd.
 But nearer stand, that we may round enfold
 Each other, though but with a short embrace,
 And sate our sorrow with a last farewell.

He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,
 But him seiz'd not ; shrill-clamouring and light
 As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth.

³ His name, according to the Scholiast, was Clysonymus.—B. C. & V.

⁴ Bacchus having hospitably entertained Vulcan in the island Naxos, one of the Cyclades, received from him a cup as a present ; but being driven afterward by Lycurgus into the sea and kindly protected there by Thetis, he presented her with this work of Vulcan, which she gave to Achilles for a receptacle of his bones after death.—B. & V.

Amaz'd, up sprang Achilles, clash'd aloud
His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd.

Ah then, ye gods ! there doubtless are below
The soul and semblance, although empty forms ;
For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,
The soul of my Patroclus, hapless friend !
Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge
His last requests, just image of himself.

So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,
And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all
Mourning afresh the pitiable dead.

Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad
Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste
To gather wood. Up rose a valiant man,
Friend of the virtuous chief Idomeneus,
Meriones, who led them to the task.⁵

They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd axe
And twisted cord, set forth, and, going, drove
The mules before them ; much uneven space
They measur'd, hill and dale, right onward now
And now circuitous ; but at the groves
Arriv'd, at length, of Ida fountain-fed,
Their keen-edg'd axes to the towering oaks
Despatchful they applied ; down fell the trees
With crash sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks,
They bound them on the mules ; they, with firm hoofs
The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd,

⁵ Said to have been appointed to this office because he was of Crete, a mountainous and well-wooded island.—V.

Desirous of the plain. Each man his log
(For so the armour-bearer of the king
Of Crete, Meriones, had given command)
Bore after them, and each his burthen cast
Down on the beach in order, where a tomb
Of ample size Achilles for his friend
Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.

Much fuel thrown together, all the throng
Remain'd and sat ; when his command at once
Achilles issued to his warriors bold,
That all should gird their armour, and the steeds
Join to the chariots ; undelaying each
Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd,
Then mounted combatants and charioteers.
First mov'd the chariots, after whom, the foot,
Dense as a cloud ; and in the midst, between,
His warlike friends Patroclus' body bore.
Their tresses shorn, o'er all his lifeless length
They cover'd him with hair, and with a look
Downcast and sad (for to the shades he sent
His noblest friend) Achilles held his head.

And now, arriving on the ground erewhile
Mark'd by Achilles, down they set the dead,
And heap'd the wood in haste, a lofty pyre.
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
Retiring from the funeral pile, shore off
His amber ringlets, whose exuberant growth
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,
And looking o'er the gloomy deep, he said.

Sperchius ! in vain my father Peleus vow'd
That, hence returning to my native land,
I should present these ringlets shorn to thee
With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside,
Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head
In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.
So vow'd the hoary chief, whose wishes thou
Leav'st unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more
I see my native home, these sever'd locks
I send with brave Patroclus to the shades.*

He said, and filling with his hair the hand
Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train
Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day
West'ring⁷ apace, had left them still in tears,
Had not Achilles suddenly address'd
King Agamemnon, standing at his side.

Atrides ! (for Achaia's sons thy word
Will readiest execute) we may with grief
Sate ourselves hereafter ; but, the host
Dispersing from the pile, now give command
That they prepare repast ; ourselves,⁸ to whom

* It was customary with the ancients, when they had passed their prime, to cut off their hair and devote it to some river god, for them they considered as the authors of its growth, moisture being the first principle of nutriment to all things.—B. C. & V. For the same reason they infused the water of one river into another, as an omen of fecundity in the married state.—B. & V.—Sperchius was a river of Thessaly.—B. & V.

⁷ West'ring wheel. MILTON.

⁸ Himself and the Myrmidons.

These labours in peculiar appertain,
Will finish them ; but bid the chiefs abide.

Which when imperial Agamemnon heard,
He scatter'd instant to their several ships
The people ; but the burial-dressers thence
Went not ; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.
An hundred feet of breadth from side to side
They gave to it, and on the summit plac'd
With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead.^o
Many a fat sheep and many an ox before
The pile they flay'd, with diligence their task
Administering, and with the fat of each
From head to feet Achilles overspread
Patroclus,¹ and the flay'd beasts heap'd around.
Then, placing flagons on the pile, replete
With oil and honey, he inclin'd their mouths
Toward the bier, and slew and added, next,
Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.
Nine dogs the hero at his table fed,
Of which beheading two, their carcases
He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons
Of noble Trojans slaying, (for his heart
Teem'd with much evil) he applied the force
Of hungry flames that should devour the whole,
Then loudly mourning, hail'd his friend by name.

^o The pile was a square of an hundred feet on each side.—B.
C. & V.

¹ That he might be the more speedily consumed. The same end
was promoted by the flagons of oil and honey.

Rejoice, Patroclus ! even in the shades.
Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd.
Twelve gallant sons of Trojans fam'd in arms,
Together with thyself, are all become
Food for these fires ; but fire shall never feed
On Hector ; him I destine to the dogs.

So threaten'd he ; but him no dogs devour'd ;
Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chas'd
Afar, and smooth'd the hero o'er with oils
Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,
Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along
So rudely, should be torn, and Phæbus hung
A veil of sable clouds from heaven to earth,
O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,
Lest parching suns should stiffen all his frame.²

But no fire kindled in the funeral pile.
Then, Peleus' son, withdrawn, two winds in prayer
Boreas invok'd and Zephyrus, to each
Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit
(Libation pouring from a golden cup)
Their coming he implor'd, that so the flames
Kindling, might instantly consume the dead.
Iris, his supplications hearing, swift
Convey'd them to the winds ;³ within the hall

² The oil would lubricate and make the body slide over such impediments as might otherwise tear and disfigure it.—V.

³ The winds themselves hear not, but Iris hears ; the poet by this circumstance intended to intimate that the rainbow is a prognostic of blowing weather.—V.

Assembled of the heavy-blowing west
They feasting sat, when on the threshold-stone
The goddess stood. At once all starting rose,
And each invited Iris to his side,
But she refus'd a seat and thus she spake.

I sit not here. Borne over ocean's stream
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the gods,
Which, with the rest, I also wish to share.
But Peleus' son sues earnest for the aid
Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,
Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan
Briskly the pile on which Patroclus, mourn'd
By every warrior of Achaia, lies.

She said, and went. Then suddenly arose
The winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.
First, on the sea they blew; big rose the waves
Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arriv'd
Vehement on the pyre they fell, and dread
On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensued.
All night, with hollow blasts alike they drove
The sheeted flames wide from the funeral pile,
And all night long Achilles, drawing wine
From a bright beaker, pour'd it on the ground
Soaking the soil and calling by his name
The spirit of his dear lamented friend.
As some fond father mourns, burning the bones
Of his own son, who, dying on the eve
Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left

O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,
So mourn'd Achilles, his companion's bones
Burning, and pacing to and fro the field
Beside the pyre with many a sigh profound.⁴
But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,
Soon after whom, in saffron vest attir'd
The morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,
The pyre, then wasted, ceas'd to flame, and then
Back flew the winds athwart the Thracian deep
Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd.⁵
And now Pelides lying down apart
From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,
Though weary; waken'd by the stir and din
Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect,
And thus the leaders of the host address'd.

Atrides, and ye other chiefs who rule
Achaia's numerous tribes! first quench the pile
Throughout with sable wine, where'er the fire
Hath seiz'd it. We will then collect the bones
Of Menœtiades, which shall with ease
Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near;

⁴ Plutarch well observes on this simile which he cites in his treatise on Consolation—that it is not certain that the grief of a parent in such a case is perfectly just; for who knows but that God, in his fatherly care and tenderness for the human race, foreseeing the evil to come, may take away life only to exempt a man from it?—C. so that the deaths which seem most premature, may be critically seasonable in reality.

⁵ In Thrace is said to have been a deep chasm whence wind issued. A circumstance which probably furnished a hint for the poetical fiction that in Thrace the winds had their habitation.—B.

Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay,
But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd
The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous heap.
Them so collected in a golden vase
Twice lin'd with unctuous lard we will enclose,
Till I shall, also, to my home below.⁶
I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds
But such as may suffice, whose height and breadth
Hereafter the Achaians shall augment
Who may survive me in our gallant fleet.

So spake Pelides, and the chiefs complied.
Where'er the pile had blaz'd, with generous wine
They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.
Then, weeping, in a golden urn with lard
Twice lin'd they plac'd their gentle comrade's bones
Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent
The relics, overspread them with a veil.
Designing, next, the compass of the tomb
They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd
The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
And, finishing the mournful heap, return'd.
But all the people, by Achilles still
Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,
And he the destin'd prizes from his fleet
Produc'd, capacious cauldrons, tripods bright,
Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast

⁶ This was done that the bones might remain the longer unpulverized by excessive dryness.

Close-cinctur'd, and rough iron in the mass.⁷
 Fair prizes to the swiftest charioteers
 He first propos'd ; discrete, ingenious, fair
 A damsel, with a tripod double-ear'd
 Of twenty and two measures, for the first,
 And for the second, an unbroken mare,
 Six years her age, and pregnant with a mule.
 A cauldron of four measures, never smirch'd
 By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge
 The third awaited ; to the fourth he gave
 Two golden talents, and, unsullied yet
 By use, a twin-car'd phial to the fifth.⁸
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Atrides, and ye other valiant Greeks !
 These prizes in the circus plac'd, attend
 The charioteers. Held we the present games
 In honour of some other Grecian dead,
 I would myself bear hence the foremost prize ;
 For well ye know my steeds, that they surpass
 All else, and are immortal ; Neptune's gift
 To my own father, and his gift to me.

⁷ Such it appears to have been in the sequel.

⁸ The talent differed much in its value ; sometimes it consisted of an hundred drachmæ, sometimes of fifty and sometimes of twenty-four, and, according to Timæus, sometimes of one. A talent of the smaller sort must be understood here, otherwise the prize allotted to the fourth would have exceeded in value all the others.—V.

Φιάλη—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose of warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat in the shape of a broad leaf.—C.

But neither I this contest share myself,
 Nor shall my steeds ; for they would miss the force
 And guidance of a charioteer so kind
 As they have lost, who many a time hath cleans'd
 Their manes with water of the crystal brook,
 And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.
 Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand
 With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground,
 But ye, whoever of the host profess
 Superiour skill, and glory in your steeds
 And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare !

So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,
 For speed renown'd, arose. Long ere the rest
 Eumelus, king of men, Admetus' son
 Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.
 Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomede, arose ;
 He yok'd the Trojan coursers by himself
 In battle from Æneas won, what time
 Apollo sav'd their master. Third, up stood
 The son of Atreus with the golden locks,
 Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare
 Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd.^o
 Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung

^o The Scholiast remarking on the horse and mare drawing in the same traces, suggests it as the poet's intention to teach his readers that difference of sex exempts not woman from the obligation by which man is bound to the practice of virtue and the performance of all relative duties.—V. The doctrine is true, but Homer's intention to make the mare an example of it, seems rather doubtful.

To Agamemnon gave ; she was the price
 At which he purchas'd absence from the war,
 And safe enjoyment of his ease at home ;
 For Jove had much enrich'd him, and he held
 In Sicyon his magnificent abode.¹
 Her wing'd with ardour, Menelaus yok'd.
 Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds
 Bright-man'd prepar'd, son of the valiant king
 Of Pylus, Nestor Neleïades.
 Of Pylia breed were they, and thus his sire,
 With kind intent approaching to his side,
 Advis'd him, of himself not uninform'd.

Antilochus ! Thou art, I know, below'd
 By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though young,
 Thou hast receiv'd intelligence and skill
 Equestrian, and hast little need to learn.²
 Thou know'st already how to trim the goal
 With nicest art ; yet wondrous slow of foot

¹ Horace tells us that he who has lost his all, is ready for any enterprise, and Homer that a rich man will pay a large price for idleness. They were both intelligent in human nature. Agamemnon also judged wisely, preferring a good steed to a bad soldier.

² He was beloved by both ; but though the poet speaks conjunctively, as the translation does, he yet means to ascribe his skill in driving to the instructions of Neptune only.—V. For that skill, and the glory of having produced even the horse itself, are attributes of Neptune, not of Jupiter.

—————Túque ô, cui prima frementem
 Fudit equum, magno tellus percussa tridenti,
 Neptune !—————

Virg. Georg : Lib, 1. 12.

Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue.
But though their steeds be swifter, I account
Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time
For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all
Precaution, that the prize escape thee not.
The feller of huge trees by skill prevails
More than by strength ; by skill the pilot guides
His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,
And more by skill than speed the race is won.
For he that in his lighter chariot trusts
And in his swifter steeds, neglects the rein,
And, borne at random, heeds not where he roves ;
But the adept, though tardier steeds he drive,
With steadfast eye fix'd ever on the goal
First trims it well, then, constant to the course,
Leaves far the fleet, but inexpert, behind.
Now mark ; I will describe so plain the goal
That thou shalt know it surely. A dry stump
Extant above the ground an ell in height
Stands yonder ; either oak it is, or pine
More likely, which the weather least impairs.
Two white stones, where the way is narrow'd most,
On each side flank it, but the course around
Lies level. It is either, as I think,
A monument of one long since deceas'd,
Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,
As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal.
That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push
Near to it as thou may'st ; reclining, then,

But gently, as thou sittest, to the left,
Thy right-hand horse prick smartly, challenge him
And give him rein ; but make his fellow-steed
Bear on the goal so closely, that its head
Seem grated by the centre of thy wheel.
Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace
Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds
Ensure, and thou become the public jest.
My boy belov'd ! use caution ; for if once
Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth
Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass thee by,
Although Arion in thy rear he drove
Adrastus' rapid horse of race divine,
Or even Laomedon's, the boast of Troy.³

With such precautions Nestor for the race
His son prepar'd, and to his seat return'd.
Meriones his coursers glossy-man'd
Made ready last. Then each his chariot-seat
Ascended, and the lots were thrown ; himself
Achilles shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot

³ The history of Arion as given in the Scholium is this. Neptune being enamoured of Erynnis, in the form of a horse enjoyed her near to a Bœotian fountain called Tilphusa. The fruit of their amour was the horse in question, which on account of his excellence was named Arion. Neptune presented him to Copeus, king of Haliartus a city in Bœotia, and he to Hercules at that time his guest. Hercules, after employing him successfully in a chariot race at Troezen, where he conquered Cycnus the son of Mars, gave him to Adrastus ; and to the speed of Arion Adrastus was indebted for his escape from the Theban war, which he alone survived.—B. & V.

Of Nestor's son Antilochus, after whom
The king Eumelus took his destin'd place.
The third was Menelaus, valiant chief ;
Meriones, the fourth ; and last of all
Bravest of all, heroic Diomede
The son of Tydeus took his lot to drive.
So rang'd they stood ; Achilles show'd the goal
Far on the champaigne, nigh to which he plac'd
The godlike Phœnix servant of his sire,
To mark the race and make a true report.

All rais'd the lash together, with the reins,
All smote their steeds, and urg'd them to the strife
Vociferating ; they with rapid pace
Scouring the field soon left the fleet afar.
Dark, like a stormy cloud, up rose the dust
Beneath them, and their undulating manes
Play'd in the breezes ; now, the level field
With gliding course, the rugged, now, they pass'd
With bounding wheels aloft ; mean-time erect
The drivers stood ; with palpitating heart
Each sought the prize ; each urg'd his steeds aloud ;
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.
But when, the bound'ry pass'd, they turn'd again
To the gray deep, then, straining most, the steeds
Their inborn courage show'd. Eumelus, drawn
By his swift mares, flew foremost ; after whom,
His Trojan horses in such close pursuit
Bore Diomede, that their uplifted hoofs
Seem'd entering, still, the chariot ; on his neck

Eumelus felt their panted breathings warm,
And their heads rested on him as they ran.
Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,
Resentful, from his hand the glittering scourge.*
He wept for anger ; wept to see the mares
Swift from the first, now swifter, and his own
Unstimulated coursers thrown behind.
But Pallas quick perceiv'd Apollo's art
To check Tydides ; instant to his aid
The goddess hasted, to his vacant hand
His whip restor'd, and rous'd his steeds to run.
Following Eumelus, next, with furious force
She snapp'd his yoke ; wide flew the startled mares
And the loose pole dropp'd end-long to the ground.
He, from his chariot roll'd, beside the wheel
With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,
And batter'd brows, lay prone ; grief fill'd his eyes
And choak'd his voice. Then Diomede at once
Shot forward, while Minerva fill'd his steeds
With double force, and made his victory sure.
Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,
The son of Atreus, and his father's steeds
Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus.

Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.

* Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the fifth book ; but Apollo had other reasons, as we learn from Homer, for impeding Diomede in favour of Eumelus ; for his mares he had bred himself while in the service of Admetus his father.—B. & V.

I bid you not to an unequal strife
With those of Diomedes, for Pallas adds
Fresh speed to them, and makes his victory sure.
But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach
His steeds and tarry not; ah, ne'er be sham'd
Indelibly by Æthe, by a mare!
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?
For, trust me, favour none shall ye receive
At venerable Nestor's hands, but wounds
And instant death, if lingering ye disgrace
Yourselves and me with an inferior prize.
Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal chief—
And how to pass him in yon narrow way
Shall be my care, and not my care in vain.

He ceas'd; they, starting at his menace, ran
With swifter pace awhile, and Nestor's son
Now, suddenly, the hollow strait perceiv'd.
It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,
Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way.
Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid
A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove
Also, but somewhat devious from his track,
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,
And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd.

Antilochus! mad driver! check thy steeds.
Too narrow here, the way will widen soon
And thou may'st pass. Beware, lest chariot close
To chariot driven, thou maim thyself and me.

He ceas'd; Antilochus, as if the voice

Had fail'd to reach him, lash'd his steeds the more,
And swifter still approach'd. Soon, far as flies
The quoit by some broad-shoulder'd stripling hurl'd
In trial of his force, he shot before ;
While Menelaus, slackening, by design,
His driving, fell behind ; lest, hotly bent
On victory, within that narrow pass
The steeds should jumble, and, contending, roll
Both charioteers and chariots in the dust.
Then Menelaus thus his heat reprov'd.

Antilochus ! with no just cause the Greeks
Extol thy virtue, for a worse than thou
Lives not ; nor shall the prize, unless on oath
That thou deserv'st it, even now be thine.

He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud.
Ah be not tardy ; stand not sorrow-check'd ;
Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,
For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.

He spake, and was obey'd ; for at his voice
His steeds both starting to a swifter pace
Approach'd the foremost soon. Mean-time, the Greeks,
All seated on the plain, the coursers eyed ;
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.
Then, first, (for from an eminence behind
He overlook'd the throng) the king of Crete
Distinguish'd, though remote, his voice who drove,
And knew the leading horse ; for, on his front,
Round as the moon a silver blaze he bore,
And his bright hue was russet all besides.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Friends! chiefs and senators of Argos' host!
Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?
The steeds now foremost, and the charioteer
Seem other than they were. The mares, of late
Victorious, somewhere have receiv'd a foil;
Them first arriving at the goal I saw,
But, though the plain lies open to my view
From side to side, can see them, now, no more.
Either the driver hath let slip the reins,
Or, rounding not successfully the goal,
Hath fallen from his chariot which is maim'd,
And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.
Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I
With doubtful ken behold him; yet the man
Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,
A chief of prime renown in Argos' host,
The hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomede.

But Ajax Oiliades the swift
Reprov'd him sharply. Wherefore always given
To prate, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,
Remote indeed, but posting to the goal.
Thou art not so much youngest of us all,
Nor hast an eye of so much keener sight
Than others, yet thou pratest; though respect
By silence shown might more become thee here,
Where better sit and wiser too than thou.
The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives
Eumelus is, the same who drove before.

To whom the Cretan chief, incens'd, replied.
Ajax ! whom none in wrangling can excel
Or rudeness, though in all beside thou fall
Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,
Come now—a tripod let us wager each,
Or cauldron, and let Agamemnon judge
Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou may'st learn.

He said ; then sudden from his seat up sprang
Swift Ajax Oiliades, prepar'd
For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceas'd
Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,
Had not himself, Achilles, interpos'd.

Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both
From bitter speech offensive, and such terms
As ill become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,
Resentment, should another act as ye.
Brawl not, but sit spectators of the race
As others sit ; by competition wing'd
Themselves will soon arrive, when all alike
Shall learn at once who follows and who leads.

He spake, and lashing with a ceaseless force
The shoulders of his steeds, Tydides came,
Now, full in view ; they, lifting high the hoof
At every stroke, leap'd lightly to the goal.
With drops of mingled dust and sweat all o'er
They shower'd their driver ; close upon their heels
Radiant with tin and gold the chariot ran
Scarce leaving wheel-marks in the dust behind.
He stood in the mid-circus ; there the sweat

Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse;
 And Diomede from his resplendent seat
 Leaping, reclin'd his scourge against the yoke.
 Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,
 But, seizing with alacrity the prize,
 Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,
 To his own band in charge; then, loos'd the steeds.⁵
 Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanc'd
 To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet
 The hero Menelaus close pursued.
 Near as the wheel pursues a courser's heels
 Drawing his master at full speed; his tail
 With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps
 That close attends him o'er the spacious plain,
 So near had Menelaus now approach'd
 Antilochus; for though at first he fell
 A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retriev'd
 That loss, with such increasing speed the mare
 Of Agamemnon, bright-hair'd Æthe, ran.
 She, had the course few paces more to both
 Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond

⁵ This tripod was afterward deposited in the temple of Apollo at Delphos, as appears by the following epigram.

Χάλκιός ἐμὲ τρίπους, Πυθῇ δ' ἀνάκειμαι ἄγαλμα,
 Καί μ' ἐπὶ Πατρόων θῆκε πόδας ὤκτος Ἀχιλλεύς.
 Τυδείδης δ' ἀνέθηκε βοῇ ἄγαθος Διομήδης,
 Νικήσας ἴπποισι παρὰ πλετὸν Ἑλλήσποτον.—B. & V.

I, now a Pythian ornament, was once
 A prize for Grecian charioteers at Troy,
 And am the tripod which Achilles gave
 At his friend's funeral, and Tydides won.

Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.
But noble Menelaus threw behind
Meriones, companion in the field
Of king Idomeneus, a lance's flight,
For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule
The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.
Last came Eumelus, drawing to the goal,
Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares
Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son
Beheld him with compassion, and, amid
The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake.

The best comes last, and comes on foot behind
His coursers. Just it were that he receiv'd
The second prize ; Tydides claims the first.*

He said, and all applauded the award.
Then had Achilles to Eumelus given
The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)
Had not the son of mighty Nestor risen,
Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.

Achilles ! acting as thou hast propos'd,
Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take
The prize from me, because the gods made vain
His efforts, and no failure of his own.
He should have offer'd prayer ; then had he not
Arriv'd, as now, the hindmost of us all.⁷

* Achilles gives us here a lesson of compassion toward those whose success falls short of their just pretensions, and teaches us that we should not suffer fortune to triumph over merit.—V.

⁷ This is strong argument. For if the gods interposed to dis-appoint Eumelus on account of an omitted duty, which is not con-

But if thou pity him, and deem it good,
 Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep
 In thy pavilion ; thou hast maidens fair,
 And coursers also. Give him when thou wilt
 From these a richer prize, or give it now,
 And we will praise thee ; but this mare is mine ;
 Else, come the claimant forth, and fight with me.

He ended, and Achilles, godlike chief,
 Smil'd on him, gratulating his success,
 Whom much he lov'd ; then, ardent, thus replied.

Antilochus ! if thou would'st wish me give
 Eumelus of my own, even so I will.
 I will present to him my corslet bright
 Won from Asteropæus, edg'd around
 With glittering tin ; a precious gift, and rare.

So saying, he bade Automedon his friend
 Produce it from the tent ; he at his word
 Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,
 Which at his hands Eumelus glad receiv'd.
 Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fir'd
 Immeasurable, Menelaus rose
 To charge Antilochus. His herald gave
 The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden
 To all) the godlike hero thus began.*

tradicted by Achilles or any other, then, Achilles, allotting the mare to Eumelus, should have defeated their intentions, and have given her to him from whom they had withheld her.—V.

* Menelaus, on this occasion, receives the sceptre from the herald because he purposes to address the assembly, and Antilochus uses it not, because his reply is to Menelaus only.—V.

Antilochus! oh heretofore discrete!

What hast thou done? Thou hast disgrac'd my skill
And wrong'd my coursers foully, throwing thine,
Inferiour far, before them. Chiefs of Greece!
Impartial judge between us, lest, of these,
Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore
Antilochus by falsehood down; and led
The mare away, because, although his steeds
Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd:
Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all
Contentment give, for I will judge aright.
Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth!
Perform my just demand. Thy whip resum'd,
Stand forth before thy chariot; touch thy steeds,
And swear by Neptune, that no guile or art
Thou hast employ'd, nor wilfully devis'd
Means to retard my chariot's speedier course.

Then, prudent, thus Antilochus replied.

Oh royal Menelaus! patient bear
The fault of one thy junior far, in years
Alike unequal and in worth to thee.
'Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense
To pass the bounds by decency prescrib'd,
Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;
'The mare now given me I will myself
Deliver to thee, and if thou require
A larger recompense, will rather yield
A larger much than from thy favour fall
Deservedly for ever, mighty prince!

And sin so heinously against the gods. †

So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led
The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,
Who with heart-freshening joy the prize receiv'd.
As on the ears of growing corn the dews
Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect
Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt
Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!
Then answer thus the hero quick return'd.

Antilochus! thy gentleness of speech
Subdues me. Thou wast never heretofore
Vain or perverse, and heat of youth alone
Warp'd from its course thy sober judgement, now.
Yet safer is it not to overreach
Superiours; for no other Grecian here
Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon.
But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,
As thy good father and thy brother have,
On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdued
By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,
Will also give thee, that these Grecians all
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.*

* Many of the incidents of this race might occur in a narrative of a modern one; so similar are the workings of human nature in similar circumstances, in all ages and countries. In the Grecian circus, we see, as well as on the English race-grounds, disputes arose, wagers were laid, quarrels ensued, and sometimes fightings. But the resemblance can be traced no farther. Antilochus, put to his oath, and required by Menelaus to swear that he had practised no foul play, conscious of the contrary, declines the oath, confesses the trick of which he is accused, and makes

He said, and to Noëmon friend in arms
 Of Nestor's son resign'd the mare, himself
 Taking the polish'd cauldron in her stead.
 The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth
 Arriv'd) Meriones asserted next,
 The golden talents; but the phial still
 Left unappropriated Achilles bore
 Across the circus in his hand, a gift
 To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake.

Take thou, my father! and keep this in store,
 That thou may'st ever in remembrance hold
 This funeral of my friend; for with the Greeks
 He ne'er shall mix again. Receive a prize,
 Thine by gratuity; for thou must wield
 The cæstus, wrestle, at the spear contend,
 Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art
 Into the wane of life) henceforth no more.

He spake, and plac'd it in his hands. He, glad,
 Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied.

True, oh my son! is all which thou hast said.
 These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigour
 lost)

No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring
 At once to battle. Ah that I could grow
 Young yet again, could feel again such force

an apology; discovering in his behaviour a liberality and a piety, together with an ingenuousness of disposition, such as seldom find, perhaps, a parallel on like occasions in the occurrences of Newmarket.

Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd
King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd
Funereal games in honour of their sire !
Epean none or even Pylian there
Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.
Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son
Of Enops ; wrestling, the Pleuronian chief
Ancæus ; foil'd Iphiclus in the race
A runner of prime speed, and over-pitch'd
Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.
The sons of Actor in the chariot-course
Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,
And jealous both lest I should also win
That prize, for to the victor charioteer
They had assign'd the noblest prize of all.¹
They were twin-brothers, and one rul'd the steeds,
The steeds one rul'd, the other lash'd them on.²
Such once was I ; but now, these sports I leave
To younger ; me submission most befits
To withering age, who then outshone the best.
But go. The funeral of thy friend with games
Proceed to celebrate ; I accept thy gift
With pleasure ; and my heart is also glad
That thou art mindful evermore of one
Who loves thee, and in sight of all the Greeks

¹ This twin-monster or double man called the Molions, has been already noticed. See the note on L. 854 of B. XI.

² The repetition follows the original.

Such honour yield'st me as my years demand.
May the gods bless thee for it more and more !

He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard
At large his commendation from the lips
Of Nestor, through th' assembled Greeks return'd.
He next propos'd, not lightly to be won,
The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,
Untam'd and hard to tame, but strong to toil,
And in her prime of vigour, in the midst ;
A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,
Then stood erect, and to the Greeks exclaim'd.

Ye sons of Atreus ! and ye numerous Greeks !
Behold the boxer's prize. Come two, the best
And stoutest forth, with lifted fists on high
To wage fierce conflict. Whom Apollo most
Shall favour, and yourselves shall with one voice
Pronounce victorious, he shall lead the mule
Hence to his tent ; the vanquish'd takes the cup.³

He spake, and at his word a Greek arose
Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,
Epeüs, son of Panopeus ; his hand
He on the mule impos'd, and thus he said.

Approach the man ambitious of the cup !

³ Phorbas, the strongest man of his day, and haughty as he was strong, was likewise a great proficient in the art of boxing. He compelled all his guests to box with him, and, having vanquished, slew them. At length, rendered still prouder by success, he challenged the gods to contend with him, and was conquered and slain by Apollo. Hence Apollo became the patron of boxers.—B. & V.

For no Achaian here shall with his fist
 Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself
 To all superiour. May it not suffice
 That I pretend not to superiour powers
 In battle? Skill in all things none may boast.⁴
 But this I promise, and will well perform—
 My blows shall rend his flesh and crush his bones
 To splinters; therefore let his friends be nigh
 To bear his batter'd carcase from the field.

He ended, and his speech found no reply.
 One godlike chief alone, Euryalus,
 Son of the king Mecisteus, who, himself,
 Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.
 He erst, in Thebes arriving, at the games
 Held there for Oedipus deceas'd, had prov'd
 Superiour to the whole Cadmean race.⁵
 Him Diomedes the brave for fight prepar'd,
 Giving him all encouragement, for much
 He wish'd him victory. First then he threw

⁴ The Scholiast well remarks on this passage that to confess inferiority in some points and where we are conscious of it, gains credit to our pretensions in others.—V. Thus Achilles in the 18th Book, conversing with Thetis on the death of Patroclus, while he asserts himself the chief of warriors, acknowledges that in council he is surpassed by others.

⁵ Some say that Mecisteus the father of Euryalus is the person to whom the poet ascribes these victories gained at the funeral of Oedipus;—V. but the most natural construction of the original favours the opinion that Euryalus himself is intended; it is reasonable likewise to suppose that he to whom Homer gives the victory here, is the person whose victories gained elsewhere he means to celebrate; and this interpretation was preferred by Crates.

His cincture to him ;⁶ next, he gave him thongs
Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo.⁷
Both girt around, into the midst they mov'd.
Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists
Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell ;
Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd
From every limb. Epeüs fierce advanc'd,
And while Euryalus with cautious eye
Watch'd his advantage, pash'd him on the cheek.
He stood no longer, but, his limbs beneath
His weight subsiding, to the ground he fell.
As when, the north-wind freshening, near the bank
Up springs a fish in air, then falls again
And disappears beneath the sable flood,
So, at the stroke he bounded. But Epeüs,
Heroic chief, uprais'd him by his hand,
And all his friends assembling led him thence
Step dragging after step, ejecting blood
Coagulated, and at every pace
Rolling his head languid from side to side.
They plac'd him all unconscious on a seat
In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup.

⁶ The cincture worn in Homer's days by all athletics, reached from the waist to the feet ; but, after his time, it happened in the public games at Athens, that the foot of a combatant being entangled in his cincture, he fell and died on the spot. This accident gave occasion to a law made when Hippomenos was archon, that they should fight naked, and hence the place of contest was named *Gymnasium*.—V.

⁷ With which they bound on the *cæstus*.

Still other prizes, then, Achilles plac'd
 In view of all; the sturdy wrestler's meed.
 A large hearth-tripod, valued by the Greeks
 At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;
 But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set
 A damsel in domestic arts expert,
 Four beeves her value. He arose and said.

Appear ye now who shall this prize dispute.
 So spake the son of Peleus; then arose
 Huge Telamonian Ajax, and up stood
 Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.
 Both girt around, into the midst they mov'd.
 With sturdy gripe each other seizing fast,
 Like rafters of a lofty dome they stood
 The work of some skill'd architect, a safe
 Unfailing shelter from the wintry storm.
 The back of each tugg'd forcibly sent forth
 A creaking sound;^a with briny sweat profuse
 Their bodies stream'd; and many a crimson whelk
 On their broad flanks and brawny shoulders sprang.
 Such was their contest, and such fierce desire
 Each felt to bear the splendid tripod home.
 Nor could Ulysses from his station move
 And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him
 Unsettle, fix'd so firm Ulysses stood.
 But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks

^a *τετράγων*.—It is a circumstance on which the Scholiast observes that it denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.—V.

Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !

Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide.⁹

He said, and heav'd Ulysses. Then, his wiles

Forgat not he, but on the ham behind

Chopp'd him ; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke

Disabled sank ; he fell supine, and bore

Ulysses close adhering to his chest

Down with him. Wonder riveted all eyes.¹

Him, next, Ulysses heav'd ; but ere again

He stood erect, his knee between the knees

Of Ajax lock'd ; thus struggling down they fell,

And, all with dust defil'd, lay side by side.²

Nor had they ceas'd, but should at once have risen

To a third conflict, had not, from his seat

Upstarting, thus Achilles interpos'd.

Strive not together more ; cease to exhaust

Each other's force ; ye both have earn'd the prize.

Depart alike requited, and give place

To other Grecians who shall next contend.³

⁹ It was the custom on such occasions for the wrestlers, in order to accelerate the decision, to afford each other by mutual consent a fair opportunity to try the strength ; sometimes offering the neck, sometimes the loins, and not seldom even the foot to their antagonist.—V.

¹ They wondered to see Ajax thrown by a man older than he and in strength inferiour.—V.

² I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one as to any person who has ever witnessed a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear intelligible.

³ Ajax, lifting Ulysses, excelled in the first instance ; and

He spake ; they glad complied, and wiping off
The dust, put on their tunics. Then again
Achilles other prizes yet propos'd,
The rapid runner's meed. He first produc'd
A silver goblet of six measures ; earth
Own'd not its like for elegance of form.
Skilful Sidonian artists had around
Embellish'd it,⁴ and o'er the sable deep
Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port
Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas given ;⁵
But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange
For Priam's son Lycaon had consign'd
The treasure to Patroclus fam'd in arms.
Achilles this, in honour of his friend,
Set forth, the swiftest runner's bright reward.
An huge fat ox he to the second gave,
And half a golden talent to the last.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute.
He said, and instant at his word arose
Swift Ajax Oïliades ; up sprang

Ulysses, supplanting Ajax, while he was lifted, in the second. The next fall is understood by some to have been the fall of Ulysses pulled down by the weight of Ajax ;—V. but it seems evident that the former by a twist of the knee threw the latter, and for that reason had the advantage though he fell also.

⁴ The Sidonians were celebrated not only as most ingenious artists, but as great adepts in science also, especially in astronomy and arithmetical calculation.—C.

⁵ King of Lemnos.

The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him
Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom
None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece,
They stood prepar'd. Achilles show'd the goal,
At once all started. Ajax led the course,
Oileus' son, and closely at his heels
Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctur'd maid
Industrious, holds the distaff to her breast,
While to and fro with practis'd finger neat
Tending the flax she draws it to a thread,
So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd
His footsteps, ere the dust they rais'd had fallen,
Pouring his breath into his neck behind,
And never slackening pace. His ardent thirst
Of victory with acclamations loud
All seconded, and, eager, bade him on.
And now, the contest shortening to a close,
Ulysses suddenly a silent prayer
To azure-eyed Minerva thus preferr'd.

Oh goddess, hear, assist me in the race !
Such was his prayer ; with which Minerva pleas'd,
Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.
And now, when in one moment they should both
Have darted on the prize, then, Ajax' foot
Sliding, he fell ; for where the dung of beeves
Slain for Patroclus overspread the soil,
Even there Minerva⁶ tripp'd him. Ordure foul

⁶ That is to say, Ulysses ; who from the first intending it, had run close behind him.

His mouth and nostrils fill'd,⁷ and thus it chanc'd
That Laertiades arriving first
The goblet won, and he the fatted ox.
He grasp'd his horn, and sputtering as he stood
The ordure forth, amid them all exclaim'd.

Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps ; she attends
Ulysses ever with a mother's care.

Loud laugh'd the Grecians. Then, the remnant prize
Antilochus receiving, smil'd and said.

Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught
That now, as ever, the immortal gods
Honour on seniority bestow.

Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.
But Laertiades was born in times
Long past, a chief coeval with our sires,
Not young, but vigorous ; and, of the Greeks,
Achilles may alone contend with him.

So saying, the merit of superiour speed
To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied.

Antilochus ! thy praise of me shall prove
Not fruitless to thyself ; the talent halv'd
Shall not suffice for thee ; receive it whole.

He spake, and in his hand a talent plac'd
Entire ; he joyfully the gift receiv'd.
Achilles, then, Sarpedon's arms produc'd,
Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear,

⁷ He had disputed with Idomeneus, much his senior, in terms coarse and disrespectful, and is therefore punished in the mouth.
—B. & V.

Helmet, and shield, which in the midst he plac'd.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

I call for two brave warriors arm'd, to prove
Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize
Disputing, next, in presence of us all.
Who first shall through his armour reach the skin
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,
Be his this argent-studded Thracian blade,
My spoil from bold Asteropæus won.
These other arms shall be their common meed,
And I will banquet both within my tent.

He said; then Telamonian Ajax huge
Arose, and opposite arose the son
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave.
Apart from all the multitude each put
His armour on, then mov'd into the midst,
Lowering terrific and on fire to fight.
The host look'd on amaz'd. Approaching each
The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,
And thrice struck hand to hand. First, Ajax pierc'd
The buckler of Tydides, but the flesh
Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within.*
But Diomede his spear high-pois'd above

* Ajax, conscious of his strength, strikes immediately at the shield of Diomede, which he pierces; but Diomede, despairing to pierce that of Ajax, as well he might, attempts to reach his antagonist over it.—B. The conduct of Ajax, therefore, proves not, as some have said,—V. his generosity, nor that of Diomede his want of it; nothing in short is proved but the strength of one, and the presence of mind of the other.

The seven-fold shield aim'd ever at the neck
Of Ajax ; for whose life alarm'd, the Greeks
Enjoin'd them to desist and share the prize.⁹
But the huge faulchion with its sheath and belt—
Achilles them on Diomede bestow'd.

The hero, next, an iron clod produc'd
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might
Of king Eëtion ; but, when him he slew,
Pelides, glorious chief, with other spoils
From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy.¹
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute !
How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,
This lump shall serve his wants five circling years ;
No lack of iron shall his plougher send
Or shepherd to the city-mart to buy,
But he shall have for sale when others need.

Then Polypætes brave in fight arose,
Arose Leonteus also, godlike chief,
With Telamonian Ajax, and, who won
The boxer's prize, Epeüs. Rang'd they stood
In order, and Epeüs seiz'd the clod.

⁹ It is said that Hercules, arriving in Salamis soon after the birth of Ajax, took the child in his arms and folded him in his lion's skin, affirming at the same time that it would render him invulnerable. When grown, he proved so, except in the neck, which part by accident had been left uncovered.—V.

¹ The Δίσις and the Σόλος differed in this, that the former was flat and hollow in the middle, and the latter round and solid.—B. C. & V.

He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd.²
 Leonteus, branch of Mars, next heav'd it forth.
 Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm
 Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.
 But when brave Polypœtes seiz'd the mass,
 Far as the vigorous herdsman flings his staff
 Which twirling flies his numerous bees between,
 So far his cast outmeasur'd all beside,
 And the host shouted.³ Then arose the Greeks
 Of Polypœtes' train who took in charge
 Their leader's prize, and bore it to the ships.

The archer's prize Achilles next propos'd,
 Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
 Of steel convertible to arrow-points.
 Then planting, distant on the sands, the mast
 Of a cerulean bark, with slender cord
 To its tall summit by the foot he tied
 A timorous dove, for trial of their aim.
 'Who strikes the bird, these better axes all
 Bears to his tent ; but who (the dove unharm'd)
 Divides the cord alone, inferiour him

² The commentators leave it doubtful whether they laughed at the shortness of the cast, or admiring the length of it.—V. Probably however it was his awkwardness that diverted them, for in his first contest he pretended to no skill except in boxing.

³ The use of this staff was to separate the cattle. It had a string attached to the lower part of it which the herdsman wound about his hand, and by the help of it hurled the staff to a prodigious distance.—V.

⁴ The transition from narrative to dramatic follows the original.

In skill we deem, his, therefore, be the worse.⁵

The might of royal Teucer then arose,
And, fellow-warrior of the king of Crete,
Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque
Receiv'd the lots; they shook them, and the lot
Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft
Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the king⁶
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.
He therefore (for Apollo greater praise
Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord
That tied her, at small distance from the knot,
And with his arrow sever'd it. Up sprang
The bird into the air, and to the ground
Depending fell the cord. Shouts rent the skies.
At once Meriones withdrew the bow
From Teucer's hand, but held a shaft the while
Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.⁷
He eyed the dove aloft beneath a cloud,

⁵ That Achilles provided for such an event, seems to argue both the great skill of the archers, and his proportionably high opinion of it.

⁶ Apollo; frequently by Homer called the king without any addition.

⁷ Some ancient critics were of opinion that each used his own bow; but the better interpretation and that which the words *ἑκάστην* *χρῆσιν* seem absolutely to demand, is that one bow served them both, and that Meriones, for the sake of greater despatch, with one hand pointed his arrow at the dove, while he snatched the bow from Teucer with the other.—C.

And struck her circling high in air ; the shaft
Pass'd through her, and, returning, pierc'd the soil
Before the foot of brave Meriones.

She, perching on the mast again, her head
Reclin'd, and hung her wide-unfolded wing,
But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.
Amazement seiz'd the people. To his tent
Meriones the ten best axes bore,
And Teucer the inferiour ten to his.

Then, last, Achilles in the circus plac'd
A ponderous spear, and cauldron yet unfir'd,
Emboss'd with flowers around, its worth an ox.
Up rose at once the spearmen ; Atreus' son
First, glorious Agamemnon, king of men,
And next, brave fellow-warrior of the king
Of Crete, Meriones ; when thus his speech
Achilles to the royal chief address'd.

Atrides ! (for we know thy skill and force
Matchless ; that none can hurl the spear as thou)
This prize is thine, command it to thy ship ;
And if it please thee, as I would it might,
Let brave Meriones the spear receive.*

* No person, bred in courts and conversant with the politest in Europe, could acquit himself with more perfect good manners on any occasion than Achilles and Agamemnon here. Achilles, that he may spare the king of men the trouble of a contest, ascribes to him such address and dexterity as would render vain all contest with him ; and Agamemnon, rather than dispute his judgement or oppose his purpose, accepts at once both the compliment and the prize.—Good-breeding, no more than good-sense, is confined to any particular age or country. Homer understood it perfectly.

He said ; nor Agamemnon not complied,
But to Meriones the brazen spear
Presenting, to Talthybius gave in charge
The cauldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

I LI A D.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who, admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

BOOK XXIV.

THE games all clos'd, the people went dispers'd
Each to his ship ; they, mindful of repast,
And to enjoy repose ; but Peleus' son,
Pain'd with remembrance of his hapless friend,
Wept inconsolable ; all-conquering sleep
Him seiz'd not, but from side to side he turn'd,
Regretting, still, Patroclus in his prime
Of sprightly youth and manly vigour slain.
Their partnership in woe ; their arduous toils ;
Battles hard-fought, and perilous escapes
From stormy floods,—with reminiscence sad
That caus'd him many a tear, on these he mus'd ;
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
Now prone ; then starting from his couch, he roam'd
Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising day

On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
 But, joining then his chariot and his steeds,
 He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.
 Around the tomb of Menœtiades
 He dragg'd him thrice; then rested in his tent,
 Him leaving all extended in the dust.
 But Phœbus, pitying, even after death
 The valiant Hector, with his golden shield
 O'ershadow'd him, that uncorrupted still
 And still untorn, though dragg'd, he might remain.¹

Thus did Achilles in his wrath disgrace
 His noble foe; but, looking down from heaven,
 The blest immortals pitied him, and mov'd
 Hermes, the watchful Argicide, to steal
 His body thence.² This counsel pleas'd the rest,

¹ The two lines of the original in which Apollo is said to have rendered this service to the body of Hector were rejected by some of the ancients, because the ægis belonged not to Apollo, but to Jupiter, because to use it for the protection of a dead man had been to defile it, and because Venus having in B. XXIII. L. 330.

smooth'd the hero o'er with oils
 Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,
 Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along
 So rudely, should be torn———

there was no need of the ægis to effect the same purpose.—V.

² Mercury is said to have been born a cheat, because when Jupiter embraced his mother Maia, daughter of Atlas, he did it privily and cheated Juno. Being yet a child, he stole his mother's garments and those of her sisters while they bathed, and when he had made himself sufficiently merry with their distress, restored them. He also stole, as has been already noticed, the oxen of Apollo.—B. & V.

But neither Juno, nor the sovereign power
Of ocean, pleas'd, nor Pallas azure-eyed.
They still their ancient hate of sacred Troy,
Of Priam and his people, in their hearts
Held fast for Paris' sake, who with disdain
Those goddesses had in his rural home
Rejected, and had Venus' charms preferr'd,
Who with pernicious lust his choice repaid.
But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose,
Apollo, then, the immortals thus address'd.

Ye gods, your dealings now injurious seem
And cruel. Was not Hector wont to burn
Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?
Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure
To rescue, that his consort, mother, son,
Father and friends might view him, who would soon
Yield him his just demand, a funeral fire.
But, oh ye gods! your pleasure is alone
To please Achilles, havock-spreading chief,
Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind
That can relent; but as the lion, urg'd
By his own dauntless heart and matchless strength,
Makes inroad on the flocks, that he may fare
Deliciously at cost of mortal man,
So Peleus' son all pity from his breast
Hath driven, and shame, man's blessing or his curse.³
For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd

³ His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it; his curse in its consequences if he is deaf to its dictates.

Still dearer, whether of his brother born
 From the same womb, or even of his son,
 When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more ;
 For man from Fate itself submission learns.
 Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays
 Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse
 In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels
 Around Patroclus' tomb ; but neither well
 He acts, nor honourably to himself,
 If he incur, however fam'd in arms,
 Our anger, while to gratify revenge
 He pours dishonour thus on senseless clay.

To whom, thus, beauteous Juno, sore-displeas'd.
 God of the silver bow ! stand unrepeal'd
 This word of thine, if in the gods' account
 Achilles' worth and Hector's be the same.⁴
 Hector was born of woman, and the breast
 Of woman nourish'd him. Achilles boasts
 A birth divine ; for him a goddess bore,
 Whose infant years were my peculiar care,
 And whom, at length mature, myself bestow'd
 On royal Peleus, favourite of the skies.
 At those blest nuptials all the powers of heaven
 Assisted, and thyself didst strike the lyre
 And share the feast, though strenuous to protect

⁴ Εἴη κὺν καὶ τὺτο τιδὸν ἴπος—The expression is idiomatic, and several senses of it are given in the Scholia, all ironical. Θέσις in the next line is said to be ἀπὲς τῆς θέσις σου—V.—for which reason I have made it singular.

The Trojans now, forgetful of the past.

Then thus the sovereign whom the clouds obey.

Juno, thou hast no cause to scowl and speak

In anger now.⁵ They shall not share alike,

And in the same proportion our regards.

Yet even Hector was the man in Troy

Most favour'd by the gods, and by myself

Not less; for punctual were his gifts to us,

Nor ever miss'd my sacred shrine from him

Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,

Which are the meed by just allotment ours.

Yet steal him not, since by Achilles' eye

Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night

Watches him, as a mother tends her son.⁶

But call ye Thetis hither, I would give

The goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands

Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.

He ceas'd. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,

Samos between, and Imbras rock-begirt,

She plung'd into the gloomy flood; loud groan'd

The briny pool, while sudden down she rush'd,

⁵ Ἀποσκυδμαινιν properly signifies *to scowl*, being derived from σκυμνος a lion's whelp, and alluding to the scowl of a lion when his whelps are taken away.—V.

⁶ The original seems to relate to Thetis, and to say that she was always present with Achilles; which being false, as appears from the passage immediately ensuing, the Scholiast understands the words as relating to Achilles himself, and interprets them as they are translated here.

—— ταχα δ' ἔφησιν ὅτι ὡς μητρὸς συμπαισιν αὐτῷ τῷ πατρὶ Ἀχιλλεύς.
V.

As sinks the bull's horn with its leaden weight,
Death bearing to the raveners of the deep.⁷

Thetis within her vaulted cave she found
By every nymph of ocean round about
Encompass'd ; she, amid them all, the fate
Lamented of her noble son ordain'd
To die far distant from his home, at Troy.
Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd.

Arise, O Thetis ! Jove, the author dread
Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee.

To whom the goddess of the silver feet.
Why calls the mighty Thunderer me ? I fear,
Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,
To mingle with the gods.—Yet I obey—
No word of his can prove an empty sound.

So saying, the goddess took her sable veil,
(Eye ne'er beheld a darker) and set forth
With Iris her conductress up to heaven.
On either hand the billows open'd wide
A pass before them ; they, the rocky shore
Ascending soon, thence darted to the skies.
They found loud-voic'd Saturnian Jove around
Environ'd by the ever blessed gods
Conven'd in full assembly, and beside
The eternal sire on Pallas' throne she sat.
Then, Juno, with consolatory speech,

⁷ The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fish's bite, by passing it through a pipe of horn.—B. C. & V.

Presented to her hand a golden cup,
Of which she drank, then gave it back again,
And thus the sire of gods and men began.

Goddess of ocean, Thetis! thou hast sought
Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief
Never to be assuag'd, as well I know.
Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,
Why I have summon'd thee. Nine days the gods,
Concerning Hector's body and thy son
Invincible in arms, have held dispute,
And some have urg'd oft-times the Argicide
Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.
But I forbade it for Achilles' sake,
Whom I exalt, the better to insure
Thy reverence and thy friendship evermore.
Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus.
The gods resent it, say (but most of all
Myself am angry) that he still retains
Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector; so shall he, at length,
Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain.
Myself to generous Priam will, the while,
Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet
Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may sooth
Achilles, for redemption of his son.

So spake the god, nor Thetis not complied.
Descending swift from the Olympian heights
She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran

To and fro, occupied around a sheep
New-slaughter'd, large, and of exuberant fleece.
She, sitting close beside him, softly strok'd
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began.

How long, my son ! sorrowing and mourning here,
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought
Either to food or love ? Yet love is good,
And woman grief's best cure ; for length of days
Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death
And ruthless destiny are on the wing.
Mark me—I come ambassadress from Jove.
The gods, he saith, resent it, but himself
More deeply than the rest, that thou retain'st
Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector. Be advis'd, accept
Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead.*

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
Come then the ransomer, and take him hence ;
So be it, if such be the desire of Jove.

Such conference held the goddess and her son
Amid the ships, when, thus, Saturnian Jove

* This advice of Thetis to her son was repudiated by some of the ancients,—B. C. & V. but Plutarch draws a lesson from the passage and recommends the example of Achilles ; who, though he loved Briseïs and had received her again, and though he knew his death at hand, yet seized not the opportunity to indulge himself in sensual pleasures ; neither was his grief for Patroclus such as to render him inactive and negligent of his proper business, but at the same time that it had made him abstemious, had urged him powerfully to the performance of military duties. The advice itself, however, he also accounts extremely culpable.—C.

Commission'd Iris down to sacred Troy.

Hence, rapid Iris! leave the Olympian heights,
 And, finding royal Priam, bid him haste
 To bear such gifts into Achaia's fleet
 As may assuage Achilles, and prevail
 To liberate the body of his son.
 Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all
 May company the senior thither, save
 An ancient herald to direct his mules
 And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
 Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.⁹
 Let neither fear of death nor other fear
 Distress him aught, so safe a guard and sure
 We give him; Mercury shall be his guide
 Into Achilles' presence in his tent.
 There shall Achilles not alone, himself,
 His life hold sacred, but should others lift
 The spear against him, shall avert the wrong;
 For neither rash, nor yet profane is he,
 But will, with all benignity, receive
 And save from harm a suppliant and a guest.¹

⁹ To have sent Priam alone, it is observed, with such a charge of treasure, had been to impose on him too severe a duty, and to have sent with him a youth into the enemy's camp, had been to expose his escort to the utmost danger. An herald therefore is appointed to attend him, as by office a proper witness of all promises and agreements, and that herald an old one, that by the sacredness of his function as well as by the veneration due to his years, he might be secured from violence.—V.

¹ Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to

He ceas'd ; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,
 Jove's messenger, and, reaching soon the gates
 Of Priam, woe and wailing found within.
 Around their father, in the hall, his sons
 With tears their robes bedew'd, while them amidst
 The hoary king sat mantled, muffled close,
 And on his venerable head and neck
 Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth,
 He had shower'd on them with unsparing hands.
 The palace echoed to his daughters' cries,
 And to the cries of matrons calling fresh
 Into remembrance many a valiant chief
 Now stretch'd in dust, by Argive hands destroy'd.
 The messenger of Jove at Priam's side
 Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear
 Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.²

Courage, Dardanian Priam ! fear thou nought ;
 To thee no prophetess of ill, I come,
 But with kind purpose : Jove's ambassadress
 Am I, who though remote, yet entertains
 Much pity, and much tender care for thee.
 Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem
 The noble Hector, with an offering large
 Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.

be free from those mental defects which chiefly betray men into sin—folly—improvidence, and perverseness.—C. & V.

² His spirit, broken down with sorrow, was alarmed even by the gentlest sounds, and conjectured that the message, however softly suggested, would prove a terrible one.—V.

Alone, thou must; no Trojan of them all
 Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save
 An ancient herald to direct thy mules
 And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
 Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.
 Let neither fear of death nor other fear
 Distress thee aught, so 'safe a guard and sure
 He gives thee; Mercury shall be thy guide
 Even to Achilles' presence in his tent.
 There shall Achilles not alone, himself,
 Thy life hold sacred, but should others lift
 The spear against thee, shall avert the wrong;
 For neither rash nor yet profane is he,
 But will, with all benignity, receive
 And save from harm a suppliant and a guest.

So spake the swift ambadress, and went.
 Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring
 His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,³
 While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd
 Himself, with cedar lin'd and lofty-roof'd,
 A treasury of wonders, into which
 The queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake.

Hecuba! the ambadress of Jove
 Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,
 Bearing such presents thither as may sooth
 Achilles, for redemption of my son.

³ It was a square chest of wicker-work, which the ancients bound on their carriages when they travelled;—B. C. & V. but Xenophon describes it as made of reeds.—B. & V.

But say, what seems this enterprise to thee ?
Myself I feel most willing, and on fire
To penetrate the spacious camp of Greece.

Then wept the queen aloud, and thus replied.
Ah ! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which
Both strangers, once, and Trojans honour'd thee ?
How canst thou wish to penetrate alone
The Grecian fleet, and to appear before
His face, by whom so many valiant sons
Of thine have fallen ? Thou hast an iron heart !
For should that savage man and faithless once
Seize and discover thee, no pity expect
Or reverence at his hands. Come—let us weep
Together, here sequester'd ; for the thread
Spun by his ruthless destiny for him
When he was born, ordain'd him food for hounds
Remote from us his parents in the tent
Of that fell chief. Oh ! clinging to his side,
How I could tear him with my teeth !⁴ His deeds,
Disgraceful to my son, then should not want
Retaliation ; for he slew not him
Skulking, but standing boldly for the wives,

⁴ The passage, even as it is here rendered, has something savage in it, but it is much reduced in point of emphasis from the force of the original, a faithful version of which no English reader could have endured. Homer's expression is nevertheless natural in the highest degree on such an occasion, and well suited to the feelings of an indignant mother who had seen her favourite son slain and dishonoured ; nor was it without regret that I suppressed so much of its energy.

The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy,
Guiltless of flight, and of the wish to fly.⁵

Whom godlike Priam answer'd, ancient king.
Impede me not who willing am to go,
Nor be, thyself, a bird of ominous note
In my own house to fill my soul with fear,
For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man
Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,
Or soothsayer, I had pronounc'd him false,
And dreaded it the more. But, since I saw
The goddess with these eyes, and heard, myself,
The voice divine, I go; that word shall stand;
And if my doom be death in yonder fleet,
It shall be welcome; for Achilles' arm
Shall slay me speedily, and I shall die
Folding my son, and satisfied with tears.

So saying, he open'd wide the sculptur'd lids
Of various chests, whence mantles twelve he took
Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;
As many carpets, with as many robes,
To which he added vests, an equal store.⁶
He also took ten talents forth of gold,

⁵ But, at first, he did fly. It is therefore spoken, as the Scholiast observes, *φιλοσόνγως*, and must be understood as the language of strong maternal affection.—V.

⁶ The *πέπλος* or mantle, was the same which is sometimes called *ἱμάς*, and was worn only by the women; the *χλαῖνα*, here called a cloak, was a piece of bed-furniture and used as a coverlet; the *φάρος* or robe was worn by both sexes, and the *χιτὼν* or vest by the men only.—V.

All weigh'd, two splendid tripods, cauldrons four,
And after these a cup of matchless worth
Given him when once ambassador in Thrace ;
A noble gift, which yet the hoary king
Spar'd not, such fervour of desire he felt
To loose his son. Then, driving from before
His palace-portico with angry taunts
The thronging multitude, aloud he cried.

Hence, miscreants ! to your homes—perceive ye
there

No loss yourselves, that hither ye resort
To trouble *me* ? Or lightens it the weight
Of *your* affliction, that Saturnian Jove
Hath torn the bravest of my sons away ?
Ah ! trust me, ye shall all ere long be taught
Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain
By the Achaians now, since he is dead.
But I, or ever with these aged eyes
I see the conquest and the sack of Troy,
Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.

He said, and chas'd them with his staff ; they left
In haste the doors, by the old king expell'd.
Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,
Helenus, Pammon, Paris, Agathon,
Deiphobus, Antiphonus, Polites,
Dios and brave Hippothoüs—all nine
He call'd, thus issuing his stern command.

Quick ! quick ! ye slothful in your father's cause,
Ye worthless brood ! Ah, would that Hector liv'd

And ye had all been slaughter'd in his stead !
 Oh altogether wretched ! none could boast
 In all our city sons that equall'd mine ;
 And I have lost them all. The godlike youth
 Mestor, the valiant Troilus is gone,
 And Hector, who with other men compar'd
 Seem'd a divinity ; whom none had deem'd
 From mortal man deriv'd, but from a god.⁷
 These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none
 But scandals of my house, devoid of truth,
 Dancers, exact step-measurers,⁸ a band
 Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.⁹
 Will ye not bring my litter to the gate
 And load it instantly that we may go ?

He said, and, by his chiding aw'd, his sons
 Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,
 And following swift the draught, on which they bound
 The coffer ; next, they lower'd from the wall

⁷ Three qualities of mind and temper are to be avoided ; cowardice, intemperance, and brutality. The opposites to the two former are manifest, being courage and self-government. But the opposite to the latter may most fitly be defined a preternatural, heroic and divine fortitude ; such, for instance, as Homer makes Priam ascribe to Hector when he says of him

ὅθι ἦκε
 Ἀνδρὲς γὰρ θνητῷ παῖσι ἵμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεῶν,

Aristotle's Ethics, lib. vii. c. 1.—C.

⁸ χορευτικὴν ἄρτιον.

⁹ Hence came the proverb—

οἰκοὶ μὲν λιοντίς, ἐν μάχῃ δὲ ἀλεουπίς.

Lions at home, but foxes in the fight.—V.

The sculptur'd boxen yoke¹ with its two rings ;²
 And, with the yoke, its furniture in length
 Nine cubits ; to the pole's extremest end
 Adjusting this with care, they cast the ring
 Over the ring-bolt ; then, thrice round the pin³
 They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast
 With even knots, and tuck'd the dangling ends.⁴
 Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price
 Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor
 They heap'd it all, then yok'd the sturdy mules,
 A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst
 Conferr'd on Priam ; to the chariot, last,
 They led forth Priam's steeds, which day by day
 The venerable king in person serv'd,
 Who, with his herald, like himself discrete,
 Within the palace brac'd his loins the while.⁵
 And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine

¹ The yoke is said to have been *ἰμφαλόν* likewise, or having a prominence in the centre by which they tied it to the pole, but this could not have been expressed in English without much circumlocution.

² Through which the reins were passed.

³ The central prominence above mentioned.

⁴ The yoke being flat at bottom, and the pole round, there would of course be a small aperture between the band and the pole on both sides, through which, according to the Scholium in Villoison, they thrust the ends of the tackle lest they should dangle.

⁵ The text here is extremely intricate ; as it stands now, the sons are, first, said to yoke the horses, then Priam and Idæus are said to do it, and in the palace too. I have therefore adopted an alteration suggested by Clarke, who, with very little violence to the copy, proposes instead of *ζευγύσθην* to read—*ζευγύσθην*.

Delicious charg'd, which in a golden cup
She brought, that not without libation due
First made, they might depart. Before the steeds
Her steps she staid, and Priam thus address'd.

Take this, and to the sire of all perform
Libation, praying him a safe return
From hostile hands, since thou art urg'd to seek
The Grecian camp, though not by my desire.
Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt,
Who oversees all Ilium, that he send
His messenger or ere thou go, the bird
His favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
At thy right-hand ; him seeing, thou shalt tend
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.
But should not Jove his messenger of good
Vouchsafe thee, thou shalt seek the Grecian fleet,
Howe'er impell'd, 'gainst all advice of mine.

To whom the godlike Priam thus replied.
I will not scorn thy counsel ; for, by prayer
Imploring Jove's compassion, none can err.

So saying, he bade the maiden chief of all
In office, pour fresh water on his hands,
For at his side the damsel ready stood
With ewer and laver for his use prepar'd.
He lav'd his hands ; then, taking from the queen
The goblet, in his middle area stood
Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd
Heaven-ward devout, and thus his prayer preferr'd.
Jove, great and glorious above all, who rul'st,

On Ida's summit seated, all below !
Grant me arriv'd within Achilles' tent
Kindness to meet and pity ; and oh send
Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird
Thy favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
At my right hand ; which seeing, I shall tend
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.

He ended, at whose prayer, without delay,
Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs,
The black-plum'd bird voracious, Morphnos nam'd,
And Percnos.⁶ Ample as the guarded door,
Some rich man's chamber-door, his vans he spread
On either side ; they saw him on the right,
Skimming the towers of Troy, with gladness hail'd
The omen, and all felt their hearts consol'd.

Delay'd not then the hoary king, but quick
Ascending to his seat, his coursers urg'd
Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.
The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules
Which sage Idæus manag'd, behind whom
Went Priam, urging ever with the thong
His coursers through the town, while all his friends,
Following their sovereign with dejected hearts,
Lamented him as going to his death.
But when from Ilium's gate into the plain
They had descended, then the sons-in-law
Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.
Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note

⁶ The words both signify—sable.

Escap'd of Jove the Thunderer; he beheld
Compassionate the venerable king,
And thus his own son Mercury bespake.

Mercury! (for above all others thou
Delightest to associate with mankind
Familiar, winning whom thou wilt with ease
To converse free) go thou, and so conduct
Priam into the Grecian camp, that none
Of all the numerous Danaï may see
Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.

He spake, nor the ambassador of heaven
The Argicide delay'd, but bound in haste
His undecaying sandals to his feet,
Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods
Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.
He took his rod with which he charms to sleep
Or opens at his will all human eyes.
Down stoop'd the potent Argicide, his hand
Thus arm'd, and in one moment on the plain
Of Ilium stood. Some princely boy he seem'd,
Now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down,
Which is youth's loveliest season; such in show,
His progress he began. The travellers now
(The sumptuous tomb of Ilus past) beside
The river staid their mules and steeds to drink,
For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus first
Perceiv'd him near, and Priam thus bespake.

Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need
Of our best thought. I see a man—we die—

Turn, turn to flight, or let us clasp his knees
And suppliant move his pity, if we may.
Terrour and consternation at that sound
The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair
Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood
Motionless. But the god, mean-time, approach'd,
And seizing ancient Priam's hand, inquir'd.

Whither, my father! in the dewy night
Driv'st thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand?
Of whom should any, through the shadow dun
Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth.
So rich a charge, then what would'st thou expect?
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid
Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough
Force to repulse, should any threaten force.
But injury fear none or harm from me;
I rather much from harm by other hands
Would save thee, thou resemblest so my sire.

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age.
My son! well spoken. Thou hast judg'd aright.
Yet even me some deity protects
Thus far; to whom I owe it that I meet
So seasonably one like thee, in form
So admirable, and in mind discrete
As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine!⁷

⁷ From this passage the peripatetics are said to have taken their triad of desirables. Personal beauty, a corporeal good; sound

To whom the messenger of heaven again,
The Argicide. Oh ancient and rever'd !
Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,
And with sincerity ; convey'st thou hence
Into some foreign country, for the sake
Of safer custody, this precious charge ?
Or, urg'd by fear, forsake ye all alike
Troy's sacred towers ? since he whom thou hast lost,
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth
In arms, and nought inferiour to the Greeks.

Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary king.
But tell me first, who *thou* art, and from whom
Descended, loveliest youth ! who hast the fate
Of my unhappy son so well rehears'd ?

To whom the herald Mercury replied.
Thy questions, venerable sire ! propos'd
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd
To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld
Most active ; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks
With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.
Amaz'd we stood to notice him ; for us,
Incens'd against the ruler of our host,
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.
I serve Achilles ; the same gallant bark
Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,

intellect, a mental one ; and ingenuous birth, which is neither the one nor the other, but seems to give some sort of security for both, and is at any rate a considerable advantage.—B. & V.

Son of Polycctor ; wealthy is my sire,^{*}
And such in years as thou ; six sons hath he
Beside myself, the youngest ; and the lot
To arm and seek the battle, fell to me.
That I have left the ships and hither stray'd
The cause is this ; the Greeks, at break of day,
Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loathe
To sit inactive, neither can the chiefs
Restrain the hot impatience of the host.

Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd.
If thou indeed art of Achilles' train,
Deceive me not, speak plainly. Lies my son
Still in the fleet ? Or hath Achilles cast
His mangled flesh already to the dogs ?

Him answer'd then the herald of the skies.
Oh ancient sir ! nor dogs nor vultures him
Have yet devour'd, but at Achilles' ship,
Unnotic'd now, he lies. Twelve orient morns
Have seen him there extended, yet his flesh
Nor putrid taint invades, nor inbred worm
That diets on the brave in battle fallen.
He, pitiless, indeed, around the tomb
Of his P. roclus drags him, oft as day
Reddens the east, yet safe from blemish still
His corse remains. Thou would'st, thyself, admire,
Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,

^{*} A circumstance seasonably thrown in, to supersede any fears of robbery which Priam might naturally have entertained had he met an indigent person.—V.

Rest on him, and his blood is cleans'd away
That not a stain is left. Even his wounds
(For many a wound they gave him) all are clos'd,
Such care the blessed gods have of thy son,
Dead as he is, whom living much they lov'd.

So he; then, glad, the ancient king replied.
Good is it, oh my son! to yield the gods
Their just demands. My boy, while yet he liv'd,
Liv'd not unmindful of the worship due
To the Olympian powers, who, therefore, him
Remember even in the bands of death.
Come then—this beauteous cup receive from me.
Be thou my guard, 'and, if the gods permit,
My guide, till I shall reach Achilles' tent.

Whom answer'd then the messenger of heaven.
Sir! thou perceiv'st me young, and art dispos'd
To try my virtue; but it shall not fail.
Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept
Whereof Achilles knows not;⁹ but I fear
Achilles, and, by sacred awe withheld,
Dare not defraud him, lest the gods requite
With some swift mischief such atrocious wrong.¹
But thee I would with pleasure hence conduct
Even to glorious Argos, at thy side

⁹ To have refused it without a reason had been ungracious, and to have accepted it, being a god, preposterous.—V. Mercury therefore delivers himself from the dilemma with an ingenuity not unworthy of his character.

¹ The cup being designed as a present to Achilles, a soldier of his might be justly said to defraud him if he accepted it.—V.

A faithful guardian, whether on the deep
Or thus on foot ; nor any should presume
To fight against thee, through contempt of me.

So Mercury, and to the chariot seat
Upspringing, seiz'd at once the lash and reins,
And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspir'd.
Arriving at the foss and towers, they found
The guard preparing now their evening cheer,
All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep
Oppress'd, then op'd the gates, thrust back the bars,
And introduc'd, with all his litter-load
Of costly gifts, the venerable king.
But when they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son
Rais'd by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine
They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away,
Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead
Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court
Surrounded it, all fenc'd with driven stakes ;
One bar alone of pine secur'd the door,
Which ask'd three Grecians with united force
To thrust it to its place, and three again
To lift it thence, although Achilles oft
Would heave it to the door himself alone)²
Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind,
That bar displacing for the king of Troy,

² If it was a proof of great strength in Diomedes that he could wield and hurl a stone which two strong men of Homer's days could not have lifted, what must have been the strength of Achilles who could manage a weight unmanageable except by three strong men of his own days ?—V.

Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts
For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat
Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

Oh ancient Priam ! an immortal god
Attends thee ; I am Hermes, by command
Of Jove my father thy appointed guide.
But I return. I will not, entering here,
Stand in Achilles' sight ; immortal powers
May not so unreservedly indulge
Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou,
Seize fast his knees, and by his aged sire,
His beauteous mother and his darling son
Adjure him to compassionate thy woes,
Till his whole heart the tumult feel of thine.³

So saying, Hermes swiftly sought again
Th' Olympian heights. Then Priam, to the ground
Alighting, left Idæus charg'd to watch
The steeds and mules, while right toward the tent,
Achilles' residence, himself advanc'd.
Him there he found, and sitting found apart
His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone,
Automedon and Alcimus the brave
Attended his commands ; he had himself
Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremov'd.
Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood

³ It is remarked by Eustathius that although Mercury directs Priam to plead with Achilles not by the mention of his father only, but by his mother and his son also, the ancient king, through excess of grief, very soon forgets two thirds of his instructions.—C.

Before Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd
Those terrible and homicidal hands
Which had destroy'd so many of his sons.

As when a fugitive for blood the house
Of some chief enters in a foreign land,
All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest,
So gaz'd Achilles seeing Priam there,
And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes
In silence fastening on his fellow's face.

But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began.

Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the gods!
On thy own father full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.⁴
Some neighbour chief, it may be, even now
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
No friend to succour him in his distress.
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
He still rejoices, hoping, day by day,
That one day he shall see the face again

⁴ Priam begins not with a display of the treasures he has brought for the redemption of Hector's body, but with a pathetic address to the feelings of Achilles. Homer well knew that neither gold nor silver would prevail over the heart of a young and generous warrior, but that persuasion would. The old king therefore with a judicious abruptness avails himself of his most powerful plea at once, and seizes the sympathy of the hero before he has time to recollect who it is that addresses him.—V.

There is a sweetness in the original words with which Priam enters on his suit—

Μήναι παρὲς οἴω

not easy to be equalled in an English version.

Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
So late the flower of Ilium, all are slain.
When Greece came hither I had fifty sons ;
Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest
Born of my concubines. A numerous house
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,
One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,
Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—
Hector—His body to redeem I come
Into Achaia's fleet, and bring, myself,
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
Oh fear the gods ! and for remembrance' sake
Of thy own sire, Achilles ! pity me
More hapless still ; who bear what, save myself,
None ever bore, thus lifting to my lips
Hands died so deep with slaughter of my sons.

So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
Of his own sire ; softly he plac'd his hand
On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
Remembrance melted both. Stretch'd prone before
Achilles' feet the king his son bewail'd
Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept
By turns his father, and by turns his friend
Patroclus ; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.
But when Achilles, satisfied at length
With lamentation, felt his bosom eas'd
Of its oppressive charge, and breath'd again,
Upstarting from his seat, with pity mov'd

Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,
He rais'd the ancient father by his hand,
Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake.

Numerous indeed thy sorrows are—alas!
How could'st thou venture to the ships, alone,
Alone into my presence, who have slain
So many of thy sons renown'd in arms?
Thou hast an heart of iron, terroure-proof.
Come—sit beside me—Let us, if we may,
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.
There is no profit of our sighs and tears;
For thus, exempt from care themselves, the gods
Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.
Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are plac'd
Two casks, one stor'd with evil, one with good,
From which the god dispenses as he wills.⁵
For whom the glorious Thunderer mingles both,

⁵ Some have said, petulantly indeed and with an indecent impatience, that there are two casks of evil, and but one of good;—V. thus quarrelling with Homer's estimate of the lot of man. But it is a just one, and none has reason to complain that the evil he receives outweighs the good, much less that he receives evil only, until by his own folly and wickedness he has changed a merciful providence into a judicial one; then indeed he becomes, and deservedly, the wretch described in the sequel.

Others, and Plato among them, have objected to the poet's doctrine, which makes the Supreme Being the dispenser of evil as well as of good. But the Scripture justifies his opinion—*Shall we receive good at the Lord's hand, and shall we not receive evil?—Shall there be evil in a city, saith the Lord, and I have not done it?—How* indeed could the world be governed unless by a dispenser of both? Punishment is evil only to those who suffer it. To others it may eventually prove great mercy.

His life is checquer'd with alternate good
And evil ; but to whom he gives unmixt
The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,
His name becomes a by-word of reproach,
His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks
The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.
So was my father Peleus at his birth
Nobly endow'd, with plenty and with wealth
Distinguish'd by the gods past all mankind,
Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,
Yet match'd from heaven with an immortal bride.
But even him the gods afflict, a son
Refusing him, who might possess his throne
Hereafter ; for myself, his only heir,
Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead
Of solacing his age, here sit, before
Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine.
Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard
Reported once possessor of such wealth
As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar,* owns,
Nor eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all
In riches, and in number of thy sons.
But since the gods first brought on thy domain
This woe, hostility and deeds of blood
Always surround the city where thou reign'st.

* Macar, son of Ilus, having slain his brother, fled from his home, and built a city, which, after the name of his wife, he called Lesbos. His mother's name was Mitylene.—V.

Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears,
Which, ere they raise thy son to life again,
Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.

To whom the godlike, ancient king replied.
Urge not, divine Achilles, me to sit
While Hector lies unburied in the camp;
Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes
I may behold my son; accept a price
Magnificent,^b which may'st thou long enjoy,
And, since my life was precious in thy sight,
May'st thou revisit safe thy native shore!

To whom Achilles, lowering, and in wrath.⁷
Move me no more. I purpose of myself
To loose him; Thetis, daughter of the Deep,
Hath taught me that the will of Jove is such.
Priam! I understand thee well. I know
That, by some god conducted, thou hast reach'd
Achaia's fleet; for, without aid divine,
No mortal, even in his prime of youth,
Had dar'd the attempt; guards vigilant as ours
He should not easily elude, such gates,
So massy, should not easily unbar.
Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,
Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,
And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought

⁷ Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly.

Thee, and thy prayer, and the command of Jove.

He said; the old king trembled, and obey'd.
Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,
Not sole, but with his two attendant friends
Alcimus and Automedon the brave,
For them (Patroclus slain) he honour'd most
Of all the Myrmidons. They loos'd the mules
And horses from the yoke, then introduc'd
And plac'd the herald of the hoary king.
They lighten'd next the litter of its charge
Inestimable, leaving yet a vest
With two rich robes, that Priam might convey
The body not uncover'd back to Troy.*
Then, calling forth his women, them he bade
Lave and anoint the body, but apart,
Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,
Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,
And irritate by some affront himself
To slay him in despite of Jove's commands.†

* One to be spread under, the other, over him.—V.

† Since it seems to be, as in fact it is, an argument of a great mind to control our anger, to avoid such occasions as might betray us into it, argues a mind still greater. An observation which ought to suggest itself to us with no little force, when Achilles, not famous either for patience or meekness, exhorts Priam to beware of provoking him; and when, having cleansed the body of Hector and covered it, he places it himself in the litter; lest his father, seeing how indecently he had treated it, should be exasperated at the sight, and by some passionate reproach should exasperate himself also. For that a person so singularly irascible and of a temper harsh as his, should not only be aware of his in-

They, therefore, laving and anointing first
 The body, cloth'd it with a robe and vest ;
 Then, Peleus' son dispos'd it on the bier,
 Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends
 Together heav'd it to the royal wain.
 Then groan'd Achilles and invok'd his friend.

Should'st thou, Patroclus ! even in the deeps
 Of Hades learn, that I consent to loose
 The noble Hector at his father's suit,
 Let not the deed offend thee ; for he pays
 Large ransom, which thyself shalt also share.¹

So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,
 And, on the splendid couch where erst he sat
 Right opposite to Priam, plac'd again,
 His converse with the king of 'Troy renew'd—

Priam ! at thy request thy son is loos'd,
 And lying on his bier ; at dawn of day
 Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence
 Thyself to 'Troy. But take we now repast ;
 For even beauteous Niobe receiv'd
 Her wonted food, although six blooming sons
 Transfix'd by Phœbus in his wrath she mourn'd,
 And by Diana, silver-shafted queen,
 Six lovely daughters ; for Latona's sake,

firmity, but should even guard against it with so much precaution, evidences a prudence truly wonderful.—Plutarch. de audiend : poëtis.—C.

¹ Patroclus might be said to share such of them as were expended in the celebration of his funeral.—V.

With whom she dar'd comparison, they died.
 Twelve children, would she say, myself have borne,
 Latona two ;—but all her boasted twelve
 Pierc'd by Latona's vengeful two, expir'd.
 Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man
 Was found to bury them, for Jove had chang'd
 To stone the people ; but the gods, at last,
 Themselves entomb'd their bodies on the tenth.
 Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,
 Remember'd food ; and now, the rocks among
 And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,
 The rumour'd cradle of the nymphs who dance
 On Acheloüs' banks, although a stone
 She weeps, and broods her heaven-inflicted woes.²
 Come, then, my venerable guest ! take we
 Needful refreshment also ; for in Troy
 And at thy son's last rites, thou shalt not want
 Or leisure or just cause for many a tear.³

² The story of Niobe being told by the poet, there is no need to tell it in a note. She was the daughter of Tantalus and the wife of Amphion.—B. & V. The true history of her transformation is said to be this ; that a statuary placed a figure of her, so finely executed in marble, on the tomb of her twelve children, that spectators frequently said—It is Niobe herself in stone.—V. They probably died by a pestilence or some other sudden cause, such deaths being always ascribed to the shafts of Apollo or his sister.—B. C. & V.

Sipylus was a city of Lydia not far distant from the banks of the Acheloüs, and famous for the congress of Jupiter and Semele. The Acheloüs was a river of Ætolia.—V.

³ They are but unskilful comforters who attempt to relieve the sorrows of the afflicted by persuading them that they are mistaken.

So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew
A sheep white-fleec'd, which his attendants flay'd,
And busily and with much skill their task
Administering, first slic'd the viands thin,
Then pierc'd them with the spits, and when the roast
Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again.
And now, Automedon dispens'd the bread
Pil'd in neat baskets round the polish'd board,
Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each
His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.
But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
Dardanian Priam, wondering at his bulk
And beauty, (for he seem'd some god from heaven)
Gaz'd on Achilles, while Achilles held
Not less in admiration of his looks
Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,
Gaz'd on Dardanian Priam, and when each
Had look'd his fill, then, Priam thus began.

Now, godlike hero! to an early couch
Dismiss us both; for never have I clos'd
These eye-lids, since by thy victorious hand
My son expir'd; but sorrow have indulg'd,

in the estimate they make of their disaster, for that it is far less tragical than they suppose. There is an irritation in this remedy that enhances the anguish. The best soother of sorrow is he who admits the occasion in its full force and sympathizes with the mourner. Homer's accurate acquaintance with the human heart is evident in a thousand passages, and nothing could more recommend Achilles, every where else the inspirer of terrour, to our esteem and love, than this stroke of judicious tenderness thrown into his character at last.

Still ruminating on my countless woes,
 And rolling in the ashes of my courts;
 But, now, have I both eaten, and my thirst
 With copious use of sable wine allay'd,
 Who neither would, till won to both by thee.

He scarce had ended, when Achilles bade
 His soldiers and the women of his tent
 Beneath his portico two beds prepare;
 First, rugs of brightest purple, arras, next,
 And fleecy mantles, last. At his command,
 Forth went the women bearing each a light,
 And dress'd the beds; when, feigning needful fear,⁴
 Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

My aged guest belov'd! sleep thou without;
 Lest some Achaian chief (for such are wont
 Oft-times, here sitting, to consult with me)⁵
 Should seek my tent; of whom if any chance
 To spy thee through the gloom, he will at once
 Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,
 Whence hindrance may arise, and the release
 Of Hector's body be, perchance, delay'd.

⁴ *Ἐπαισιολογία*. Clarke renders the word in this place, *false* *metâ ludens*, and Eustathius says that Achilles suggested such cause of fear to Priam, to excuse his lodging him in an exterior part of the tent. The general import of the Greek word is sarcastic, but here it signifies rather—to intimidate. See also Dacier.

⁵ Though Achilles, as we observed, in his late conference with Thetis, modestly waved all pretensions to superiority in council, the attention paid him as a counsellor by the principal persons of the army, is a sufficient proof that they at least had an exalted opinion of his senatorial as well as of his military talents.

But answer me with truth. How many days
Would'st thou assign to the funereal rites
Of noble Hector? for so long I mean
Myself to rest, and keep the host at home.

Then thus the godlike king of Troy replied.
Achilles! If, thou grant me to complete
My noble Hector's tomb, I shall account
The favour great, and deem thee kind indeed.
For we are prison'd, as full well thou know'st,
In Ilium now, and fuel must procure
From Ida's side remote; fear, too, hath seiz'd
On all our people. Therefore thus I say.
Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house;
To his interment we would give the tenth,
And to the public banquet; the eleventh
Shall see us build his tomb; and on the twelfth
(If war we must) we will to war again.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
My venerable friend, at thy request
I grant this also; the suspended war,
Till twice six days be past, shall cease to rage.

So saying, to dispel from Priam's mind
All secret terrour, as a friend he seiz'd
On his right hand, and grasp'd it at the wrist.
Then in the vestibule the ancient king
And his grave herald slept, but Peleus' son
In the interiour tent, and at his side
Briseïs, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.

Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdued,

Both gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,
But not the benefactor of mankind,
Hermes, employ'd in various musings deep
How likeliest from amid the Grecian camp
He might deliver by the guard unseen
The king of Ilium ; at his head he stood
In vision, and the senior thus bespake.

Oh ancient king ! Achilles, it is true,
Forbids thee not ; but fear'st thou, for that cause,
No mischief here, that thou securely sleep'st
With all thy foes around thee ? Thou hast given
Much for redemption of thy darling son,
But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive
Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks
For *thy* redemption, should Achaia's host
Once learn the truth, that thou art here alive.

He ended ; at the sound alarm'd up sprang
The king, and rous'd his herald. Hermes yok'd
Himself both mules and steeds, and through the camp
All eyes eluding, whirl'd them to the plain.

Then Hermes, soon as to the ford they came
Of gulfy Xanthus from immortal Jove
Descended, to th' Olympian summit soar'd,
And saffron-vested morn illum'd the skies.
They, wailing, sought the city ; foremost went
The chariot, then the litter with the dead.
Nor warrior yet, nor cinctur'd matron knew
Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,
Except Cassandra ; she, in feature fair

As golden Venus, mounted on the height
Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd
Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew
The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy ;
Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,
Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking, thro' the streets
Of Troy she ran, and loud proclaim'd the sight.

Trojans of either sex ! if e'er ye saw,
Delighted, Hector from the fight return'd
Troy's proudest boast, come forth and view him now.

She spake—at once, all Ilium rush'd abroad,
Female and male, by sorrow that disdain'd
All limits urg'd, and near the city-gates
Their sovereign met conducting home the dead.
Then, foremost of them all, the mother-queen
And Hector's wife, each rending as she ran
Her tresses, reach'd the bier. Beneath his head
Their hands they plac'd ; the people wept around.
All day, and to the going down of day
They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates,
But Priam, from his chariot, thus exclaim'd.

Hence—let the litter pass ; for ye may weep
Till tears shall fail, the body once at home.

He said ; they, opening, gave the litter way.
Arriv'd within the royal house, they stretch'd
The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,
And singers plac'd beside him, who should chaunt
The strain funereal ; they with many a groan
The dirge began, and still, at every close,

The female train with many a groan replied,
Then, Hector's beauteous spouse, between her hands
His head sustaining, while the female throng
Attentive heard, resum'd, herself, the strain.

My hero ! thou hast fallen in prime of life,
Me leaving here a widow, and the fruit
Of our ill-fated loves, an helpless child,
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.
For, ere that season, from her topmost height
Precipitated shall this city fall,
Since thou hast perish'd, once her sure defence,
Faithful protector of her spotless wives,
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon
In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne,
And I among the rest. But thou, my child !
Shalt either share my fate, ordain'd to drudge
Beneath some tyrant in a distant clime,
Or, seizing thy weak hand, some furious Greek
Shall headlong hurl thee from the tower of Troy
To a sad death—whose brother, it may chance,
Whose father, or whose son, brave Hector slew,
For he made many a Grecian bite the ground.
Thy father, boy, bore never into fight
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause
Is now bewail'd in every house of Troy.
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caus'd
Thy parents, Hector ! but to me hast left
Largest bequest of misery, to whom,
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend

Forth from thy bed, nor gav'st me precious word
To be remember'd day and night with tears.⁶

So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all
With sighs accompanied, and her complaint:
With sobs the royal mother next began.

Hector ! far dearest of my sons to me,
Thee, living, must the gods have also lov'd
Whose kindness even in the bands of death
Attends thee ; for what son soe'er of ours
Achilles seiz'd besides, to Samos, him,
Or Imbrus, or the dreaded Lemnian coast,
Far o'er the barren deep, for sale he sent ;
But thee, poor victim of his ruthless spear,
Oft, at his wheels, around Patroclus' tomb
He dragg'd, as he would waken into life
His friend whom thou hadst slain—yet still he slept.
But thou, the freshness of a fragrant flower
New-gather'd' hold'st, and more resemblest far
Some youth whom Phæbus with his gentle shafts

⁶ There are many who find cause of complaint in every thing, and ascribe every disappointment either to the malice of fortune or of some unpropitious deity. Such persons spend their time in perpetual murmurings, and do nothing but accuse their destiny. If a friend of theirs dies silently and without uttering a syllable, that they lament as Andromache does the death of Hector at a distance ; but if he converse with them in his last moments, the expression, whatever it were, is always present to their minds, and serves as fuel to their affliction.

Plutarch. de Consolat. ad Apoll.—C.

⁷ This, according to the Scholiast, is a probable sense of *πρὸς-φάτος*.—He derives it *ἀπο τῆς φωνῆς πρὸς τὸ λέγειν ἐν γῆς φῶται*.—V.

Hath pierc'd at home, than one in battle slain.*

So spake the queen, exciting in all hearts
Sorrow immeasurable, after whom
Fair Helen, last, thus led the mournful choir.

Hector ! far dearest of my brothers here !
Me godlike Paris to the shores of Troy
Seduc'd, and made me partner of his bed,
But, Oh that I had perish'd first at home !
For this, since stolen from my native land
I wander'd hither, is the twentieth year,⁹
Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,
Or taunt morose ; but if it ever chanc'd,
That male or female of thy father's house
Blam'd me, and even if herself the queen,
(For in the king, whate'er befell, I found
Always a father) thou hast interpos'd
Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech
To sooth them ; therefore, with a breaking heart
Thee and my wretched self at once I mourn,
For other friend within the ample bounds
Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear
Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.

* They are called *gentle* shafts, because sudden death is attended with no pain.—B. & C.

⁹ In order to make this a true reckoning we must suppose that it cost ten years to assemble the powers of Greece, which added to the ten years of the siege will complete the number. It is a large allowance, but Helen's computation cannot be justified without it, since even Ulysses was absent from Ithaca only twenty years, whose return cost him ten after the accomplishment of Troy's destruction.—V.

So spake she weeping, and the countless throng
With groans replied, whom Priam thus address'd.

Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear
Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self
Gave me, at my dismissal from his fleet,
Assurance, that from hostile force secure
We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise.

All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains
Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls
Assembled numerous; nine whole days they toil'd
Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth
Bright morn, with light for human kind, arose,
Then, bearing noble Hector forth, and all
Weeping profusely, on the pile aloft
They plac'd him, and the fuel fir'd beneath.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Redden'd the east, then, thronging forth, all Troy
Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around.
The whole vast multitude conven'd, with wine
They quench'd the pile, nor any portion left
Unvisited, on which the fire had seiz'd.
His white bones, next, his brothers and his friends
Collected, mourning and with many tears
Watering their cheeks; within a golden urn
They plac'd them, which they veil'd with mantles light
Of purple hue, then, delving, buried it,
And with huge stones contiguous spread the ground.
His tomb they pil'd in haste, while numerous spies
Watch'd lest the Greeks should sally, and, the work

Now finish'd, in the royal house conven'd,
A sumptuous banquet shar'd by Priam given.

Such burial the illustrious Hector found.¹

¹ Hector, according to a citation made by the Scholiast from Aristodemus, received honour from the gods not only while he lived, but after death also. For the Thebans of Bœotia being afflicted either with a pestilence or some other great calamity, consulted the oracle concerning the means of deliverance, and received for answer that if they would transfer the bones of Hector from Troas to their own country and deposite them there in a place called THE SONS OF JOVE, the affliction should cease. Having complied with the admonition and being relieved accordingly, they held the hero in great honour, and in process of time distinguished the spot by a new name, THE MANIFESTATION OF HECTOR.

END OF THE ILIAD.





Critical Opinions.

"What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the *Edipus Tyrannus*, the *Alchymist*, and *Tom Jones* the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May."

Cole ridge's *Table Talk*:
... edmes. Edit. p 171.



